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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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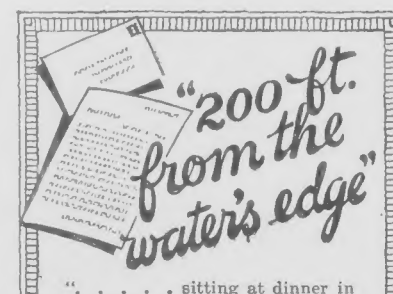
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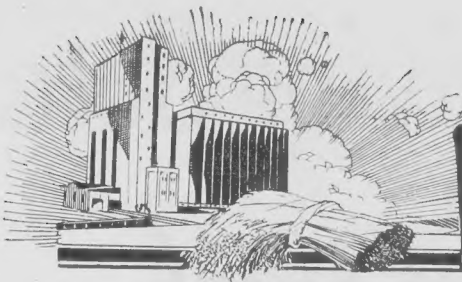
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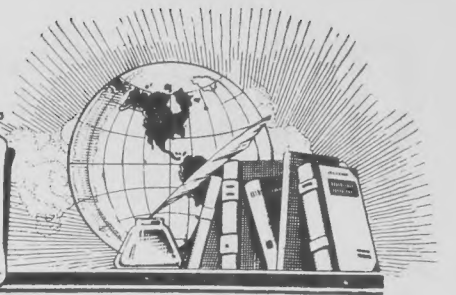
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EDITORIAL



Chaos and Order

AT a meeting in a western city it was stated that during the preceding half year seven fully qualified lawyers had given up their calling in the hope that they might make more money in some other occupation. They said the profession was too crowded. Despite the new regulations governing the preparation of doctors for their work—regulations which practically prohibit the children of the poorer and the middle classes from entering the profession—the supply is too great for the demand. The number of certified teachers is now greater than is required by the State. Dentistry is overcrowded. Druggists are themselves a drug on the market. There is no work for competent office men and there are always thousands of clerks looking for employment. The manufacturing establishments are laying off their men, and unskilled labor finds it difficult to get work because machinery takes the place of human hands. Even the farm is failing to demand more laborers, except for a few short months in the fall. Everywhere the cry is heard—No room!

And Western Canada is well off when compared with other lands, even when compared with the Motherland. Nor is there likely to be a sudden change. Local conditions depend upon world conditions. Over-production, over-consumption, over-capitalization, over-reward for labor, and yet no opportunity at all for a large section of the community. Then, of course, starvation or living on a dole, and with all of this, a display of bitterness and a hurling of accusations, and threats of disruption. Capitalists unable to save their earnings, labor unable to buy bread, merchants unable to make ends meet—does it not seem as if we had reached an impasse? as if we should call off and begin all over again? Yet who is there who can shew the world the way to better things?

It is not so impossible as it seems. Yesterday one good preacher read from the first chapter in Genesis—and told how in the beginning the Lord brought order out of chaos. Surely it should be possible for those made in the image of God to produce order out of industrial and social chaos. It is possible if we but follow the instructions of the good old book. There it is said that the first thing needed is light. As it was in the beginning and as it will be in the end, so it must be now—"For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; and nothing hidden that shall not be made known." So the first step to reform is open exposure—illegal profits, unearned wages, planned extortion, exorbitant usury. Let us know the facts. Are you afraid, or you? Then as the light begins to manifest itself there will arise by slow degrees a new world with ordered development, and as a crowning glory with men who in all justice and holiness and creative power are like unto God.

There was on earth once on a time One who thought it not robbery to be equal with God, and He proclaimed and illustrated the theories and practice of the new kingdom, a kingdom to be realized not in the hereafter, but here and now, among men in whom His spirit dwells. Nor need we be ignorant as to the character demanded in these His chosen people, who are to set up the new kingdom. The kingdom cometh not by violence, nor is it to be ushered in by legislation. It begins within the hearts of men and works out into all human relationships. To men like Him, all things will come into subjection—for as the first Adam was lord over the material world so the second shall rule over the passions and wills of men. No, it is not a matter of churches and sermons, but a matter of relationship of a man to his Creator and to his fellows. It is not hard to be good if one is willing to pay the price. It is not hard for a man to save his life if he is only willing to lose it. There is a way to better things if we are only willing to take it, for the light shows the way.

One thing is certain about the way. Every man must have an opportunity to work, for work is the only avenue through which one may proceed towards his own realization. As to the spirit in which work should be done the sage of Chelsea knew it when he wrote: "Labor is noble, labor is holy. In all true labor there is something of divineness." But what if there is no work for a man to do? This brings us back to the beginning and to the conclusion that there will always be work for every man when each loves his neighbor as himself. The spirit of co-operation implied in that maxim is the solution of all economic and social ills.

Nova Scotia

THE two political parties at Ottawa are endeavoring to interpret the election in Nova Scotia, but as usual they fail in their interpretation because their eyes are blinded. If the Liberals say that the contest was purely provincial and that it has no bearing on federal politics, they fail to read the lesson that was given, and if the Conservatives say there was a pronouncement in favor of a higher tariff they are deluding themselves, for both the maritime provinces and Western Canada are already burdened with the curse of protection. Among the causes of the upheaval in Nova Scotia are these:

Times were not good. It was difficult to make a living. The government was not able to bring about better conditions. Therefore it was condemned. Nor was the condemnation altogether unjust. Like most political leaders these days, the members of the cabinet seem to have adopted that lordly attitude which is so offensive to men who know more than their official leaders, and who in matters of first importance have better judgment. (Why is it that a man of mediocre attainment, as soon as he is pitchforked into a position of political leadership, immediately begins to pose as a Solomon? One could make an inventory of the detestable types that Canada has produced—beginning with the man who thinks that nothing can be done without plotting and scheming, and ending with the hopeless blunderer who imagines there is capable government only when money is being spent.) The government of Nova Scotia was apparently unable to recognize the self-evident. If ever an object lesson was given to anybody it was given to the people of Nova Scotia when the mines closed down. And yet the premier kept protesting that people in all the rest of Canada were wrong. They were not wrong. Things were inconceivably bad and if B.E.S.CO. had not such an influence in political circles, even the government would have perceived the cause of the wrong. It is a healthy sign when the people of a province say to a self-satisfied and dictatorial government. "We don't need you any longer. Your wisdom is foolishness. Your

boasted power is helplessness. Make way for your betters." May the new be better!

The people of Nova Scotia, however, will not find a remedy for their ills in a change of government. The real trouble is partly economic. In the first place, they cannot produce coal as cheaply as the Americans, and, consequently, cannot sell all they could mine if they operated at full efficiency. In this respect they are like our large manufacturing concerns. They do not manufacture because there is no market. The only solution for the mining trouble is production at less cost, and everybody can see that this means less for the miners, the owners, the transportation companies. And why should not the owners of the mines suffer along with the others? They made a plunge when they opened so many mines. Nobody helps a farmer or a merchant who invests too freely. And why should not the railways bear part of the burden? They have reaped a golden harvest in days of prosperity. They can, along with the rest of us, suffer in adversity.

There is another thing. The trade policy and the financial policy of Canada do not suit the needs of Nova Scotia. Everything has been centralized in Toronto and Montreal. The banks, the loan companies, the great money-making concerns all head up in these cities, and there are interlocking directorates. Poor Nova Scotia is out of it. The late government was not responsible for this but the Federal Government and opposition are responsible. They had better read the writing on the wall. Confederation is possible only so long as there are conditions favoring confederation.

Of course, there is something in the fact that one party had been in control in Nova Scotia too long. It suffered from political dry rot. There were no doubt certain interests that had a dominating control in all matters of importance, and it is only fair that other voices should be heard for a time. The voice that should be heard all the time is that of the common people. Will it be heard now? We shall see.

A Modern Robin

THAT was a lovely saying of the Prime Minister during the debate on railway rates. "This compromise is the contribution of the West to national unity." As well knock a man down with a hammer, rob him of all his cash and then say "This is his contribution to the general hospital." One wonders if a man so robbed would have any feeling of good-will towards the general hospital. Does any one imagine that a wronged West will feel particularly interested in national unity, or particularly favorable to a minister who made such a foolish speech?

The Book of Nature

IN that most delightful book, "The Roadmender," by Fairless, every chapter proves that the author is acquainted with the best in world literature, yet this is what is written in one of the closing sections: "I have lost my voracious appetite for books; their language is less plain than scent and song and the wind in the trees; and for me the clue to the next world lies in the wisdom of earth rather than in the learning of men."

At this time of the year when the fields are yielding their increase, when meadows are fragrant with the odors of summer flowers, and the woods are rich in their liveries of green and gold, and the air is full of music by day and of eerie sounds by night, surely everyone who lives in the country finds it easy to keep close to Nature and to Nature's God. And who cannot sympathize with these words: "In the earliest days of my lonely childhood I used to be chin on hand amid the milkmaids, red sorrel and heavy spear-grass listening to her many voices, and above all, to the voice of the little brook which ran through the summer meadows where I used to play: I think it has run through my whole life also, to lose itself at last, not in the great sea, but in the river that maketh glad the City of God. Valley and plain, mountain and fruitful field; the lark's song and the speedwell in the grass; surely a man need not sigh for greater loveliness until he has read something more of this living letter, and knelt before that earth of which he is the only confusion."

Wild Geese

THE publishers of this magazine have pleasure in drawing the attention of its many readers to the story "Wild Geese," by Martha Ostenso, the first installment of which appears in this number. It will be published from month to month in serial form and will occupy at least six or seven pages of the next seven issues.

The author of this thrilling, interesting and most realistic story is a Manitoba girl. Her success as a writer, at an unusually early age, reflects great credit on herself and the western institutions in which she received her early training, viz: the Public Schools of the province, the University of Manitoba. More important than either, from the point of view of this story, was her short experience in teaching among the pioneers. The story centres in the life of these people and their ancestors.

It will be remembered that less than two years ago she was awarded first prize of \$13,500 for this novel. This was in competition with world writers when no less than 1,700 manuscripts were submitted. The verdict of the board of examiners, composed of eminent literary men and outstanding journalists, was to the effect that Miss Ostenso's manuscript was so far superior to all others submitted that it ranked easily in a class of its own. We commend the serial to our readers as an instance of what can be achieved by Western education, genius and application, and the path to such success is wide open for all those who diligently equip themselves for the task.

The story will eventually be issued in book form by one of the leading publishers of the continent, but in the meantime The Western Home Monthly has exclusive rights for Canada. Its readers will have the advantage of being familiar with this captivating Western novel long before it appears in book form.

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The animal reared and snorted, pawed the air with his forelegs, and tossed his mane like a black cloud. For a half hour Jude wrestled with him, careening in mad circles about the corral, taking near somersaults as the horse's forelegs bent under him and his rear hoofs shot into the air time after time.

Wild Geese

By Martha Ostenso

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

IT was not openly spoken of, but the family was waiting for Caleb Gare. Even Lind Archer, the new school-teacher, who had come late that afternoon all the way from Yellow Post with the Indian mail-carrier, and must, therefore, be hungry, was waiting. Amelia Gare, Caleb's wife, with all her cheerful bustling about the kitchen as if everything weren't quite ready, could not break the suspense.

Judith and Charlie had milked several of the cows, and had come in and out of the house repeatedly for no reason whatever. Martin, slow and clumsy of feeling as he was, had cleaned the entire stable so thoroughly that it looked unnatural. Ellen, Martin's

twin, was playing the organ, but appeared to have forgotten even the more familiar parts of her repertoire, such as "Red Wing," and the less recent "Ben Bolt." Ellen played, harmoniously enough, "by ear."

The teacher sat quietly in the low red-plush rocker, listening to the springs of it exclaim as she rocked to and fro. She reflected, with some misgivings, on the non-committal opinions that had been expressed at Yellow Post the day before in reply to her delicately asked questions about the Gares. She remembered also, with increasing discomfort, the short, scornful grunt of John Tobacco, the mail-carrier, when she had sought from him what manner of being she might

expect in Caleb Gare. Now the squeaking rocker kept her mind off her hunger. The rocker seemed to say "Caleb! Caleb! Caleb!" It amused the teacher rather wanly.

Presently the outer door swung open. Judith had come in again. Lind Archer saw her against the dim light of the lantern that hung by the kitchen door. She had a great, defiant body, her chest high and broad as a boy's; her hair was wild-locked and black and shone on top of her head with a bluish lustre; her eyes were in sullen repose now, long and narrow; her lips were thick and drooped at the corners. She wore overalls and a heavy sweater, and stood squarely on her feet, as if prepared to take or give a blow.

Judith approached Lind with a heavy, swinging stride. Lind thought she had never before seen such vigorous beauty.

"Are you hungry?" the girl asked her abruptly.

"A little," Lind admitted.

Ellen's hands paused in mid-air over the organ-keys. Her eyes held a reproach as she looked at Judith. But the younger girl, ignoring her sister, took a few long steps and disappeared into the pantry. She emerged with a plate on which were two slices of bread well buttered, and a glass of milk.

Ellen's reproach grew. She stood up before the organ.

"Jude, you know father doesn't—"

"This won't spoil your supper any—if you're ever goin' to get it," said Jude to the teacher, breaking in upon Ellen's speech. Lind took the offered food, too embarrassed to refuse it.

Ellen rose erectly and without a word walked into the kitchen. Lind felt that she was conferring in a whisper with her mother. The teacher nibbled uncomfortably at her bread and took a sip of the milk.

JUDE, who had been winding a bit of twine about a stick, threw herself on the floor at Lind's feet.

"You might as well know that he'll try to bully you," she said matter-of-factly. "He's startin' by keepin' supper waitin'. He always does the same thing when a new teacher comes. He expects you to be a man. All the teachers have been men. He's in for a jolt. But you stick up for yourself, Miss Archer. Don't let him bully you."

Amelia spoke from the doorway.

"Judith!"

"Never mind, Ma. I'm only tellin' her the truth."

Ellen came back into the room and placed a pitcher of water heavily on the table, as if she had miscalculated the distance between the table and her hand. A pucker of anxiety drew her brows together. Ellen wore silver-rimmed glasses that were not originally prescribed for her. As a result the pupils of her eyes were always dilated and strained, the lids reddish and moist. She stood before the table for a moment and shot a bitter glance in the direction of Judith. Then she passed stiffly out of the room.

Lind Archer finished her bread and butter in silence. There was a raw feeling in the air that no superficial remark could dispel.

Judith, apparently bent on tormenting her sister Ellen, whistled to her dog where he lay in the niche under the staircase. The dog looked up.

"Caleb!" she said sharply. The dog started, pricking up his ears.

Jude smiled maliciously toward Ellen, who moved about the kitchen as though she had not heard.

"You see—" said Judith, then began on another line. "He loves to ride around in the cart to show the Icelanders how much spare time he has during the busy season, while the rest of us slave around in the muck all day."

A feeling of apprehension was growing upon Lind. The high romance which had attended her setting out for this isolated spot in the north country was woefully deserting her. She had never before looked upon the naked image of hate. Here it was in the eyes of a seventeen-year-old girl.

The light, gritting sound of wheels came from outside. Ellen returned to the organ-stool, her face, for all its youth, bearing the hard serenity of strong women in a crisis. Lind wondered why the occasion should call for such fortitude.

"Judith, you had better call Martin," Ellen said in a thin voice. "Father has come."

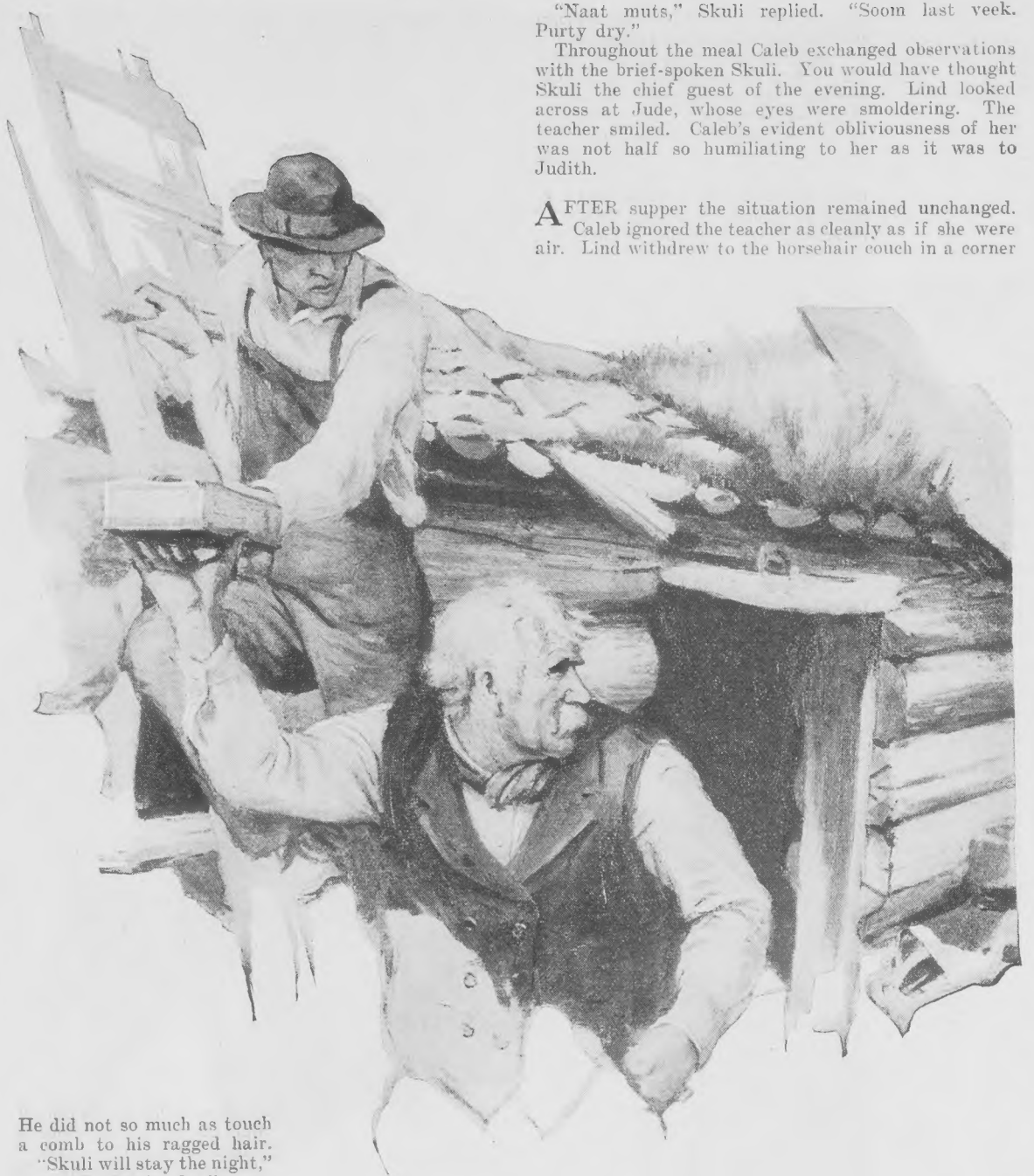
Judith got to her feet without a word.

In the kitchen Amelia hastily cleared the sink and placed in it a clean basin of hot water. She whipped the towel from its roller and put a fresh one in its place. Untying her apron, she straightened her dress and combed her hair briskly back before the cracked mirror on the wall.

Then the door opened. At first Caleb seemed to be a huge man. As he drew into the centre of the kitchen Lind could see that he was, if anything, below medium height, but that his tremendous shoulders and massive head, which loomed forward from the rest of his body, like a rough projection of rock from the edge of a cliff, gave him a towering appearance. When attention was directed to the lower half of his body he seemed visibly to dwindle. He had harsh gray hair that hung in pointed locks about his head, and startling black brows that met across the bridge of a heavy, bony nose. His eyes were little beads of light that sought Lind out where she sat in the lamp-glow of the other room. He did not speak until he had hung his coat and hat on a peg and had washed himself at the sink.

Lind saw that with Caleb was a frowzy-looking farmer in a red mackinaw. He also relieved himself of his outer garments and sat down without a word on a chair in the kitchen. Mrs. Gare spoke to him, but he answered only in broken monosyllables which Lind could not distinguish. The teacher noticed, however, that Amelia addressed him with the same calm deference that had been in her attitude when Lind first met her in the barnyard that afternoon, upon her arrival with John Tobacco.

Caleb did not speak until he had finished washing.



He did not so much as touch a comb to his ragged hair.

"Skuli will stay the night," he announced finally to Amelia. His voice surprised Lind. It was remarkably soft, almost like a purr.

"But I have no extra bed." The teacher has come," Mrs. Gare protested mildly.

"The teacher—yes, of course—the teacher. Skuli stays the night," he repeated, with no more emphasis in his voice than when he first spoke.

He called Skuli, and proceeded, with a sort of hulking shuffle, into the dining-room, which constituted the other part of the ground floor of the log house, and also served as a living-room.

"You are the teacher, I suppose," he said, seating himself near the iron stove with his back half turned from Lind. There was nothing in the expression of his face to indicate that he was surprised at her being a girl. She rose and extended her hand, which he ignored. Lind flushed helplessly.

"This is the other trustee of your school, Skuli Erickson," said Caleb, with an elaborate sweep of his hand toward the Iclander.

Lind gave Skuli her hand, and he shook it heavily.

"There should by rights be three of us," Caleb went on in a wearied tone, as though he were giving perfunctory and tiresome information that might as well be dispensed with, "but there ain't been another appointed since old Josh Curtis died. Out here in this unorganized territory things go on much as the weather sees fit. And I don't know but what it ain't just as good with the two of us. Eh, Skuli?"

Skuli uttered a grunt which might have been an affirmation or a denial. He was slightly deaf, spoke very little English and understood little more.

In a few minutes they were all seated for supper, Lind between Ellen and Martin, Skuli directly at the other end of the table from Caleb Gare.

"Looks like an early spring, eh, Skuli?" Caleb called to the Iclander.

Skuli nodded. "Ya," he agreed, helping himself well to potatoes and gravy.

There was a silence, during which the food was passed around the table. The children, all except Judith, sat with their eyes lowered to their plates, shamefacedly self-conscious in the unused presence of anyone so pretty and dainty as the new teacher.

"Much rain down your way lately?" Caleb asked Skuli, calling the length of the table. Amelia glanced with faint dismay from her husband to Lind.

"Naat muts," Skuli replied. "Soom last week. Purty dry."

Throughout the meal Caleb exchanged observations with the brief-spoken Skuli. You would have thought Skuli the chief guest of the evening. Lind looked across at Jude, whose eyes were smoldering. The teacher smiled. Caleb's evident obliviousness of her was not half so humiliating to her as it was to Judith.

AFTER supper the situation remained unchanged. Caleb ignored the teacher as cleanly as if she were air. Lind withdrew to the horsehair couch in a corner

"Did you hear what I said, Jude?" Caleb asked, handing a box of nails up to Martin. His voice was gentle, casual. In answer Judith wheeled the mare toward the gate and started down the wood road.

and opened a book. Martin and Charlie, the youngest of the family, went out to finish milking, while Judith scraped and piled the dishes and removed them to the kitchen.

"Play us a piece, Ellen; play us a piece," Caleb requested. He and Skuli had drawn their chairs up to the stove in the centre of the room and had taken out their pipes. A feeler of blue smoke curled up and around Caleb's head. Lind was reminded of a painting she had once seen of the fixed, sardonic face of a fakir, lifting his eyes upward to catch the demoniacal image of his conjuring.

While Judith helped in the kitchen Ellen obediently went to the organ. She sat erect and prim in her washed-out gingham dress, that had apparently shrunk and grown too small even for her narrow shoulders and undeveloped breast. Her fine brown hair, that was lighter in color and much less luxuriant than Judith's, was drawn back without a relenting wave from her rather prominent, austere white brow. Her eyebrows were exquisitely shaped and black as ink-lines. Behind the magnifying-glass of her spectacles her dark-blue eyes swam liquid and vague. Her raw-looking, thin fingers sought out the keys.

"Yes, Bjarnasson's got the best fishin'-sites, no doubt about it—no doubt about it," Caleb declared in a loud voice, while Ellen played "Lead Kindly Light." "But he'd better not get to thinkin' he's goin' to hop the whole lake. Not by a — sight—not by a — sight. I'm goin' to send Martin over there one of these days with some new nets—too far to do anything during the freeze-up. What do you think about it, Erickson? Is he showin' you any fight?"

"Na-aow," Skuli grinned. "He geev me vat I vant, de dirty djevil. I tak' it first."

Caleb and Skuli both broke into stormy laughter at the Iclander's joke. Ellen faltered over the keys. Caleb glanced sharply at her, and she hurriedly picked up the thread of the song. Judith came in from the kitchen and sat down on a fur rug on the floor. Her dog followed and snuggled his head over in her lap. The girl sighed and leaned wearily against the wall. Lind noted how strangely beautiful she was. Like some fabled animal—a centauress, perhaps.

Caleb launched upon an account of an involved sale of timber, at times almost shouting into Skuli's ear to make clear to him the technicalities. The strains of the hymn mourned lamely to an end. Ellen hastened into a patriotic march, stumbled over the keys, shifted to a lullaby and then to a waltz. A spot of red showed on either cheek-bone. Her mouth was tightly drawn, her chin flat and long so that in profile she looked like an old, tired woman.

Amelia came and stood by the table. She turned up the wick of the lamp slightly. As she did so the light picked out the shadows under her eyes, the rigid lines about her mouth, the pale, sandy hair whitening about her temples. Amelia was fifty and was beginning to put on flesh, but she bore herself with a dignified reserve that seemed almost a part of

was off one of them. Amelia glanced at her quickly and shook her head in protest behind Caleb's back.

Ellen yawned behind her hand. "Cheer up, Ellen, my dear; we'll all be goin' to bed soon," Caleb said. "Skuli and I are both tired. Had a hard day, eh, Skuli?"

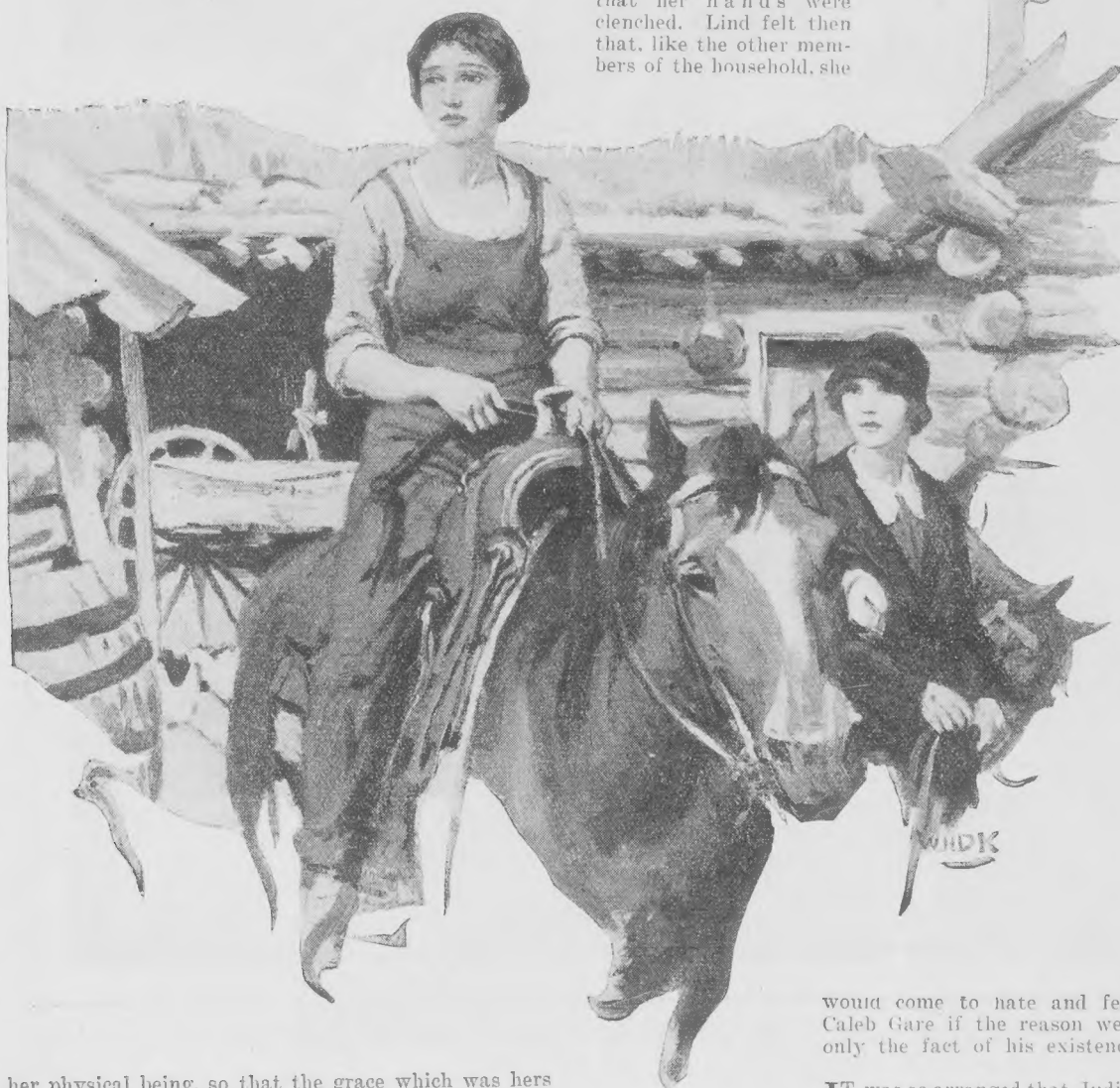
Judith sprang up. "Well, I'm goin', anyway!" she asserted. Caleb looked gently at Amelia, pointing with his pipe at Jude.

"Mother, Jude had better be lookin' to her manners, eh?" he asked in his softest voice.

Amelia's eyes darted to Judith.

"Judie—remember—"

The girl reseated herself carelessly enough beside Lind, but the teacher saw that her hands were clenched. Lind felt then that, like the other members of the household, she



would come to hate and fear Caleb Gare if the reason were only the fact of his existence.

IT was so arranged that Judith slept with Lind that night.

Amelia begged the teacher to overlook the irregularity—Skuli, the Iclander, must be accommodated.

The great loft was curtained off into three compartments—the bedrooms of all the children and such infrequent guests as chanced to come. In the room below Caleb and Amelia slept; their bed was a cabinet during the day, folded up against the wall.

The floor of the loft was composed of pine boards scrubbed white and smooth. You could look down through a knot-hole and see the stove glowing red in the darkness of the room below. Above, the rough, cobweb-hung rafters leaned down upon you; and on a wild night a jet of wind would ripple over your cheek if you lay with your face to the wall. Even tiny siftings of snow might be found on a winter night in the crease of your pillow.

Judith undressed. When she came to her undergarments she put her nightgown on with her arms free beneath it, so that she might finish disrobing under it.

She watched Lind taking off her trim outer clothing. When she saw that she wore dainty silk underthings she glanced at her more covertly. She made no comment.

When both girls were undressed Judith picked up a string of amber beads Lind had placed on the stand near the bed. There was also a pair of earrings of the same limpid yellow substance.

"Wild honey! Drops of wild honey!" Judith exclaimed in a whisper. "Just the color of you!"

Lind looked at her curiously. "You may have the beads, Judith," she said on an impulse.

Judith laughed. It was a rich laugh from her deep young lungs. "My, wouldn't I look funny with them on! 'Specially, cleanin' the stables. No, thanks. They were made for you, Miss Archer."

When the girl was asleep beside her, Lind, restless in her new surroundings, knelt beside her window and looked out into the night. There was still a pale glow from the sunset, and the prairie stretched out black and remote under it.

FAR out across the prairie a lantern was swinging low along the earth, and dimly visible was the squat, top-heavy form of a man. It was Caleb Gare. He walked like a man leaning forward against a strong wind. He frequently went out alone that way with a lantern; no one knew where, nor why; no one asked. Judith had once told Amelia scornfully that it was to assure himself that his land was still all there.

Caleb pressed on through the half dark, leaning forward as if against some invisible obstacle. Presently he came to a ridge from which he could look east and west, north and south, upon the land that was his: the two tame hay fields, separated from each other by a neck of timber belonging to Fusi Aronson (it would be well to own that timber; a fine stand it was); the dark, newly-plowed furrows where in another five months the oats would again be stirring like a tawny sea under the sun; the acres where barley and rye would be sown for cattle feed, vanishing into the blue night toward the south; the small rectangle of wheat that he raised for chicken feed; the acres of narrow woodland stretching northward like a dark mane upon the earth; and the good, flat grazing land with two bluffs, that might have extended farther westward had it not encountered the holdings of that miser, Thorvald Thorvaldson; and, beyond the muskeg and a dried lake-bottom, his cherished field of flax.

Southeast, under the ridge, bottomless and foul, lay the muskeg, the sore to Caleb's eye. In the heat of summer it gave up sickly vapors in which clouds of mosquitos bred. Cattle and horses, breaking through the pasture fence and heading for the hay-field, had disappeared beneath its spongy surface. South of it lay his flax field, the most precious part of all his land. To get rid of the useless land and buy in its place the neck of timber held by Fusi Aronson: that was an honest ambition and one to be achieved. That Fusi Aronson would part with his right hand rather than sell him a square inch of ground, Caleb knew all too well. But many a better man had been glad to part with a right hand in certain exigencies.

There was the little matter of Bjorn Aronson's slight dishonesty, for instance, that was not generally known in the community—that little discrepancy in Bjorn's moral balance that hurt Fusi more than any other thing on earth. What a comfort it was to Fusi that Bjorn was now one of the trustees of the Yellow Post church fund, a connection that would surely brace his manhood and beat him into a truer metal! Caleb smiled as he thought of the trusting Fusi. Something might come up that could be used to good advantage. Somehow he would use one brother against the other—he would wait.

Caleb felt a glow of satisfaction as he stood there on the ridge peering out over his land until the last light had gone. He could hold all this, and more—add to it year after year—add to his herd of pure bred Holsteins and his drove of horses—raise more sheep—experiment with turkey and goose for the winter markets in the South—all this as long as he held the whip hand over Amelia.

Amelia's word would startle the children; then it would be all over—the results of his labor would be swept from these fields like chaff from a barn floor. He was too old to carry on alone. Hired help was worse than none—lazy, treacherous, rapacious. As long as he kept track of the outcome of that little folly of hers—And, so far, he had managed very well. True, he might at any time lose that little contact—the boy, good Heavens, he must be a man now, might even die. He had come out of the war safely in spite of Amelia's praying—oh, no doubt the woman had prayed that he would die! But it was an uncertain world. Amelia, she was a soft fool, thank God! Not many women would be so conveniently sentimental and self-sacrificing for the sake of a son born out of wedlock—and that son a man grown, and a stranger to his own mother.

Well, if she was loath to have Mark Jordan learn of his parentage, Caleb Gare would not reveal it to him—provided that Amelia kept her place and did not force him to. Mark Jordan was a fine young fellow, too, according to Bart Nugent. Bart had kept track of him very well in the town where Caleb was unable to do his own spying. The good fathers in the mission had taken Amelia's story for truth, and Mark had grown up with the solid idea that he was the last of a family of saints. There was a joke for you!

The War had saved the boy from the priesthood, Bart Nugent had thought, and it had also radically altered his philosophy. He had always been interested in architecture, and had gone into it seriously after the War. Bart had written that a nervous disorder had lately developed from overwork, and that he might take to farming for a spell. Perhaps—the coincidence was not beyond thought. It might not be well, however. Amelia might weaken if she saw him. There was no guessing what a woman's reactions might be.

Amelia had loved the boy's father; that he knew. The knowledge had eaten bitterly into his being when he was a younger man and had sought to possess Amelia in a manner different from the way in which he possessed her now. In that earlier passion of the blood he had found himself eternally frustrated. The man who had been gored to death by a bull on his own farm in the distant South had taken Amelia's soul with him, and had unwittingly left her bearing

her physical being, so that the grace which was hers in youth still clung to her. She seemed preposterously ill-fitted to her environment. Lind was filled with pity as she watched her move about the room, picking up a paper, straightening a doily, or, from a habit Lind realized must have been formed in another life, pulling down the blinds of the windows. Amelia must surely have been worthy of a better lot.

"That reminds me," Caleb Gare began again. "How did you make out with those furs you sent to the siding. Grini buy 'em up?"

"Ya-a. Gode monney," Skuli said, sucking comfortably at his pipe. "Fur-rs naow gode. Grini, he's fool himself. Hee! Hee!"

"Did I show you that wolf-pelt Martin got east of here? Big beast he was too, eh, Martin? Where's the pelt? Find the pelt, Martin. Made a rug out of it, Skuli—you ought to do that with some of yours. Here—Jude—show Skuli the rug."

Martin had crossed the floor to take the rug from Jude. The girl got up slowly. Her resentment flooded in a dark wave across her face.

"Skuli has seen it three times already," she muttered, snatching up the rug. Martin took it from her, a half grin on his face at her anger. Martin had long since learned the futility of indignation. He was twenty, past.

Caleb smiled blandly.

"Skuli forgets what a rug it is. Heh, heh!" His laugh was genial.

The Iclander examined it again, to please his host. He commented upon its quality, then handed it back to Caleb, who sat holding it while he resumed his talk.

Judith called Pete, the dog, and strode out of the room.

Amelia sighed and sat down with a lapful of worn stockings and a handleless cup over which to mend them.

Presently Judith returned without the dog, and seated herself beside Lind. Caleb still held the rug. Charlie was playing solitaire at the table.

"Here, Charlie," Caleb said to him. "Bought ye a new deck of cards at Yellow Post today. Couldn't think of anything to buy the girls—they have everything."

Judith thrust her shoes out before her. The toe-cap



Lind asked, "Is there no way to arrange for your attending school—can he not do without you here?" "He can; but he won't. There's no use talkin'." Judith shifted on the milk-stool. She seemed to have grown suddenly shy, with this talk that lay so close to her inmost desires.

in her body the weapon which Caleb now so adroitly used against her. His control over her, being one of the brain only, although it achieved his ends, also at moments galled him with the reminder of the spirit of her that had ever eluded him.

Caleb lifted the lantern and examined the wick. Things would turn out to his liking. He would hold the whip hand. Judith, yes, she was a problem. She had some of his own will, and she hated the soil—was beginning to think she was meant for other things—getting high notions, was Judith. She would have to be broken. She owed him something. The twins, they would stay—no fear of their deserting. Martin and Ellen would not dare to leave; there was no other place for them. And Amelia, she was easy—yes, yes, she was easy, Amelia was!

Caleb glanced again at the coveted bit of woodland, and turned down the ridge toward home. After he had crawled through the barbed-wire fence that surrounded the second hay-field he turned down the wick and blew out the flame in the lantern. No need of wasting oil.

LIND woke to the comfortable drowsiness of farmhouse lofts and piece-quilts, and the inarticulate outdoor sounds of early Spring mornings. Something had awakened her. She did not know then that it was the three knocks of the broom-handle upon the ceiling of the room below, which was nothing else but the planks of the loft floor.

She lifted herself upon her elbow and looked down upon the dusky-rose cheek of the girl beside her. Judith was more than three years younger than Lind, but somehow there was a wisdom that Lind did not share in the bountiful, relaxed beauty of her body as she lay asleep. An intangible fragrance rose from her, like warmth. Lind touched her slightly to waken her. Jude's eyes slowly opened, veiled like a waking child's. She yawned and stretched her round, strong arms above her head. Then she turned over on her stomach and lay for a few moments without speaking. Lind got out of bed and prepared to wash.

"I hate to get up," Jude declared from the pillows.

"Some day I'm goin' to have a silk bed and lie in it forever, and hear the cows bellowin' right at my elbow and know I don't have to get up to water 'em."

Lind laughed at the absurd picture, while she saw the pathos in it. Three more knocks sounded peremptorily against the floor, and the teacher turned questioningly toward Jude.

Judith drew herself lazily out of bed and began to pull on her stockings under her nightgown.

"You'd better hurry," she said to Lind. "There goes Ellen down."

Lind wrinkled her brows. "You don't mean that I must hurry?"

"He won't let breakfast be kept for anybody," Jude told her briefly.

Lind was thoroughly amazed. "But it must be only five o'clock! Whatever shall I do every morning until nine?" she exclaimed.

"H'm—p!" Jude retorted, relishing the perverse contempt she felt for the teacher along with her admiration and envy. "You might milk a cow or two, or chase skunks. There's lots of 'em in the bush. That's Pete after one now. Hear him barkin'?" The smell ain't bad—isn't bad—when you get used to it."

The teacher shook herself free from the annoyance she felt at Caleb's rigor, and resolved to make the best of it. After all, it was rather amusing.

Breakfast, it turned out, was a meal eaten in almost complete silence. It was a fixed duty discharged without zest. Except Jude, the children did not seem half awake. The toil of the day before hung about them still like a tedious dream.

"Guess we'll plow up that fallow field over east, after all, Martin," Caleb said, settling back in his chair while he wiped his moustaches with his hand. "Jude can start in all right this morning, eh, Martin."

Martin continued eating his porridge. He was a slow eater, as he was a thinker. He could not quite appraise the meaning of his father's words. It was folly to seed the worn-out east field this spring. And as for Jude's plowing it—it was a heavy field, full of stones, difficult enough for a man. And hadn't there been talk of Jude continuing morning school as she

had done last year, so that she might write her entrance examinations?"

"Well—" Martin began solemnly. His face reddened as he found himself unable to protest. "Guess I could do it. Kind o' tough for Jude."

"Tough for Jude? Pshaw! Hear that, Jude? He says you can't do it! Guess there ain't a field that'd stump you, eh, Jude? Some girl that, Miss Archer. Look at the arm on her! Bigger'n mine. Heh! Heh!"

It was the first time he had addressed Lind that morning. The teacher shrank from the tyranny so thinly veiled behind his jocularity. She ventured to smile at Judith, who appeared not to have heard her father's sally.

After breakfast Judith went out to milk, and Lind accompanied her. The cow-pen was overhung at one end by weeping willows, which were putting forth tiny buds. Judith led her cow to that extremity of the pen.

"It's a little prettier over here," she explained.

The cattle sheds and the shelters for the other animals were all of grey logs, the low roofs sodded and showing faintly green now, although it was still cold and raw. The ruts of the cow-pen, since there had been no rain or snow for weeks, were hard as cement, and reminded Lind of the relief maps children made at school. The deep tracks of the cattle were almost indistinguishable from the human tracks intermingled with them. The cold of winter had fixed them there, and only the rains of spring would wash them away.

"WHEN did you stop school, Jude?" Lind asked.

She had seated herself on a stone near the girl, and was watching the straight, white stream of milk striking the bottom of the pail with a thin, churring sound. The cow's flanks were satiny, her tail clotted with manure. The animal looked over her shoulder with a round, vague inquiry, and went on chewing her cud.

"Went half a day last year—every morning. Guess I won't go at all this year. He hasn't said, lately. He talked about it during the freeze-up, and it sort of cheered me up then. But I guess he didn't mean anything by it."

Continued on page 42

The Bridge

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by E. Gordon Smith

IT was the blueberry harvest, and there, just where the old "war road" crossed the creek, the two wide sunlit aisles had assured an abundance of fruit, shielded from the wind yet open to the sunshine and the rain. With the remembrance of many seasons to back her, it was to this point that the mother black bear led her cubs, and oh, the profound luxury of it! All over the knee-deep scrub the berries grew in luscious bunches, and one could lie and bask and stuff and guzzle as black bears love to guzzle. There was no need to search about for the fruit—oh no! One simply sprawled and grabbed and munched, and when one can lie down to it one can eat far more than it is possible to eat standing up.

The wind was from the direction of the creek, where Whisky Jacks cackled and bluebirds flashed, and so occupied were the three bears that they did not hear the soft pad, pad, of moccasined feet approaching in the opposite direction.

Tim Lawson was heading for the Flying Post Country as fast as ever his legs would carry him, and half the population of the mining camp was heading in the same direction. There had, of course, been a gold strike, and the rest of the rabble were sticking to the water route, which was the obvious way. Tim, however, knew the country so well that he had decided to travel overland, thereby, he considered, arriving at the new El Dorado at least twelve hours ahead of the rest of the stumbling herd, which would enable him to claim the best of the land not already pegged out. But now, as he suddenly topped the mound, he saw the mother bear and her cubs feeding among the blueberries directly below.

BEARS, like most creatures of the dense timber, have very indifferent sight, as normally they depend entirely upon their keen sense of smell; and from his standpoint Tim could see only the massive hind quarters of the mother bear, her hind legs straddled out grotesquely among the blueberries. So she went on munching, entirely unconcerned, but one of the cubs had its head towards him, and for some seconds gazed at him with pretty wonderment. Then, with the most child-like gesture imaginable, the little creature began to drag at its mother's ear with one forepaw, squealing softly, and endeavoring to induce her to look in Tim's direction.

Eventually she did so, then calmly she sat up on her haunches, her forepaws dangling limply, sniffing the air and staring at Tim, while on either side of her the two little cubs, exact counterparts of herself, assumed precisely the same attitudes, presenting a picture that the prospector would always remember.

Evidently the wind veered for the merest fraction of time, and the mother bear who, up to that moment, had been totally unable to make Tim out, dropped to earth with a veritable snort of terror. "It's a man, my hat!" one could almost hear her cry, and in her ignominious haste she sprawled over her two cubs, sending them spinning, as she headed pell-mell for the dense timber.

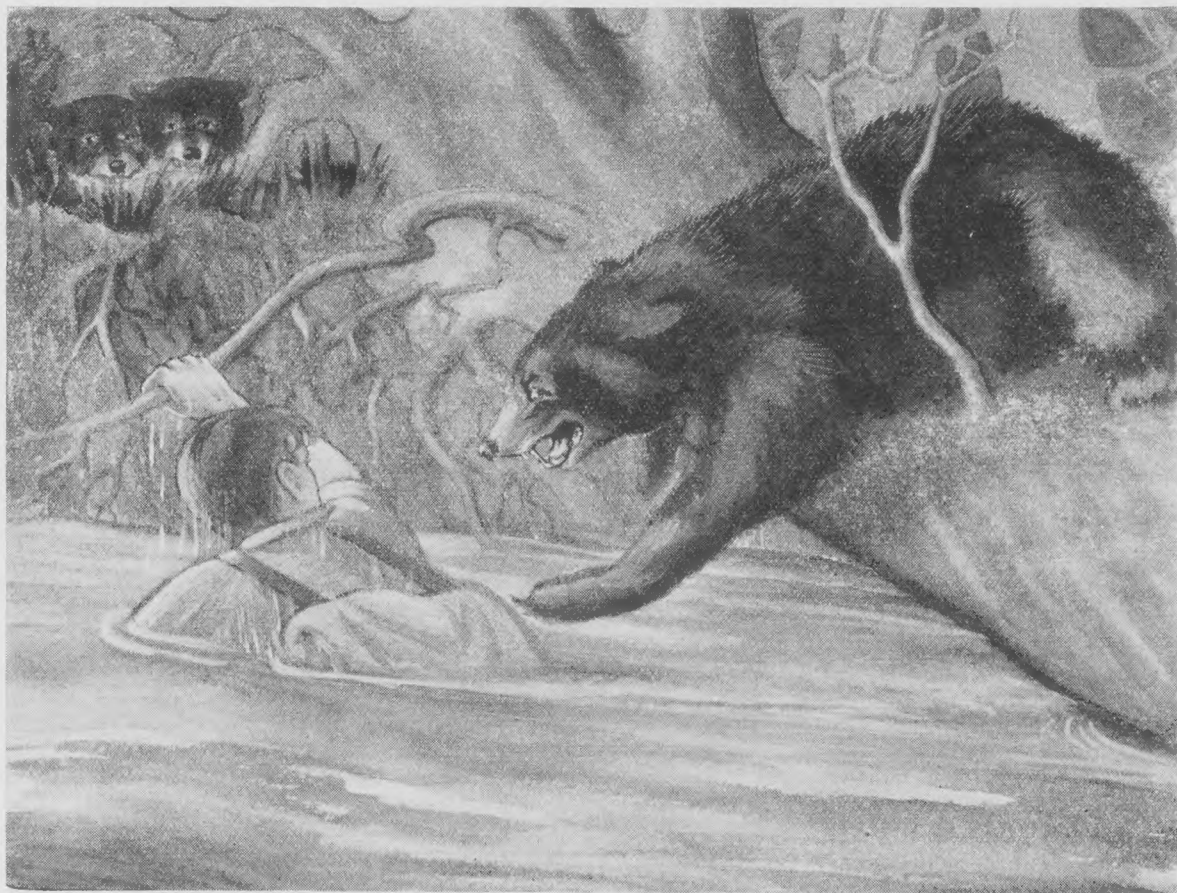
Then, all at once, a sense of her own maternal responsibilities seemed to return to the old bear. She pulled up short, and grunting an order to her cubs she sat up in the centre of the trail, covering their retreat, and clearly forbidding the man to approach.

Tim, who had just about as much respect for black bears as he had for wood hares, laughed aloud at the sight of the two little animated barrels waddling as fast as they could towards the creek. One of them was so full that he evidently decided that somersaulting would be easier than running, and so he rolled and somersaulted all down the bank as only a black bear can.

Now across the creek lay a single tree which for

many years had served as a footbridge for the wild folk which dwelt thereabouts, and Tim fully expected the two little bears to cross it, duly to be followed by their mother. But, instead, the cubs dropped straight down the bank at the water's edge, and so far as Tim could judge they were actually taking up their hiding among the roots of the old tree, through which he would have to force his way in order to cross the creek.

NOW this was awkward, for Tim was in no mood to waste time, and certainly he had no desire to harm either the mother bear or her cubs. All his



The mother bear was aiming blow after blow at his head

life he had lived in a bush country, and in the days of his boyhood, away in the Tobique Valley, he had many times reared little cubs and acquired a very real affection for them. He had seen more wild black bears than he could remember, had fed little bands of them outside his tent on dark nights when they were literally starving owing to forest fire, and he had never yet found one which was otherwise than ready to respond to kindly treatment. But a mother bear with her cubs is, of course, a highly specialized line of business, and none but a fool would trespass upon what she considered her rights.

No sooner had the cubs taken cover than the she-bear ambled off into the bush, but Tim knew very well that she was quite close at hand and watching him. He paused to weigh things up. He had trapped along this creek a few winters ago, and he knew very well that there was no other crossing for several miles on either side. The creek was deep and sluggish, and to swim it was out of the question—firstly because Tim could not swim, and secondly because his stampede pack was full for the most part of perishable goods. The tree which spanned the creek, thanks to a bygone gale, was a giant among its fellows, and wildly improbable was it that he would find another growing conveniently at the water's edge. No, there was nothing for it but to wait till the cubs vacated their stronghold, and assuredly they would not do so while Tim remained where he was.

UNDER the circumstances Tim did the wisest thing that could be done. Slipping off his pack he left it on the ground to indicate that he had not permanently left the place, then with his hands in his pockets, whistling a jaunty air, he strode back the way he had come. He judged that the cubs would thankfully leave their present cover and dash off with their mother through the bush ere he was 100 yards away, for they would not fancy the place so long as his own hostile pack remained in sight. But, though no one knew the wild folk better than Tim, he was, for once, wrong.

Still whistling, so that the bears could keep a gauge upon his distance, the prospector retraced his steps for two hundred yards, then, considering that he had allowed ample time for the coast to clear, he went back to redeem his pack. Of course, there was nothing to be seen, but in order to make sure Tim drew a stick of dynamite from his box, drove his jimmy bar into the earth, and placed and ignited the charge. The report that followed, succeeded by the wild screaming of whisky jacks up and down the creek, was calculated to scare all the game within four miles.

When the smoke had cleared, and the bits had come back to earth, Tim took up his pack, and confidently approached the bridge, every twig of which he recalled from his trapping days. He had, indeed, taken more than one fur beaver from that very log, and so he set his feet confidently in the old familiar holds, and began to cross.

Scarcely was he well over the water when he heard a hoarse grunt behind him, and half turning Tim saw the huge black outline of the mother bear almost at his heels!

The inevitable happened, but it happened so quickly that Tim never knew how. The cold, blue waters closed over his head, and down, down, he went, till he felt his feet in contact with the soft bed of the creek. Instinctively he struck upwards, and his feet sank. For one awful second he was detained by the clinging clay, then, absorbing jorums of water, he struggled upwards and broke surface.

A LEAFLESS branch was just within Tim's reach, and so he clutched it. Not a yard from him was the bank of the creek, here a labyrinth of vertical twisted roots—the roots of the tree by which he had tried to

cross. Haunted by the notion that the twig to which he clung might break at any moment, allowing him to sink once more, Tim made a lunge for the shore, and luckily obtained a hold.

His position, however, was not an enviable one. Striving for a foothold, he at length obtained one, about fifteen inches below his hands. Doubled up in this unnatural position, he was unable to lift himself from the surface owing to the fact that his pack was full of water, anchoring him down as securely as if he were roped to the bed of the river.

At this stage of the proceedings Tim happened to look ahead, whereupon, among the shadowy roots, easily within reach, he beheld four bright eyes and two dark outlines—the cubs, closely watching him! At the same time he felt a strong gust of wind in his face, and looking up he saw that the mother bear, lying flat on the trunk above, was reaching down with one paw, aiming blow after blow at his head.

Now Tim knew very well that if one of those blows went home he would sink and never break surface any more. The whole horrible predicament was owing to the proximity of those cubs, which, evidently scared by the explosion of the dynamite, were huddled close together, and not to be so easily dislodged. Still, something had to be done to dislodge them, and done quickly, and Tim, now in a condition of mind bordering upon panic, drew his hunting knife, and aimed a vicious stab at the nearer of the two cubs.

AS things happened, the wound he inflicted was not a very serious one, though the knife passed half across the cub's face, narrowly missing its left eye and travelling thence across the cheek to the corner of its mouth. The little creature screamed frantically, whereupon the mother, in her frenzied haste, fell off the log and landed with a terrific splash into the water.

As soon as the cubs saw her they scrambled from their hiding place and flopped into the water, losing

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A Woman's World

By Winifred N. Whitlock

Illustration by Kathleen Allen

WHEN writers are in the chrysalis stage—and the majority never emerge from it—they live in one room (tradition has it an attic); when their literary wings are beginning to sprout they have a suburban home or bachelor suite, according to whether they are married or single, and when they have "arrived," either by the meteoric medium of a best seller or the steady flow of articles or stories, they buy a cottage in the country, where, far from the city's disturbing noises, they weave mysteries and romances from the copy garnered in their chrysalis days.

On the staff of a small agricultural weekly Chester Warren worked—and worked hard—and in his leisure hours he wrote articles and dreamed of the day when he would have his cottage in the country.

The "Country World" gave him two weeks every year and the very first day he packed his grips and left the city lights behind him. Sometimes he stayed at a farm, once he went camping, once to a little place where the greatest diversion was waiting for the bass; his itinerary was always limited by the lack of funds, but this memorable year, just as he was checking up his resources, a man he had met at a literary club offered him the loan of a cottage.

"It's just a little shack," he said, "in an outlandish part of the world. Sunnybrook, it's called. I usually spend the summer down there but this year I'm going to forsake the Muse for the fleshpots, going to Atlantic City—so you're welcome to the place."

So that was how Chester came to be lying on his back under a tree on the hottest day of a hot July, inhaling the scent of the hay and listening to the soporiferous drone of the grasshoppers, thinking himself the luckiest man in the world. There was poor old Draycott trying to think of striking heads and little Northway struggling with the answers to correspondents. Just the sort of dog days when people ask silly questions!

Whew! It was hot. He lay there with his eyes closed blissfully content.

HE awoke with the consciousness that he was not alone. Near him sat a girl dressed in white with golden short curly hair and blue eyes. She reminded Chester of the pictured girls of the magazine covers and, while he sat up, hastily smoothing his rumpled hair, she laughed.

"I'm so sorry I disturbed you," she said, "but I've been walking about for ages and you're the only person I've seen. I've lost my way."

"Too bad," said Chester, now thoroughly awake. "Where do you live?"

"I'm staying in Merton, near the church."

"Merton—that's over there," he pointed to the east. "Cloverhill farm is where that clump of trees is."

"Oh, is that the farm? I have been walking right away from it. Oh, I am tired." She looked down at her little white shoes, grass stained, and sighed.

"I guess it's about three miles from here," said Chester. Then an idea came to him. "I'll tell you what. Come back to my cottage and have a rest and then I'll walk back with you." He felt the suggestion was audacious and supplemented it with an orthodox amendment: "My name is Warren, Chester Warren."

"My name's Deane. Thank you very much. Is your cottage far?"

"That's it, down there." He rose to his feet and held out his hand to the blue-eyed girl.

"Isn't it hot?" she said, as they started off over the meadow. "People talk about it being cold in Canada."

"Do you live in the States?" asked Chester.

"I don't know where I live, really. It's so long since I've had a home. I was in California all the

there were a couple of chairs and a large book-case against the wall.

The girl sunk into one of the chairs with a gesture of weariness.

"I'm glad to be in the shade," she said, tossing her hat onto the floor.

"I'll get you some tea," said Chester, "and what would you like to eat? I've got bread and butter and eggs, and I think there's some jam."

"I don't want anything to eat. Just a cup of tea. Shall I make it?"

"No just sit there and rest. I won't be long."

WHEN he returned he found his visitor had drawn up the two chairs to the table by the open window and was sitting looking out.

She turned to him with a wistful look in her eyes.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful to live in the country," she said, as he put the cups and saucers on the table and deposited his typewriter on the floor. "Isn't this view lovely? Nothing to be seen anywhere."

"Yes, it's beautiful," he agreed smilingly. "When I'm rich I'm going to have a cottage like this."

"It wants a garden," said the girl meditatively. "A gravel path all around and roses, and just about there," she pointed with a small finger, "I'd have a pergola, with crimson ramblers climbing over it, and in the centre of the lawn there'd be a fountain with water lilies and gold-fish."

"I'd plant maples on that side," said Chester practically.

"Oh, that would spoil the view," objected his visitor.

"Well, we needn't look out of that window," he said, unconsciously dropping into the plural pronoun. "I'd make another window at that end."

Miss Deane busied herself with the teacups. "How silly we are," she said laughing. "It's your friend's cottage. How long are you staying here, Mr. Warren?"

"Two weeks," he answered. "and two days are gone."

"Only two weeks." She sounded disappointed and Chester felt pleased.

"That's a lot when you're on a paper, you know," he explained. "I have to get back to let the editor get away."

"Oh, do you write? What's the paper like?"

He told her. He watched her pouring out the tea, sipping it. He noticed that she wore no rings and that her hands were small.

AFTER tea they washed up the dishes together, a domestic duet at which Chester had never previously assisted, and he watched Miss Deane deftly

drying the cups and saucers and finding for them places that he had not known existed, with fascinated eyes. How pretty she was, how graceful in her movements!

In the cool of the evening they walked to Merton. Chester knew it was three miles by the map but he could have sworn it wasn't more than one when at last they reached the house where she was staying. In the garden a middle-aged woman was sitting and Miss Deane introduced her as Auntie. Chester couldn't imagine the dream girl, as he mentally called Miss Deane, having an aunt like that. She was stout and rather coarse-looking, but evidently very fond of the girl.

"You must be tired, dearie," she said. "Walking all that way in this heat. My, isn't it warm?"

"It's lovely out now," said Miss Deane. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Warren?" but he made his adieux. Had she not promised to go fishing with him the next day?

Fishing is a sport that lends itself to love-making. The instructor must sit close to his pupil and show her how to handle the rod, and then it isn't wise to talk too loud or you frighten the fish away, and when you get a man and girl, and whispering the order of

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"Nothing to offer me," repeated the girl. "Are a man's love and a clean life nothing?"

winter; this is the first holiday I have had for five years."

"What a shame," said Chester, feelingly. "I don't think girls should have to work at all."

MISS DEANE evidently thought this a great joke.

"It would be a very dull world if they didn't," she said. "There are so many things a man can't do," then as she met Chester's incredulous glance, she went on: "You know what I mean. Look at the actresses and mannequins and models and..."

"You don't call that work, do you?" asked Chester, "dressing up and acting."

"It must be very hard work. They say Mary Pickford works eight hours a day."

"It would take her all day to spend her salary," retorted Chester. "Here we are. Here's my cottage." He threw open the door as he spoke. "You know it isn't mine really. A friend lent it to me. Nice little place, isn't it?"

Miss Deane entered the living-room, which occupied half of the entire shack. The walls were kalsomined and hung with pictures. There was a large window looking south with a table in front of it, on which stood Chester's inseparable companion, his portable typewriter. A well worn carpet covered the floor,

"Mountain Mist"

By Edith G. Bayne

Illustrated by Prestor

THE canoe glided silently past densely-wooded shores, where the pine and balsam stood impenetrably thick along the water's edge and where at times the channel was a narrow, deep, and abysmal canyon with stars visible far above in a noonday sky. Towering all about—before, behind, to left and right—were the mountains. The pair in the canoe had been silent for hours, the one through force of habit, the other because of sheer paucity of words. Speech in a scene like this seemed almost sacrilegious. It clove the silence like a thunderbolt, the veriest whisper echoing and reverberating, tossed from rock to crag and back again for a full five minutes. As easily might one dare to lift the voice at vespers in dim cathedral aisles as puncture the stillness that lay a fitting garment over the spirit of these mountain wilds. Jake Jensen, the chief guide for the upper

reaches of the river, paddled at the stern. Except for the monotonous motion of his arms he might have been a particularly well-preserved mummy bent to a kneeling posture. Though nearly eighty, his hawk-like eye had lost nothing of its keenness and his parchment-like skin of a leathery hue, inured to the elements as wood is seasoned for wear, defied sun and wind, frost and rain, smoke and black flies. His grizzled beard fell to his waist and he was a trifle bent at the shoulders but otherwise he presented an appearance of lean vigor and physical endurance that athletic youth might have envied. The young man in the forepart of the craft did indeed envy him, for turning occasionally to signify silently that he desired a change of paddling arm he observed that Jensen appeared as unwearied as when they had left Long Portage at dawn.

If one could imagine the choir boy with his snowy surplice changed to a rough gray shirt, a red handkerchief knotted about his neck and his face transfigured with the bites of mosquitoes and black flies and darkened by smoke and tan, but still retaining that worshipful, uplifted expression, a choir boy with a Stetson hat, mocassins and a revolver, that would be an approximate picture of Dick Landon, lately from a law college in the East, who paddled painfully but heroically in the front of the long canoe.

Jensen had said they would make camp at sunset. Dick was hungry and his arms ached, but he was filled with wondering admiration at the skill with which the old man guided the frail craft between low-hung, menacing rocks or around snags in the stream. Twice they had run rapids. Once they had almost touched a doe with her fawn, drinking in the shades of a thicket, as they noiselessly rounded a point. The trip had been full of thrills from dawn each day till dark. This was the third day and Jensen was leaving Dick now, to return to the Landing. Before daylight their ways would separate, Dick proceeding alone on foot to Devil's Elbow. As they sped along a placid stretch of water, with the hills fallen back a little on either hand, the old guide broke the silence.

"You take care o' yourself in there, young feller!"

"Sure," Dick answered, promptly and composedly, and he removed a hand from the paddle a moment in order to pat his pistol holder, grinning at the same time over his shoulder.

The old man grunted.

"You got a heap o' grit, boy, but you wanta steer clear o' Buck McGinnis. He's the boss o' that hard-boiled center o' sin an' he ain't got no use for agents, revenoo officers, tenderfeet, sheriffs, uplifters, preachers or temp'rance cranks. He's a rough one, Buck."

"So I've heard," said Dick.

THEY made camp in a little sandy cove at the head of Loon Lake, cooking six perch they had caught and flinging themselves on their blankets in a sheltered

spot before the last faint pink had faded from the West. With the first hint of dawn Jensen was off down the lake again and Dick, shouldering his duffle, set off across the flats toward the Ragged Range in a pass of which lay the town of the formidable name. It was a seven-mile tramp and the trail was exceedingly rough, so that Dick was obliged to stop and rest after making little more than halfway across the hills. He chose a mossy slope overlooking a bright, tumbling little stream and facing the farthestmost Rockies.

She flashed a smile, a slightly supercilious smile, down at him.



The stillness was almost appalling—accustomed as he now was to the vast silence of this great lone land a hundred miles from the steel—and the dropping of a pine cone startled him. The occasional cry of a camp-robbler bird carried to him from some hidden lakelet and once he heard a loon calling. The rest was silence, utter and profound. But very suddenly as he rested there under the jackpines, loth to re-commence his tramp, another sound struck upon his ear. Springing up to look for its source Dick beheld coming toward him over the flats from the southeast a girl on horseback. She rode a glossy black steed and was leading another. In the light of young morning—it was barely six o'clock—the little group seemed half unreal. They might have stepped out of a dream. Dick stared, incredulous, delighted, afraid almost to wink an eye for fear the dream would vanish.

When the girl had reached the edge of the stream he ventured to call out a greeting. She stopped a moment and then set her horse into the water and forded it.

"Hello," she said, pulling up not ten feet away.

"Hello—beauties! The three of you!" cried Dick.

He advanced and patted the glistening shoulder of the girl's mount. Then he looked up at the rider for a closer view. Her face was golden-tan, the cheeks a dusky pink like ripe peaches, and her eyes bright and

eager and blue as the skies, with heavy lashes that curled like a little child's. She was bareheaded, two thick, long bronze-colored braids swinging over her slender shoulders and the hair on her head blowing across her face like fine-spun yellow silk. She rode astride and her big hat with the rattlesnake skin about the crown hung on the saddle-horn, flapping a little in the breeze. He saw the play of fine, firm, young muscles under the creamy brownness of her arms as she held in her restless horse with some difficulty.

"WHAT are you doing here?" she asked, gazing curiously at him and then at his clothes, his pack and the dust on his long tramping boots.

"Resting," Dick answered, smiling quizzically. "What may I enquire are you doing?"

She flicked a fly from her mount's ear with her crop and flashed a smile, a slightly supercilious smile, down at him.

"I'm on my own land," she said briefly.

Dick looked half incredulous.

"Does anybody own this land around here?" he asked. "I thought it was just Government land you know."

"Well 'tain't. It's part of our range—Pa's and mine. You going in to town?"

"I was. You're not going to indict me for trespass, are you?"

At this attempt at witticism she sent him a shrewd look, her eyes narrowed comically.

"Say! If you think that's the worst could happen to you here, stranger—"

"My name is Landon. Dick Landon."

"You're a sure-nuff tenderfoot, Mr. Landon. Too much duffle for one thing. And a four-mile tramp blows you so you got to rest up!"—and the girl smiled a trifle scornfully. "I was going to say take Black Bess and ride in but I bet you ain't saddle-broke even."

Dick grinned back good-humoredly.

"You lose," he said. "Riding's my long suit. Is that Bess behind?"

"That's Bess. She ran out on the range last night and Pa sent me out for her at daybreak. I found her eight miles south, beyond the Curly Horn."

"Sorry to pack her down like this but I suppose it can't be helped," Dick said as he threw his duffle across the mare. "How did you

know the number of miles I had tramped?"

"I saw the ashes of your fire. They were still hot. Say! You ain't a sky-pilot, are you?" This with evident concern, not to say anxiety.

"Not guilty."

"It's a terrible unhealthy spot for preachers."

"Do I look—"

"I hand it to you straight. You do."

DICK had vaulted upon Black Bess, who immediately reared and pawed the air, keeping him busy for a few minutes.

"Just ease the bit. She's got a tender mouth. Say! You can ride!" and she watched him almost admiringly. "Give a guess what happened the last sky-pilot, Mr.—What's your name again?"

"Landon. Did you cut his throat?"

"We rigged him up like a Cree chief—paint, feathers and all—and sent him down the river on a scow. We never heard what happened to him after that."

"You seem to be a playful lot up here," Dick remarked.

"You going to stay with us?" demanded the girl as they rode on at a brisk canter.

"Who's us?"

"Pa and me."

"Do you run the hotel?" Dick asked interestedly.

"Run the hotel? We run the town!" said the girl,

coolly. "But we do keep the main house. There ain't many," she added.

"Write me down as a guest, then! Is it the Kicking Mule or the One-Eyed Cowboy?"

"Tain't neither. It's Buck McGinnis' Place. I'm Molly McGinnis. If you ain't heard of my Pa—"

She broke off and pointed with her crop to the long, low huddle of buildings that lay along the base of Buckhorn Mountain.

"There! That yellow house is ours—the big one in the middle. And there's Pa on the verandah."

Dick looked. They had slackened their pace and were at a walk now.

Even at this distance there was something sinister in the appearance of the town. It looked like a feudal hold. The buildings were dun-colored, one-storied, characterless and elbowed each other as though cramped for room. They gave the single street that peculiar lop-sided look he had learned to know so well in movies of Western drama.

"That," said Molly McGinnis proudly, "is Devil's Elbow."

MOLLY gave her parent a welcoming whoop, waving the big hat aloft, and dashed up to the hitching-rail in a cloud of red dust. Dick arrived twenty seconds later. Buck arose, tucking a long knife he had been sharpening into his belt and advanced to the steps. He was a large man with a ruddy face, a blonde beard and powerful shoulders. He seemed to radiate force. His eye was keen and very blue.

"What's this you've drug in, Moll?" he demanded, fixing a cold, appraising glance on Dick.

"This is Mr. Landon, Pa. I found him out on the hills, tuckered out. He—"

"What's his business?" sternly pursued her father.

"I'm a tree agent," announced Dick.

"A *which*?"

"I sell trees. Travel for a nursery, you know. My firm hopes to sell fruit trees out here. The soil's just right and so is the climate. It's the same as the Oregon and ought to beat it in time, but many of the settlers out here aren't aware of the fact that they can raise fruit and so I came out to put them wise. I've got samples here of sprouts and pictures of apples grown five hundred miles further North even than this. I can show you—"

But Buck had fixed on one word only in all this patter.

"Apples!" he said in surprise.

"Apples. Great cider apples, Mr. McGinnis. In a few years you could have a big mill—"

"Get down off that mare, boy."

DICK sprang down. Standing beside Buck he found that the big boss of the bad town was an inch shorter than himself. It gave him a curious feeling of triumph. Molly still sat her horse, listening.

"You fixin' to stay with us?" demanded Buck, next.

"If I may."

"Moll says you were tuckered out. Why? Come a long way?"

"I—I've been ill. They sent me up here partly for my health, too. I come from the East."

"We ain't runnin' a sanatorium."

"Nature is the sanatorium for me, Mr. McGinnis."

"You look like a damn uplifter."

"I can't help my looks."

"He's on the square, Dad," Molly assured her parent at this juncture.

"How long d'you figger you'll stay?" asked the boss, paying scant attention to his daughter's opinion.

"Till I make enough sales to justify my trouble," said Dick, holding the other's eye steadily.

"All right," said McGinnis. "But you'll have to talk trees till your tongue hangs out. The settlers round here raise cattle mostly and ain't got time for no frills. I ain't sayin' it wouldn't be a good scheme though, to set out some good orchards. Hi, Mex! Take this mare."

A dark-skinned youth in chaps rose from the dust somewhere near at hand and took the horses, Molly having dismounted too.

NELS SANDERSEN, the old man who acted as combination clerk, bellhop and general handyman, conducted Dick to a long, low, odoriferous building at the side and rear about the size of one of those French box-cars that were labelled "40 *hommes 8 chevaux*," during the war. Dick threw in his pack, aiming it at a vacant bunk, and backed away resolved to lose no time in buying a tent. He rejoined Molly and her father on the verandah and began to talk trees. Various other citizens, many of them garbed picturesquely in the manner of the last great West, ambled up and listened to the young newcomer's steady flow of oratory. In half an hour Dick had sold several of them.

Five minutes or so before dinner time a long, lean ranchman with a drooping black moustache sauntered up and straddled the hitching-pole, with a nod at Molly. The girl had been sitting on one of the broad arms of her father's chair, swinging her feet and listening to Dick. Now she sprang up.

"Curly! Come here and meet Mr. Landon," she cried to the new arrival. "Mr. Landon, this is Curly Sandwell, our most prosperous citizen and popular man in the hill country. He owns the Crooked Coulee and the Bar Ten and most of the land 'tween here and the Peace. Shake. I want you to like each other."

Curly Sandwell and Dick met on the top-step level and looked for an instant into each other's eyes. Dick

smiled and nodded. Sandwell's thin lips also curled in a smile but there was nothing sunny about it.

"Howdy, Mister Landon?" he drawled.

"Landon is the name," said Dick. "Are you interested in trees?"

"In one kind of tree—yes."

"What kind? I have many varieties of—"

"The only tree that appeals to me," said Sandwell slowly, "is the kind with good stout limbs about twenty feet from the ground, a good coil of hemp, a darkish night and just enough breeze to keep the corpse swingin' gently—"

A hoarse laugh from the appreciative crowd of cow-punchers broke in upon him. But Molly slapped Sandwell on the arm with a show of indignation.

"I'm ashamed of you, Curly!" she said, founcing back to her seat. "And you never shook like I told you!"

Then the Chink cook pounded on the triangle and there was a stampede for the eating-house. Molly lingered while Dick gathered up his samples.

"Don't mind, Curly, Mr. Landon."

"I don't think he'll spoil my dinner," said Dick easily. "Why do you call him 'Curly'?"

"I guess 'cause his hair's so straight!"

"You and he great friends?"

"I'll prob'ly marry him some day. He's always pestering me to," she said, carelessly

IN a private office on the second floor of one of the big buildings in the State Capital two men sat talking and smoking. One was Forbes Vincent, chief of the detective force, a short, thickset man with keen, dark eyes and a small grey moustache; the other was James Cantley, the governor, a thin, ascetic-looking gentleman, with a rather fretful expression that was habitual, and the sallow skin of a dyspeptic. Just now Mr. Cantley seemed quite nettled. He had removed his cigar from his mouth and was staring at the chief.

"You mean to tell me," he was saying in heavy tones of mingled astonishment and dismay, "that the man you picked for that ticklish enterprize was young Landon?"

Vincent nodded.

"A callow youth just out of law college? Vincent, you must be losing your senses!"

"On the contrary, I believe I've just come into my senses, Mr. Cantley," said the chief.

"What in—"

"Young Landon, it is true, is only twenty-four, but he's far from callow. I've had my eye on that lad for two years now—"

"But a cub like that when you had any number of seasoned men to choose from. Great Scott, man!" cried the governor in deep disgust. "You had a score of tough travellers, hardy adventurers, men of daring and nerve who know the West like a book, yet you despatch a greenhorn, a raw youth with a face like a girl's, on an errand like this! It's amazing. It's—"

"Dick Landon, nevertheless, is the very man for the job," the chief maintained, stolidly, shoving the box of cigars toward his caller. "I played a hunch and I'll lay a bet with you that the lad brings home the bacon."

"He'll never come out alive."

"Maybe not. But he'll start something. That'll be more than any emissary yet has done."

"What was this hunch you mention?"

Vincent leaned forward.

"Only this, Mr. Cantley. You speak of seasoned men, but a dozen of that kind have gone up and failed, as you well know. They seem to arouse suspicion by their very ease and knowingness. It occurred to me that a clever young chap who knew how to play tenderfoot might do better. His greenness would be his safeguard and his mask. Those last-ditchers and die-hards wouldn't trouble to waste animosity on him and he could work unmolested."

"Play tenderfoot! I thought he *was* one."

"Not exactly. He's been up in the hill country before, though not so far North, and he rides like a Cossack."

"He's up against a mighty sharp gang, Vincent."

"I realize that and so does he. You met him in this very office one day earlier in the summer, by the way. You said then—after he had gone out—that he looked like the making of a smart lawyer. Have you forgotten?"

"Lawyer—yes. But we don't send lawyers to spy out whisky stills!"

"No, we don't. That's quite true. But this young man happens to be something more than a mere attorney. He has the legal mind and something besides. Let us call it a little dash of genius. He's clean-cut, smooth and as keen as a razor-blade and he seems to know human nature as many a man twice his age doesn't. It's a gift—that's all. He counts no effort too great to land his quarry, and he's got the tenacity of an Airedale terrier when once he picks up a scent."

"Then he *has* had some experience?"

"A little. He'd make a prime sleuth. Carried several jobs through for us last summer and made rather a record in the service. Talk of mature skill," the chief went on warmly, "when even the Sheriff and his men confess themselves at a loss what are we to do? We can't keep on sending men up there to have them taken to the coast and shanghaied or painted up and set adrift in the rapids on a scow! Two men have not been accounted for at all. Lynched probably. And the trade goes on."

"**THE** trade goes on," agreed Cantley, shaking his head. "They're keeping the whole area supplied, Indians and all. Why, we'll be back to the condition of '85! If they'd confine their activities to their own camp we might let them alone to swill themselves into Hades, but they're bedeviling half the State and making a fortune as well. It's got to stop! Crime is increasing at a terrific rate."

"It is," said the chief, curtly.

"We've got to put a crimp into the bunch at Devil's Elbow before summer's out or double the strength of the police."

"From the examinations I have been able to make of the situation, Mr. Cantley, I've concluded (as I think I told you before) that there's probably one gigantic plant run on a co-operative basis and not a series of small stills. The crowd up there hang together like—"

"Not one will tell on the rest. I know."

"And this plant or distillery or whatever you would call it is likely hidden in some lost canyon, or in the depths of a forest and well picketed. Where it is, pickets or not, it is Dick Landon's task to discover. That's all he has to do."

"All! I'll say it's some chore!" snorted Cantley, who sometimes indulged in slang even in the House.

"Well, I'll say he'll do it. Want to take that bet?" Cantley waived the question aside.

"When did he go?" he asked suddenly.

"He left the city last Monday. Three days from the Landing would make it about Saturday morning—that's today—when he'd strike the Elbow. We got him the best guide in the country and he's well outfitted, and armed. But that's all beside the question. The point on which the whole enterprise hinges is the fellow's brains. That's what I am banking on."

"What alibi, or rather disguise, is he adopting?"

"An agent for trees is his role."

"Trees! Coals to Newcastle!" roared Cantley with a heavy laugh.

"Apple trees, Mr. Cantley. And he's got a great line of patter, believe me! When he went over it here in the office he almost had me sold for ten acres of mixed varieties, from Baldwins to Fameuse! That boy could sell woolen underwear to the Hottentots! And he knows what he's talking about. He's studied fruit trees for weeks past."

"Can you keep in touch with him?"

"I'm afraid not. If he has a message he'll contrive to get it down, either by old Jensen or some other trusty. But he'll not likely bother. He's the kind that doesn't talk or write till the job's done."

Cantley was silent for a few minutes. Then solwly he shook his head.

"If your bright boy brings off a coup, chief, I'll ride up and down State Avenue for two hours on a mule!" he said grimly. "And you have a mental picture of me—*me*—doing that!"

"That's as good a bet as any," grinned the chief. "I'll remember it."

Then they spoke of other matters.

ON a gentle slope covered with dappled shadows and overlooking a broad lake, Dick Landon and Molly McGinnis were idling away the long hours of a midsummer afternoon. Dick had been at Devil's Elbow ten days and had been very busy riding about in the hills soliciting sales. He had covered practically all of the district and with a degree of success that was very gratifying. But as he lay extended on the pine needles gazing upward into space he wore a decided frown. Molly sat nearby clasping her knees and looking off across the lake to where a tiny spout of dark smoke betokened the presence of a little steamboat. They were several miles from "town" and their horses grazed below them, in the lush grass of a dried marsh.

She wore a rough tan blouse with a red handkerchief knotted at the neck, and no ornaments. The eternal Eve in her was planning a complete new outfit—lacey things, sheer muslins, silk stockings, a hat with roses on it, a parasol, bracelets, a necklace perhaps—it had come over her suddenly that this handsome visitor hadn't yet seen her in a skirt.

Returning they struck away over the ridge and loped down the lake trail side by side. There was a faint acrid odor on the air as they came up the last hill and swung across the flats.

"Fire," she said. "Over on the Curly Horn somewhere. We haven't had rain for three weeks."

From the verandah of the yellow hostelry two men watched the approaching riders—Buck McGinnis with a kind of grudging admiration, Curly Sandwell with an impassive expression and slightly narrowed eyes.

THAT night as Dick sat on his little improvised bed—made of pine boughs—in his tent to the east of the hamlet, he was obliged to face the uncomfortable fact that in the matter of his real mission he had achieved—exactly nothing. A number of promising little clues had eventually been abandoned as quite false, and although he had mingled freely with the cow-punchers and lumber-jacks, keeping eyes and ears wide open, accepting all invitations to card games and barbecues and talking fruit-trees when he wasn't telling funny stories, he had gleaned no real hint about the hidden plant which was doing such a land-office business.

The tale of a recent illness was in part true and he played it up frequently. "A blankety-blank tenderfoot but good company. He don't throw on no side," was

the average cow-puncher's summing up of the tree agent.

He had been offered various vile concoctions masquerading as cure-alls but no real whisky, and now on this, his tenth night in the supposed hotbed of the liquor traffic, he felt discouraged for the first time. Ten days of riding around and glad-handing the citizens and not a whisper of a still! Only that daily—almost hourly—evidence of it was thrust on his attention, he might have concluded it was a myth.

Suddenly galloping hoof-beats struck on his ear—no unusual sound at this or any hour. Yelling, screeching cow-boys dashed in and out of the Elbow at any time, stirring up the red dust and the peace of the hills and extending their orgies at Buck's house far into the dawn sometimes. But this was a lone horseman and the night was unusually quiet and so Dick found himself listening, subconsciously, to his progress, the while he filled his pipe for a final smoke before seeking his blankets. The rider swept down the trail past his tent at a hard clip. Dick pulled his tent-flap a little further back and puffing at his pipe looked out into the soft, warm darkness of the mountain night. The sky was sown with stars, but there was no moon. Again there was the acrid odor of the fire, more definite now.

The hurrying rider had pulled up suddenly. He had been hailed by someone—the voice had sounded like Curly Sandwell's. Dick removed his pipe and listened. The voices were indistinct but he caught something of what was said. He quickly drew on his boots again.

When he went down the slope to get his cayuse picketed there, a dense veil of coppery smoke, lambent with flame, flushed the southeast sky. The secret still was in that direction then! And it was in danger from the fire.

TWO very important facts were now his—the still was no myth and it lay hidden somewhere to the southeast. Ten days of fruitlessness and then all in a moment this! Dick's heart sang high and he dashed up the rough little street in the wake of half-a-dozen other horsemen, paused before Buck's place only long enough to gather that men were wanted to help fight the fire and then was off with a band of volunteers, unnoticed in the general panic.

An hour later when they had reached the base of the Curly Horn Mountain along which the fire raged Dick learned from one of the cow-boys that it was only the little steamboat, "Mountain Mist," that they were trying to save! The lake which she traversed narrowed down to a long sloping bay at this end and she had been caught as in the neck of a bottle with flame on three sides of her. In trying to turn around she had broken one of her paddle-wheels on a rock. The men spread out fanwise and with the aid of ropes soon had her out of her difficulty. Then they all remounted and, laughing and blaspheming, took their carefree way back to the Elbow, Dick in their midst much mystified and chagrined. Dawn broke as he crawled between his blankets and when he woke it was to the thudding of a heavy rain on his tent.

The rain continued for several days but didn't deter him from making an exhaustive survey of the Curly Horn and its vicinity for miles around. He found that a great deal of valuable timber had been burnt; and that was all he learned.

ON a day in the same week, when the sun smiled again, he and Molly set forth on foot on a pleasure trip to Tar Valley across the lake. This was entirely an Indian settlement reached only by the little steamboat, and its pleasure resources were scant, but the pair had arrived at the stage of friendship where any excuse would serve for an opportunity to be together. As they skirted the pines above the hamlet from which the trail wound down to the tiny dock, a bright-eyed half-breed girl named Kitty McCoy, whose father was a Scotchman and a business rival of Buck's, stepped out from behind a boulder and frankly attached herself to the pair.

Molly was resplendent in a pink-sprigged muslin dress, white shoes such as the girls at the Landing wore and the hat with the rose-wreath of which she had dreamed. She was feeling exceedingly proud and self-satisfied, but she had never liked Kitty McCoy, particularly since the last barbecue when Dick had danced with the pretty *metis* three times. Accordingly she halted and regarded the intruder with open disfavor.

"Two's company—three's a crowd," she remarked. "I got something to tell him," said Kitty.

The girl made a pretty little dramatic gesture and gazed up at him with soft black eyes that were full of sympathy.

"They're goin' to get you," she said tensely. "They!" repeated Dick. "Who are 'they'? And what have I done?"

Dick chewed his lip in perplexed silence. Molly was now looking serious, hanging on to the half-breed girl's words. The latter had been sending cautious glances round.

"They were playin' draw poker over to our place last night an' I heard them. I was sleepin' on the gallery right outside an' they didn't know it. I thought at first I was dreamin'! Curly cursed you somethin' beautiful!"

Dick and Molly exchanged glances.

"I guess we know what's biting Mr. Sandwell," remarked Dick. "When does he intend to pull this stunt off?"

"Sometime soon. I didn't catch just when."

"Curly can't pull off anything like that without Pa says so. Pa's still running this place," said Molly calmly.

"Your Pa was there too!" said Kitty crisply.

The others were much taken aback at this news.

"I'll talk to Pa!" said Molly, meaningly.

"Much obliged, Kitty. I'll be on the watch after this," said Dick as the girl turned to go.

"Better for you to go 'way an' go quick," declared Kitty earnestly.

AT the next turn in the trail Molly pulled Dick to a stop. "She's right. You better go!" she said, the color drained from her cheeks.

menced. "Listen. I wasn't going to say anything about this, but seeing she's told us that I'll tell you about yesterday. Curly stopped me when I was heading for the scrub to get Black Jim and he—called you a lot of nasty names. He said you didn't really like me—you were only making use of me. He wanted to know if—if you'd been pumping me."

Dick's eyes narrowed. He had brought his gaze abruptly to her face.

"Pumping you?"

"About—about anything"—and Molly averted her eyes.

"I'd never 'pump' you Molly."

"That's what I told him. But he laughed and went off—only, his eyes—!" she shuddered.

Dick's jaw hardened.

"No," he said, firmly. "I'm not going away, Molly."

"But you don't know Pa! Oh, if ever he gets you he—he'll be worse than Curly! You see, they think—"

"I know," said Dick. "Let's be perfectly frank."

"I don't know where the still is," said Molly.

"That isn't what I meant. As I said, I would never have asked you, Molly. What I mean is you know what I'm up here for. Don't you?"

"I kind of suspected—after what Curly hinted," Molly admitted. "But you'll never find it. Nobody ever has. Only five men know and they're not telling. When enough has been made for a shipment it's left at a certain spot in the night—never the same spot twice—and the rest come and load it on wagons. That's all I know—or care."

"It would be pretty awful for your dad if—" began Dick very gently.

She shook her sunny head and laughed derisively.

"It'll be ditto and then some, for you, if you let them get you," she retorted and then, her breath catching: "Oh, I couldn't bear it! You're so—so decent."

He drew a ring from his little finger and, while she smiled and trembled a little, put it on her left hand.

"You know what that means, Molly?" he whispered, and she nodded bashfully. "It's only a substitute till I can get a good one. The next'll be a diamond."

"Oh—h! Will it?" she cried rapturously.

"Molly," he said, "I've nothing much to offer, except hope and all the love in the world. Do you care?"

He found the right answer in her eyes. Suddenly he drew her to him and kissed her.

"And you'll wait for me," he whispered after a moment, "till I can make enough—"

"Wait for you!" returned Molly, tremulously. "Yes, I'll wait—forever and ever."

FINDING him firm in his resolve not to run away Molly refrained from pleading, but thereafter constituted herself watchman and guard, riding with him everywhere. She was as good a shot as any man in the camp and went armed at all times. Not a cow-puncher or lumber-jack but held her in wholesome respect. Buck and Curly had gone up the lake with a load of hides and confidence gradually returned to Buck's daughter. It may have only been a threat after all, made in the heat of a drunken orgy, she told herself.

The long lake above the Elbow and circling down around the Curly Horn didn't connect with Loon Lake which lay up north but it had a plentitude of fish, was more accessible and therefore became almost a daily haunt of the two young people. Here, at any point, by the mere casting of a line, one might draw in, in less than five minutes, a glistening, flopping, silvery-pink trout or a large perch or silver bass. Then to make a meal by the shore with Molly, and to ride home under the stars, hands reaching across the horses and clasping, Molly singing softly in her clear, rich, untrained voice the songs good, bad and indifferent that she had picked up from the cowmen—Dick listening, now disapproving, now enraptured! There were times when he hated the thought of civilization.

One evening they were rather late in starting back to camp, probably because of a full moon whose witchery was irresistible.

"To-morrow's the first of August, Molly," said Dick as he helped her into the saddle—this daughter of the hills who had never before required such assistance, but had recently become as dependent in this respect as a riding-school miss.

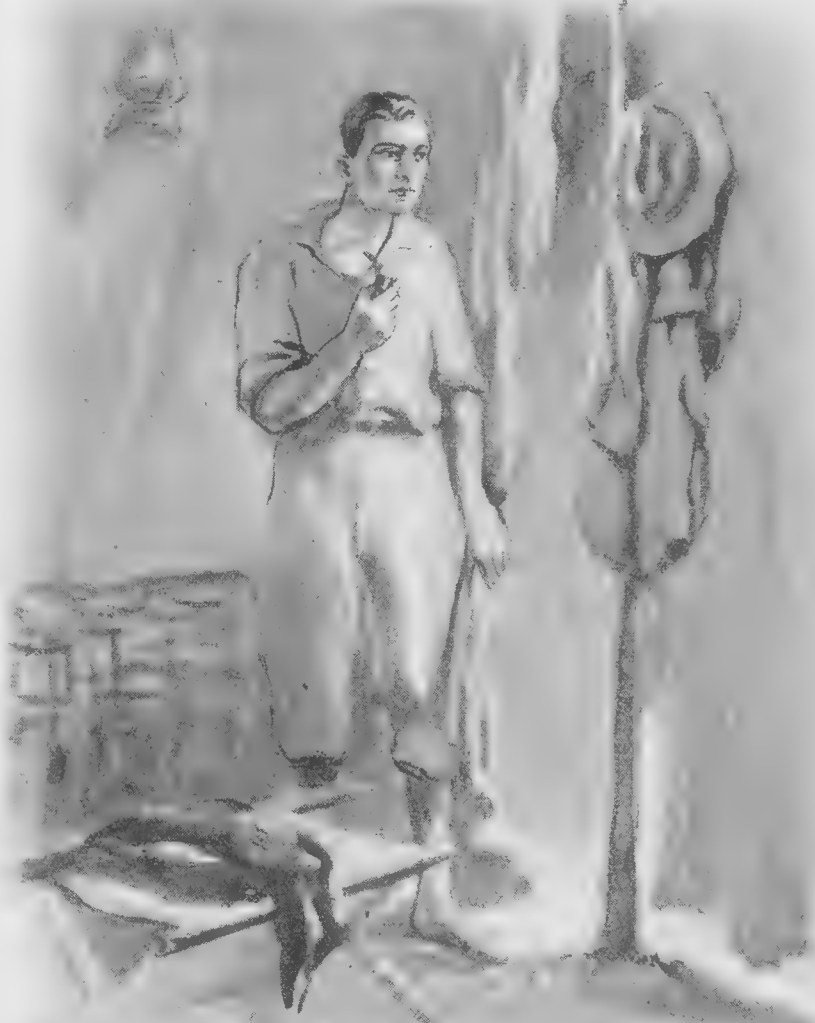
"Yes?" queried Molly, lightly.

"And I've got to be off to the head of Loon Lake by dawn."

She drew in her breath sharply, and leaned over in the saddle.

"You mean you got to go 'way—leave me?"

Continued on page 49



The voices were indistinct, but he caught something of what was said.

He felt her hand tremble.

"I won't go till my work's done," he said, firmly. "And—I think perhaps she may be overdrawing it."

Molly shook her head.

"No, she's not—" (now and then she dropped the 'ain't since she had noticed he never used it.) "You're dead lucky to get a warning at all. I wouldn't give her the satisfaction of letting her see me scared, but I was! Yes, you must go. I—I wish it had been my luck to warn you. But I can't do anything, I guess, except help you to get clear away."

He patted the slim brown hand still resting on his arm.

"I never saw you frightened before, little Molly," he said in wonderment. "Not even when that new horse nearly threw you. Don't you worry about me,"—and he looked away.

"But I do! Oh, you don't know how—" A sob intervening she broke off but in a moment re-com-

Wheat Rust

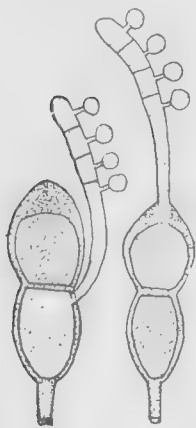
A Popular Discussion of World-Wide Plant Disease

By James H. Evans, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Manitoba

THERE is only one major reason why wheat rust is of more than usual importance in Western Canada. That is because the wheat crop of the Prairie Provinces in acreage so overshadows the wheat crop of the rest of Canada. The climate of the Great Plains area, on the whole, is not very favorable to the spread of cereal rusts, and it is seldom that rust devastation is as intense here as it may be, and really is, in more humid atmospheres; but where there are so many millions of acres growing wheat a five per cent., or even a one per cent., rust attack is a matter of some importance.

What is Wheat Rust?

What is wheat rust? Well, in the first place, it is not in any way whatever related to metal rust, though its manifestation on the plant does look so much like iron rust that probably the resemblance suggested the name. Rust on the plant is not due in any way to disintegration of the wheat plant tissues; and



In Western Canada the wheat rust spores that winter over are the black spores (which pass the winter on wheat stubble). These black spores of stem rust have two parts (cells), either or both of which may germinate in the spring and produce four small spores, which can infect only the barberry, not being able to go back upon the wheat direct. Being able to find only a very odd barberry bush in Western Canada, most of the black rust spores that winter here are therefore ineffectual for regenerative purposes.

classes of rusts, however, attack cereal crops—some on oats, some on barley, some on rye, some of wheat. Even the black stem rust of wheat, which is so specialized that it does not attack oats or barley, though closely related to the rusts which they carry, has been divided up within recent years by the leading plant pathologists until now we are told that there are somewhere about 35 or 40 separable strains of black stem wheat rust. These strains might perhaps be compared to the varieties of the wheat upon which the rust lives. Here is a field of Marquis wheat; there is one of Red Fyfe; the farmer over yonder grows Kubauka and his neighbor has Kota. The city man and his family ride past in their auto, and he tells them that those fields are all wheat. To him they all look alike. His boys and girls think that even the oats and barley are wheat also. But the farmer not only knows the wheat and oats apart, but he detects clear differences between the wheat varieties. So the plant pathologist, using his microscope, detects plain differences in plant diseases that the average eye never sees.

An Annual Importation

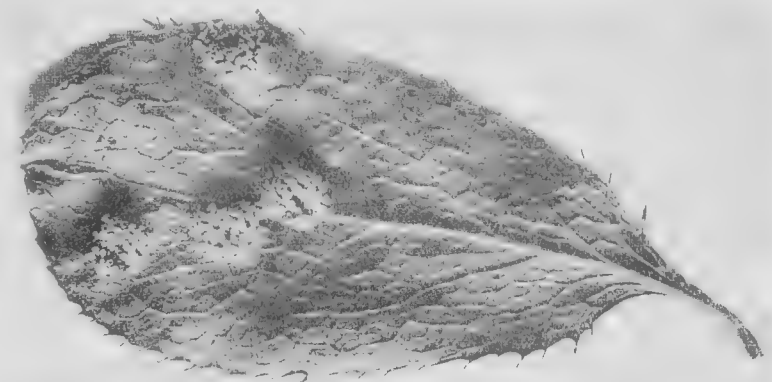
Each succeeding infestation of wheat rust spores that strikes the Western Canadian crop comes up from the South. Our Prairie Provinces winter over abundance of rust spores, but these wintered spores are ineffective in a direct attack upon the wheat crop of the year following. A wintered over wheat

the Alberta public speaker who is reported to have advised an audience of farmers to try sandpaper on their plants for wheat rust has either been misreported, or he was a very bad guesser.

Wheat rust is a parasitic disease. Its attack upon the plant is by the spore, just as a diphtheria attack upon a human being is by the planting in the human system of the diphtheria germ. A spore of rust is really a rust seed in about the same sense as a wheat grain is the seed of the wheat plant. The wheat grain grows after falling into the ground; the rust spore, flying through the air, lighting upon a wheat plant likewise finds a suitable soil, grows down into the wheat plant tissues, and produces a new crop of rust spores. The waving fields of gold testify of the yield from the kernels of wheat; the red or black rusty looking streaks or spots on the wheat plant just before harvest tell of the crop produced by the rust.

Their Name is Legion

There is a multitude of vegetable rusts, and grain crops are by no means the only plants attacked. Wild gooseberries have been badly rusted here in recent years; so have many other plants; but only the specialist pays much attention to the hundreds of rusts upon wild plants. Certain



This is the lower side of a leaf of common barberry, after it has broken out with rust pustules. This is what is known as the "cluster cup" stage of rust. In the south, where common barberry is widespread, these pustules throw off myriads of spores which are fitted to attack wheat and produce red rust. There are some barberries—the Japanese barberry for example which will not breed rust.

rust spore has to pass one generation of life on a common barberry plant before it can go back to wheat again; and Western Canada has no wild barberry areas and since that shrub has been outlawed here there are scarcely any common barberry plants at all, certainly not enough to account for our rust. But down in the United States, even up into the Dakotas, the common barberry has escaped from cultivation, and so the barberry there is sufficiently well distributed to breed a new crop of wheat attacking spores every season. These spores, having gone from the barberry to the wheat crop, result in a new outbreak of red rust spores, and in this red rust stage the spores can go from wheat plant to wheat plant in very rapid generations, and the movement, becoming a wave, sweeps northward following the northward march of maturity which produces ripe wheat in Texas in April or May, Kansas wheat a little later, South Dakota wheat in July, and Manitoba ripe wheat in August.

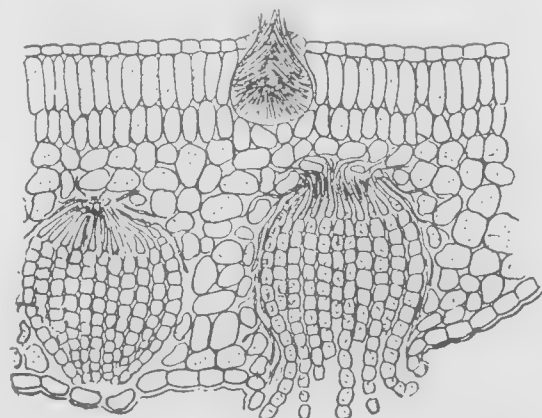
Just how far a single wheat rust spore will float and still grow is undetermined, but they have been trapped by specialists in aeroplanes over one mile high, and they will find plots of wheat very many miles away from any wheat fields.

Why the Increase in Recent Years?

Some old-timer will want to know why Western Canada had practically no wheat rust until 1904, then very little until 1916, and since then much more frequent attacks. Let me ask this question: Why was there no sow thistle in Canada until about 1890; and a gradually increasing amount since? You say, "Oh, it got a start then, and the seed production has widened ever since." That seems to have been about the way in which the wheat rust has spread also. It has been becoming more and more at home during the past twenty years, gradually widening its field of operation.

Remedial Measures

Can it be overcome? Probably to quite an extent. The United States Government is spending large sums of money in barberry destruction; and there is some hope for benefit in that direction. Then plant breeders are trying to produce new types of wheat which will be so distasteful to the rust that it will not live on them. Some types of wheat, now



Section of barberry leaf, showing the cluster-cup stage of black stem rust of wheat. If one were to clip a barberry leaf in two with a pair of scissors, cutting right through the rust pustules, and then look into the cut edge of the leaf with a microscope, this picture is supposed to represent what one might see.

grown, rust less than others. But these are not always very desirable wheat varieties for flour making. The task now is to try to breed a wheat that will yield well, be of good milling quality, mature in time to escape frost, and be relatively rust exempt. And, really, that's some order! But progress is being made.

One difficulty that the plant breeder has to face, however, is the fact that a wheat which may be relatively rust resistant in one province or state may be very susceptible when tried in another area. The probable reason is a simple one. The various strains of black stem wheat rust are not ubiquitous; some abound here but are not found somewhere else. In the latter place, however, there are some strains not found at the first point. So even after a wheat variety has proven relatively immune to rust in one vicinity it may fail badly somewhere else when it is attacked by a rust type that it has never met before.

What Can the Farmer Do?

In the meantime, what can the farmer do about it? Well, in some directions, he cannot do anything. There is no method yet known of treating the growing grain after its attack so as to kill the rust. Neither can the seed grain be treated, as for smut. But he can recognize the fact that certain conditions of life among the wheat plants are more favorable to rust than other conditions. Some time ago Prof. J. H. Ellis, of Manitoba Agricultural College, wrote a bulletin on this subject, and in it he suggested the following:

1. Sow early, using good seed; this means earlier maturing.

2. Use early maturing varieties, provided they are otherwise good.

3. Sow thickly on rich soils, such as summer-fallow.

4. Prepare a good seed bed, and sow at an even depth.

5. Do not harrow growing grain; it delays maturity.

6. The manure should be applied evenly and lightly.

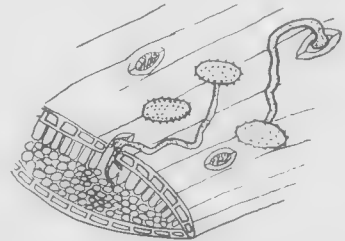
7. Poorly drained areas, and soil drifting, usually means more rust.

8. If rust is bad, the best time to harvest is at the stage when the grain is firm (i.e., when it cannot be crushed between thumb and finger); earlier or later cutting gives poorer results.

Don't Be Stampeded

The farmer should not be stampeded on this matter. It may be easily possible for some one who may have more business acumen than ethics to capitalize wheat rust or any other trouble to his own financial advantage. Perhaps somebody announces at eight dollars per bushel some wonderful new wheat, claimed to possess rust immunity and all the other virtues, real and imaginary, that ever were supposed to visit themselves upon the genus *Triticum*. When this happens the farmer should be wary. Let him buy a five pound sack, if he wishes, but not 100 bushels. And let him also remember that rust immunity is not everything. Our Marquis, after all, is really a wonderful wheat, and even though a rust resistant wheat may be brought out it may be a lower yielder, or more liable to frost, or too weak strawed, or a poor milling wheat. These points are all to be kept in mind; and the farmer who thinks of leaping into the dark had better wait until the experimental farm, the agricultural college or somebody else brings a ladder and a lantern; then he can go down easily knowing where he will land.

After all, Western Canada has probably suffered less from wheat rust than almost any other large wheat producing country in the world, and any great discovery made anywhere else will soon be heard of by the cereal specialists of Canada and brought to bear upon our case.



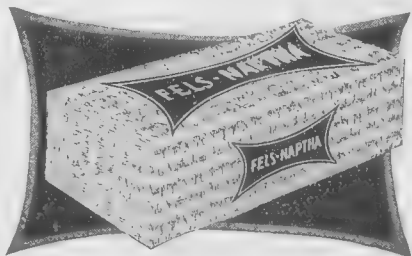
This drawing is intended to illustrate the germination of red spores on a cereal leaf, and the entrance of the germ tubes through the breathing pores of the leaf. These red spores are the ones that come from other wheat plants already infected by red rust. The rust is then in the epidemic stage.



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Extra help that means a deeper, sweeter cleanliness! *Extra help* that makes washday easier on yourself—easier on your clothes!

What a joy to get bright, sparkling cleanliness in clothes hardest to get clean! What a relief not to be all tired out after the washing is done! What a satisfaction to know your clothes are *safely* cleaned—whether done by yourself or by someone else!

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Splendid soap and dirt-loosening naptha—working together—give Fels-Naptha this *extra washing-help* you cannot get in any other form.

Isn't it worth a penny more a week to get this *extra help*?

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Millions of women know that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha, and wouldn't be without it for all their household cleaning. Why not get a bar or two at your grocer's today, and put it to the test in *your* home?

PROVE the extra help of Fels-Naptha. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia



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Be sure to include Fels-Naptha in your camp kit this Summer. It makes short work of cleaning clothes and dishes.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

When the Lamps Are Lighted

Shades Become an Important Note in the Furnishings of a Room

By Katherine Caldwell



LAMP shades are of first importance in the furnishing of a room. They can make or mar it. The handsomest furnishings can lose their effect if the wrong color is used to shade the lamp—for, of course, whatever color is used in the shades will affect the colors used throughout the room. In the same way, lamp shades can cast a becoming glow over a room

that will make it much lovelier at night than it is in the day-time. The fuel does not greatly affect the artistic result—any lamp or lighting fixture, from the most up-to-date electric bracket to the most ancient of coal-oil lamps, can act as the fairy god-mother and cast a cloak of magic loveliness over the most prosaic furnishings, if it is charmingly shaded.

It does not take any special training or experience to make charming lamp shades. One must rather be willing to take pains, to do each part of the work neatly and finish it off nicely.

The newer lamp shades are rather more restrained than their predecessors have been for the last few years. They were showing a tendency to become somewhat like the overtrimmed product of a milliner's parlor. These confections have made way for the very trim, tailored-looking shades, and the several layers of silk and georgette of which the "fussier" shades are fashioned have in many instances given place to a single thickness of glazed chintz, print of different kinds, parchment, wall-paper, even gingham! Very often there is a tight-fitted layer of thin silk of a special color, as a lining; just as often, the wires of the frame are neatly bound and no lining is used. There are some very lovely fabrics made especially for this purpose, from hand blocked linens and beautifully designed glazed chintzes, to gauzes of rare beauty.

For the flatter type of shade that fits into the scheme of the dainty bedroom, silk, georgette or organdie will all be valuable and one may expend on them any fondness one has for the elaborate and much trimmed lamp shade. A set of very dainty organdie shades seen lately boasted rows of narrow ruffles from top to bottom—the blue ruffles on a pink lining. It was most attractive.

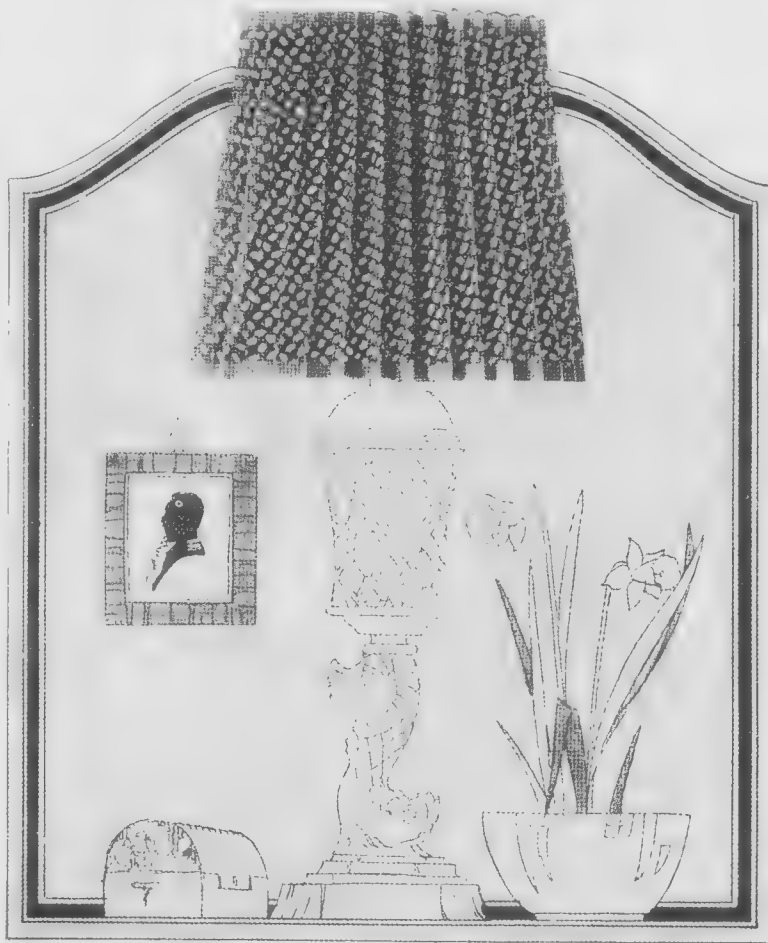
The amateur will do well to begin invariably with a well made wire frame that in size and shape will suit the lamp it is to adorn. These frames may be bought in any furnishing store, at needlework or lighting counters of department stores and an interesting range of them may often be found at the fifteen cent store!

Shapes are tremendously varied. For the small wall bracket, the shield is the favorite. For the table lamp, the frame with the uncurved drop (flaring much or little toward the bottom), seems best suited to the tailored types of shade. For the trimmed silk shade, the curved frame, more along parasol lines, may be used. When the shade is to be inverted and used beneath a hanging centre light, the curved shape is usually the most graceful.

WITH this article for Western Home Monthly in mind, I have been observing new shades wherever possible this season, and have been greatly charmed by the freshness and originality that characterize so many of them. This is due to their simplicity, straightness of line and the more naïve fabrics that are used in them. For instance, who would have thought, a few years ago, of using English print, a red ground with a white egg-shaped spot, and binding it with glazed chintz in a lovely French blue tone? Yet what could fit more completely into a living room done principally in blues and browns, with a vivid sprinkling of red in the bindings of many books? You can see how well groomed a shade of this type can look, in the illustration. The shallow pleating fits as well into this spirit as the plainly stretched material, and is a good deal easier to make; one simply pleats a straight piece and joins it; the pleats are easily adjusted to the narrow top and an occasional stitch keeps them nicely distributed at the bottom wire.

The binding on this shade shows another of the easier-to-do points. Nothing is better form than the bound edge, top and bottom, and it presents no difficulties of any kind. The material for the shade is carefully measured to the right depth. If the goods is wide enough to make the joins unnecessary, the strips for binding are cut the right width and applied to the two edges. If the material must be joined, this is done before the binding is put on. The bindings should be pressed before the pleats are put in. If the pleating is done at home, each pleat should be basted its full length, then pressed—usually with a damp cloth over the material. The two selva edges must now be very carefully joined together, with great care that the edges of the bindings meet exactly. It then remains to adjust it nicely upon the covered wires of the frame.

This business of covering all wires is common to the well-made shades of every type. It serves two purposes—makes the inside of the shade very neat and gives something to sew to, when the covering is being put in place.



Who would have thought, a few years ago, of using a red and white English print, edging it with glazed chintz in a lovely French blue tone?

Long strips of material are used to cover the wires. A thin silk, of a shade to blend as unostentatiously as possible into the inside of the shade, is usually used. Or the fabric of the one-layer shade may be used.

Strips of material are cut about one inch wide and folded lengthwise, down the middle. The up-and-down wires are bound with this folded strip, then the top wire and the bottom one. The end of the strip should be sewed firmly. If this winding of the frame is done patiently and thoroughly, the foundation has been laid for a neat, professional looking shade.

If there is to be a lining to the shade, it is put on next. The material is drawn over the frame, flat and tight, and pinned everywhere to the binding on the wires. When it is perfectly fitted, it is sewn in place with self-colored thread, with no attempt at turning in the edges or finishing them off. So far, the sole idea is to get the lining sewn on, flat and tight. When that is done, the goods may be cut, leaving a generous quarter-inch beyond the outside wires. This rough edge is then turned back on the right side and fastened down with a small running stitch; we are left with a smooth, neat lining, when we look inside the shade. If this is the only layer of covering going on, we then put a piece of guimpe or braid over the rough edges on the right side, effectually covering them there and completing a shade that is very trim

outside and in. If there is an outer layer of fabric to be put on—perhaps with various shirrings or pleatings—we follow the same plan, pinning and stretching it, then turning back the raw edges on the outside and covering them with whatever trimming has been chosen.

I HAVE in mind a lovely drawing room lamp shade, made very straight and plain, with not even the relieving softness of shirring—yet delicately handsome because of the materials used. The lamp itself was an old-gold and white china, recently wired. The shade had a lining of thin gold silk covered with tightly drawn gauze. Around the top and bottom edges was a row of gold leaves, one just overlapping the next, and sewn on quite flat. I thought the same plan might be followed using old-gold or tan over the pumpkin shade that makes such becoming lights, bordered with soft brown velvet leaves such as milliners use.

Since the fad for bordered dress materials has come in so strongly, I have seen several bordered materials worked up very cleverly into lamp shades. One creamy-colored, shiny goods had a border of small terra cotta, blue and green figures; another in ceru color, had a border of browns (invisibly joined to the plain material in this case—not really woven into it, but the effect was good).

Wall paper is used for some captivating shades. The old-style patterns are preferred (and of course some really old bits of hand-blocked papers are being made into shades by some of the very exclusive decorators). There are some delightful Chinese patterns to be found and quaint pictorial types that are effective. I saw a bit of English chintz paper in the shades in a most lovable flowered room, and felt that nothing else could have been quite so appropriate.

Parchment is always good and will fit into practically any type of room. Its soft yellow-ivory tones are good unlighted and cast a pleasant glow when the light is turned on.

There has been quite a liking evinced for the parchment shade with a print on it and perfectly delightful ones have been achieved. Some show quaint old-time figures taken from Godey's Lady's Book and other publications of that time. Others show little landscapes or sea scenes and add a most delightfully decorative touch, especially when consorting with antique furniture. If one actually makes the parchment shade, great care must be taken to do it in the most workmanlike manner. I have known several clever people to buy the plain parchment shades (at comparatively low prices), and apply the prints themselves. The shield which is shown in our illustration is treated in this way and makes a most attractive wall light.

Side lighting has become so popular that the shades for the wall bracket have taken on added importance. When the light is well out from the wall, the round shade may be used, or a shield that curves in well so that the light itself is not visible from either side. When the light is set close to the wall, however, the slightly in-curving bracket seems to answer best, so long as the color of the wall is not inimical to artistic lighting.

The country home that is situated where electricity is not yet available, may still have its side brackets, for the oil lamps may be put on wall brackets, placed to the best advantage. A pretty shade put on over the glass globe will make these lamps just as helpful a feature in the cheerful, colorful effect, as the more convenient electric lights. Wall lamps give a soft, artistic general light, and we rely upon the table lamp (electric or oil) and the chummy, low floor lamp that throws a light over one's shoulder, to give us the close light we need for reading, sewing and so forth. These are the two big things we ask of our lighting and it is easy to achieve both of them in a room, if we study the matter a bit. We look first to the general lighting; we place the lights well, choose a color that will look well by day and when the lights are turned on—taking care that it is a color that makes people, as well as furnishings, look their best. Next, we look to the placing of one, two or more low lights—table lamps or low floor lamps. Then we consider the size, shape and style of their shades—and are ready to get down to the interesting business of shade-making.

Continued on page 50

Swift

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About Judging Other People

AN enormous amount of human conversation is devoted to criticism of persons who are not present. The disposition to criticise the doings of others is universal. The inner thought of each of us is occupied largely with the question, "Do I approve?" When two or three of us are together, each is more or less occupied with that question in regard to the others, but politeness, or something else, usually prevents the forthright utterance of what we are thinking. It is easier to discuss persons who are not present. Now, in saying this, The Philosopher is by no means intending to say that most of us, or any very great number of us, are habitually engaged in judging the rest of us unfavorably. Not at all. The thing he has in mind to say is that more or less unconsciously we take attitudes of approval or disapproval of the doings, sayings and characters of others. Often we do not put those judgments into words, even in the privacy of our own minds. But when we do put them into words, even for ourselves alone in the privacy of our own minds, we usually fail to realize that our judgment of a person's doings, sayings or character is based on some subtle affinity, or repulsion, which we do not analyze, and most often cannot analyze. That is to say, we admire the good qualities which we find, or think we find, in those whom we like, and disapprove of the bad qualities of those whom we dislike. But how little we really know about the character of others, and how far we are, in most cases, from being in a position to pronounce a just judgment on their actions! And how many of us fail to realize that the chief harm we do in judging others harshly is done to ourselves! Those whom we pass hastily an unjust judgment upon may suffer more or less from our injustice. But the great injury done in such cases is to our own characters, and in the hindering of the service we might have rendered.

Bobbed Hair and Baldness

THERE have been times during the past year or two when it has seemed that among the males of the species the topic of bobbed hair for women had completely usurped the place of the question of the prevention of baldness, which is a distinctly male question and throughout all has been a cause of male anxiety and a subject of male thought. But beneath all the talk about bobbed hair has persisted that concern about baldness. There is no diminution of the number of hair restorers and scalp tonics in barber shops. Possibly as much money has been spent in the warfare against baldness as has been spent against smallpox, diphtheria and cholera combined. Many of the reasons given for the loss of hair are purely fanciful. Where baldness is a germ disease it can often be checked, if taken in time. But apparently there is a baldness which is beyond management. But in regard to most of the concernment which overtakes people about hair, teeth, eyes, or what-not, it may be said, in general, that it is due to the increase of science; to our knowing more about ourselves. Thought is given in directions where practical benefit can result. And, to return to the topic of baldness, there is always to be remembered that wise saying of Sancho Panza, about experience: "whose gifts are precious," he says, "and are given only when a man's hair is gone."

There is No "Superior Sex"

A YOUNG woman, Miss Sybil Bauer, has done something which there is no record of a woman having ever done before. Miss Bauer is an athlete. The world's record for the quarter-mile back-stroke swim was held by a man until Miss Bauer broke it recently by swimming a quarter-mile back-stroke five seconds faster than the record. There is not in all history a previous case of a woman's beating a world's record held by a man. Not unnaturally Miss Bauer desires now to enter as a contestant in the next international Olympic Games. But no woman has ever been allowed to compete in the Olympic Games, which in the hundreds of years of their continuance, once in every fourth year, in ancient times were exclusively for men, and likewise since their modern revival in 1896 (since which year they have been held in each fourth year with the exception of 1916) have been for men exclusively. In the great centuries of ancient Greece, the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ, the winners of the Olympic Games were honored by the proud communities from which they came; at Athens they were supported for life at the public expense. But not only were women in ancient Greece not allowed to take part in the games; they were not even allowed to witness them or to approach the plain of Olympia while they were in progress. The world has moved far since then. Within the memories of men and women still living women were not admitted to universities, or to the learned professions. Now women are on an equality with men in all institutions of higher learning, in

The Philosopher

all professions, and in public life as well. And the world is all the better for it. As for the sphere of athletics, it is not to be doubted that the discrimination against them will likewise be done away with. The Philosopher hopes that the men in charge of the arrangements for the Olympic Games will not be such poor sports as to want to bar Miss Bauer from this world-famous test of physical skill.

Words Are Realities

WHAT does the word "wealth" mean? To one person it may mean the possession of \$1,500, to another the possession of \$50,000, and to another, the possession of \$1,000,000. And what does the word "old" mean? The Philosopher recently heard a schoolgirl use it in speaking of a person of about thirty-five years of age; he himself finds that his idea of an old person is a person about eighty years of age. These instances illustrate the extraordinary differences there are in the meaning of words, as they are used by different people. A very great deal of the trouble in human affairs arises out of these differences between words and the actual realities words should stand for. Take the word "honor." There are cases in which the reality which one man means when he uses that word is what another man means by the word "dishonor." Now the ultimate definition of words is in experience. Meanings are shadowy and unreal except as they are derived from real perception, which can only be got by experience. A dollar earned by the sweat of the brow is a larger thing than a dollar of easy money. No one can use the word "grindstone" with entire understanding of the reality which that word stands for, unless he has not only seen a grindstone but turned the handle of one, or worked it with his foot, and sharpened a knife with it, or put an edge on an axe. Not only that, but he must have "hefted" a grindstone, in addition to using it, before he has a full and complete realization of what the word "grindstone" means. To a person whose only knowledge of a grindstone is what he has acquired by reading, while sitting in an easy chair, the word denotes somewhat indefinitely an object about whose weight and power of taxing muscle he has no definite knowledge. How many of us there are whose knowledge of the conditions of life and work of great numbers of our fellow-Canadians is just as indefinite, because it is not based on actual experience of the reality! And how few of us there are who let that hinder us from talking about those things as if we had knowledge of them and were entirely competent to discuss them.

Constructive English

LANGUAGE is the armory of the human mind, and at once contains the trophies of its past, and the weapons of its future conquests."—Coleridge. Such a statement, I think, justifies the appearance of any good book dealing with the English language and such a book is "Constructive English," by Francis Kingsley Ball, published by Ginn & Company, 2301 Prairie Avenue, Chicago.

Which is correct: a coat sits well or sets well? Does a hen sit or set? Which is correct: firstly, secondly, thirdly, or first, second, third, or first, secondly, thirdly. Which is correct: he had better go or he would better go? Which is correct: the public is admitted or are admitted on Saturday? Which is correct: oblivious to or oblivious of?

Pronounce the following words and then consult your dictionary: alias, idea, harassed, combating, perfected, aspirant, inhospitable, valet, granary, sacrilegious, precedent, precedence, patriotic, matron, fraternize, portrait, inquiry, allies, quay, address, discourse.

What is the difference between affect and effect? allusion and illusion? contain and hold? rare and scarce? continually and continuously? punctually and promptly? apt, likely and liable? soon and early? latest and last? deadly and deathly? fewer and less? each other and one another? each and every? receipt and recipe? reliable and trustworthy?

Do you know how to use the hyphen? What is the difference between forty pound boxes and forty-pound boxes? three year courses and three-year courses? a man of war and a man-of-war?

The answers to these and a thousand other questions, all in a book so small as to be carried easily in the pocket, is the service that is rendered by "Constructive English." It is a book that should prove of great value to the young man who wishes to improve himself in the matter of good speech and writing.

Essentials Towards World Peace

FOR the safeguarding of world peace there is more needed than the League of Nations and the World Court, which are carefully thought out and well-organized institutions, by which the nations, when they are sufficiently in earnest, may consolidate peace. They are not perfect institutions, but they can be improved, as the sincere and earnest determination of the nations to preserve peace develops. The chief essential is that the nations shall be resolved, sincerely and earnestly, to have world peace and make it enduring. The most important requisite towards that is the friendship and co-operation of all the English-speaking peoples. Harmony and goodwill between the British Empire and the United States is of the utmost direct importance to the British Empire and the United States, but also to the real welfare of every nation in the world. International relationships are things of delicacy and gravity, and Canada has an important part to play in promoting and strengthening amity and concord between the two great branches of the English-speaking family. Every person and every organization that works with this purpose is performing world service. In this connection, it must be remembered that the very fact that the friendship and co-operation of the English-speaking peoples are constructive of world peace excites against them the action of forces in the world which are destructive. There are agencies which are hostile to the growth of friendship and co-operation between the British Empire and the United States. They lose no opportunity to make the most of anything that may create a little ill-feeling, to stand in the way of that growth of friendship and co-operation. Fortunately their power to create ill-feeling is constantly growing less.

Pioneering Is Not Easy

IT is easy to idealize the conditions of the pioneer families in Eastern Canada, or in the Red River area, conditions which have receded so far back into the past that a glamor of romance shines around them in our minds when we think of them today. True, there was much that was beautiful in the simple lives of the pioneers in the time when the making of Canada was in its beginnings. But there was much that was hard and cruel in those pioneer conditions. The book entitled "The Backwoodswoman," by Mrs. Skelton, the wife of Dean Skelton, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, gives us, from the records of actual experiences, many intimate pictures of the lives of the woman of the pioneer families in the Quebec and Ontario of today. It is a book teeming with human interest and with picturesqueness. But Mrs. Skelton's main concern is for the truth, and while she does not dwell at all unduly on the ugly features of pioneer life in Eastern Canada, she does not ignore them or seek to cover them up with sentimental artificial prettiness. "Few, indeed, are the sections of Ontario today," she writes, for example, "in which an inquirer will not be told: 'This was a terrible district in which to bring up a family seventy or eighty years ago. There was a tavern on every corner of that two hundred acres.'" But her comment on that is: "Yet, when all is said, it points only to a certain wildness and roughness—evils generated by isolation and too much cheap whiskey—that is all. There was nothing fundamentally wrong with the hearts of the people." It is the right comment. Among the pioneers in the East, as among the pioneers in the West—and there are families in not a few parts of the West today who are living in pioneering conditions—there was warm kindness and there was genuine hospitality to neighbor and to stranger, and there was the spirit of helpfulness, which is always generated by the hard conditions of pioneering.

Habits

THERE was an account in the newspapers a little while ago of a brother and sister in one of the Maritime Provinces who had lived on the same farm for half a century, and during all that time had not been farther than twenty miles from home. For thirty years the woman had not been to town, five miles away. It was not that either one of the two was physically disabled in any way, or was in appearance or otherwise, so far as the casual observer could see, different from other people. Their way of living had simply become a habit. The case of those two people should go on record as a striking proof of how habits of life can become prison chains. It is a good plan to break one's habits occasionally, to see if it can be done. To maintain even the best of habits too rigorously tends to ossify existence. It makes one stiff. It is narrowing and cramping. Of course, one must do some things the same, or nearly the same way, in order to learn to do them well. But once having acquired from repetition the necessary skill, it is well to break away from the routine once in a while and do it some other way. It is better even to make some blunders and to get some knocks in making experiments than to travel in a deepening groove of habit until freedom ends. The surest way of putting an end to development is to become a slave to habit. Nothing is more deadening to mental growth and freedom than fixed and settled and unchanging ways of thinking.

Canada's Position in Foreign Affairs

The British View Explained By a Canadian

The following contribution is from a brilliant young Canadian, Major Gladstone Murray (M.A. Oxon.), now occupying a prominent position in connection with the British Government Radio Service. But a few years ago he was Rhodes scholar from B.C. and, following a particularly distinguished career in the air service during the war, was appointed to an official position in connection with the League of Nations. His observations with regard to Empire relationships are worthy of every consideration.

AS one who has had the opportunity of discussing with British public men Canada's position, both in the British Commonwealth of Nations and in the world at large, I cannot discern any general alarm or despondency at the present tendency of the senior Dominion to assert her voice in Foreign Affairs. It is true to say that there is practically no Chauvinism in the British Isles. The present Prime Minister loses no opportunity to express his preference for the words: "Commonwealth of Nations" to the word "Empire." The bitter aftermath of the World War has impressed itself so deeply on the consciousness of the British people that no policy of aggression or even any policy of modified imperial federation would have the slightest chance of success. The growth of the League of Nations movement in Great Britain is symptomatic of the temper of the British people with regard to the issues of peace and war. Where, before 1914, foreign policy was regarded normally as the affair of a small group of diplomats and politicians, it has now become a subject of intelligent interest and comment among hundreds of thousands of voters. It may be, only as yet, a dim realization, but it is nonetheless a factor of cardinal importance—the feeling that the only good thing that emerged from the Great War was the League of Nations, and that the chief value of the British Commonwealth in the future will be as the nucleus and pivot of the Greater League, ultimately to include all free peoples of the world. Given this basic considera-

tion, it is not difficult to understand that no policy of imperial aggrandizement has the slightest prospect of success in Great Britain. The second considerable new factor in British opinion is the realization of the importance of close and continuous co-operation between the British Commonwealth and the United States of America. The third consideration arises from the tremendous burden of imperial taxation due primarily to debts incurred during the war. The British fighting services have been cut down to the minimum. Even the traditional policy of absolute sea supremacy has been abandoned. When, therefore, Canada seeks authority for direct representation at foreign capitals, there may be some alarm among the die-hards of the Foreign Office, and the diplomats of the old school, but so far as the bulk of informed opinion is concerned, what feeling there is is one of relief and expectancy. Such an attitude is regarded as the healthy expression of developing nationhood with the logical consequence that growing responsibility will be accompanied by a corresponding acceptance of the financial burden entailed by that policy. It would be deplored, of course, if the evolution of this nationhood took place at the expense of the whole of the constructive and legitimate co-operation of the Commonwealth in matters of policy. But it would not be opposed or in any way retarded unless there were no readjustment of the financial burden.

Continued on page 25



Monument to Samuel de Champlain unveiled at Orillia, Ontario, on Dominion Day, July 1, by the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Speaker of the House of Commons. The monument, which has been under way for 12 years, was intended to mark the 300th anniversary of the advent into Ontario of the white race, in 1915, but the war interfered. The promoters of the memorial had the secondary object in view of furthering the "bonne entente" between the French and English speaking races of the Dominion. It is erected at Orillia because that town is near the site of Cahigue, the Huron capital in 1615, at which Champlain made his headquarters for nine months. The sculptor and designer is Mr. Vernon March, the youngest and perhaps the most brilliant of the famous family of seven brothers and one sister, of Farnborough, Kent, England, all of whom are artists. Mr. March came to Canada to supervise the erection of the monument.



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On the E. P. Ranch

By Gladys M. Stephenson

W

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R

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I

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G

Good gum is good for you - doctors and dentists affirm this.

L

Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.

E

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Y

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S

Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's.

R 36

"after every meal" - the flavor lasts!



EACH time that the Prince of Wales has visited Alberta he has come in the fall of the year, the time of the golden harvest. On the occasion of his first visit, and subsequent ones also, the weather man dealt with him right royally and gave him of Alberta's best brand. Therefore the weather was perfect! When the somewhat shy, fair-haired boy stepped

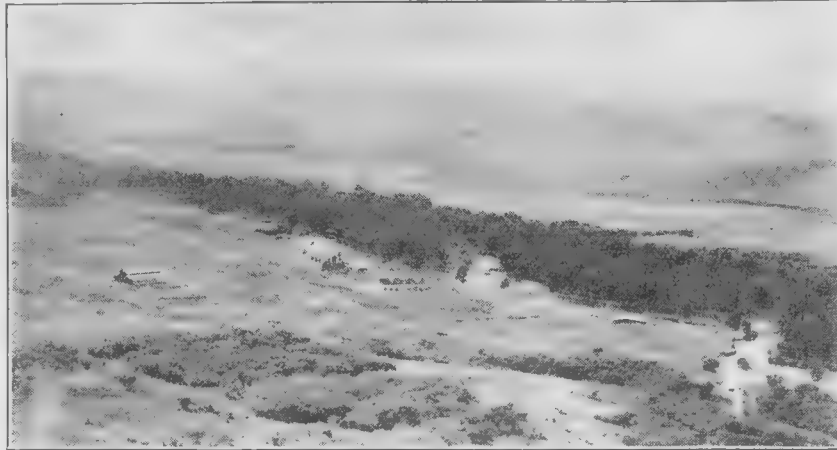
industry that the West, at that time, had to offer; and as the guest of George Lane he did see this. Here he got his first taste of cow-punching; taking an active interest in the branding of the calves, and "chumming" with the cow-boys.

At dawn, so the story goes, the Prince awoke; and through his window saw spread before him the indescribable early

feelings so many others have experienced in these "wide spaces." At all events, when he returned from his walk he had a desire to have a part and holding in it all.

I think all the world knows the story of the purchase. The property adjoins the Bar U land, and was owned by a widowed English lady. It consists of three thousand acres, seventeen hundred of which is deeded and the rest in lease. It was at the time stocked with Clydesdale horses and the ordinary range cattle. The ranch buildings are nicely situated along the banks of Pekisko creek, screened from the main trail by a fringe of trees and brush. The natural beauty of the surrounding ranching land is unsurpassed. Wide stretches of rich meadow land reach out among the hills to the north and south and west, dotted with patches of willow and cottonwood among which the cattle lie through the heat of the day.

As has been proved, the ranch possessed great possibilities. It was placed under the able management of Professor Carlyle, a graduate of Ontario Agricultural College, and has become in five years the finest stocked and most interesting in Western Canada. Most of the stock has been imported from the old land; some from among the finest of Royalty's livestock there. "Will Somers," the head of the



Bird's-eye view of the ranch of the Prince of Wales

from his elegant, but likely rather stuffy train, into the windswept clear atmosphere of that glorious September day, in that prettiest of small prairie towns, High River, I think he must have felt strongly the liberty and freedom of it all then.

The trail which the Prince then travelled, in an open car, leads first through a farming district. The eye rests—and rests indeed—at this time of the year on wide fields of stooked grain. The golden brown of the wheat stalks; the silvery yellow of the oats, blend into the pale yellow of the stubble for mile after mile. Beyond are the mountains, their outlines softened and subdued by wreaths of bluey smoke.

Leaving this grain country after some eighteen miles the trail dips down past the South Fork Trading Post; a quaint log building erected in the old frontier style by an old-timer of the district, who has recently passed on. Here one may stop and see perhaps the finest private collection of Indian relics and curios in the Dominion. Then away across the Bar U flat, a stretch of meadow and hay land, some three miles wide and six or seven in length. On its luxurious prairie grasses some of the now famous Bar U Percherons graze. Passing over this lovely strip one approaches the first low line of foothills proper. The trail again dips quickly down to the home ranch of the Bar U, where stand the white log houses, and red painted barns, in true western fashion. Pekisko is the Indian name for this place. It signifies the opening or gap in the hills. Pekisko creek, or the middle fork of the Highwood river, hurries through among the buildings as all mountain streams do. Its pools teem with mountain trout and grayling.

The object of the Prince's visit was to see the finest presentation of the ranching



"King of the Faeries" of the E. P. ranch in stock exhibit last fall

morning glory of the mountains and foothills. Quietly dressing, he dropped from his window and went for a long walk. For once alone! In that hour, probably more than in any other of his world-ordered and handshaking career, in the intoxicating freshness and sweetness of the new day, I think that his soul must have reached out and expanded in great delight. There is in these hills that which even the most unimaginative feel. It must have contrasted strongly with his ordinary routine of life. Though he has changed since he first came to us, and has become, or so one is apt to think, the almost inevitable product of his "jazz-crazy" day, social environment, and generation, yet at that time his countenance showed a keen susceptibility to the

thoroughbred stud, was a gift from the King's own racing stable; with the view of making a valuable contribution through his progeny to the race tracks of this Continent. The Clydesdale fillies, Shorthorn cattle and Hampshire and Shropshire sheep, have all been selected from the cream of England's best. The Shorthorn bull "King of the Faeries" is one of the finest that has yet crossed the water. Then the Dartmoor ponies are, of course, the great admiration of all youthful visitors. The string is headed by "Tiny," a sturdy little fellow of about fourteen hands. These ponies are naturally hardy and therefore suited to the Alberta climate.

Two large and up-to-date barns have been built, also a large silo and sheepshed. Before the Prince paid his second visit the house was added to and made modern, but not at the expense of its former picturesque nature. The surrounding grounds have also been laid out, and planted by a landscape gardener in a way that should only enhance the natural beauty of the place as the years pass by.

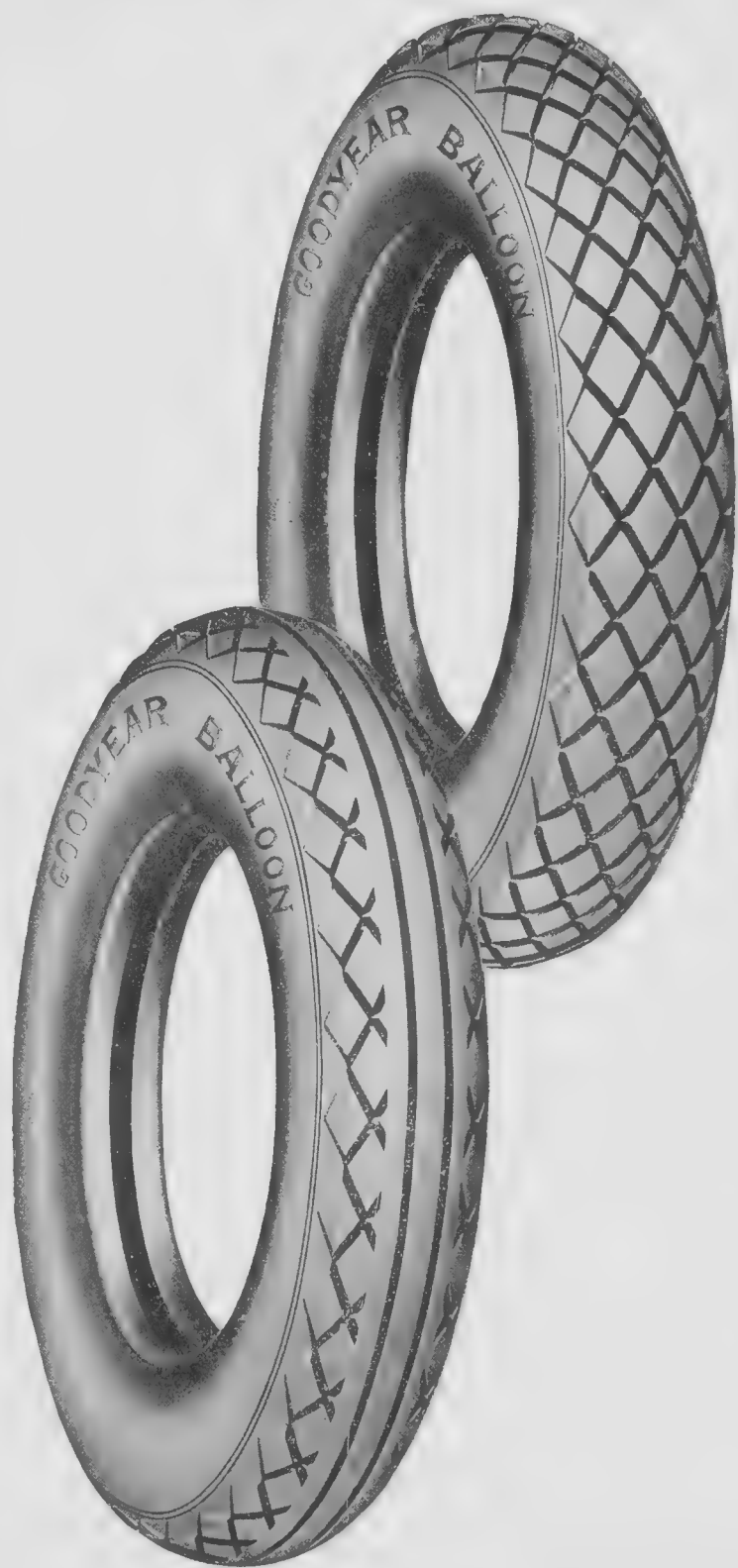
Thousands of tourists now visit the E.P. ranch during the summer months, and are well repaid for the interest they show in it. The Stock Breeders Association of Western Canada have twice held their annual picnics there, when the neighbouring ranchers were "invited in" and the Prince, mingling freely with the large crowds, showed great interest in the betterment of stock growing throughout Alberta and Canada.

Should he ever be able to carry out his desire for a quiet holiday here, the Prince has found an ideal place. At the "edge of beyond," among the soul-satisfying beauty and jazz-curative influences of these eternal hills, he might well drop the tangled threads of his social and diplomatic duties, and become for a short time the care-free boy, which at heart I think he has always craved to be.



"Will Somers" was a gift from the King's own racing stable

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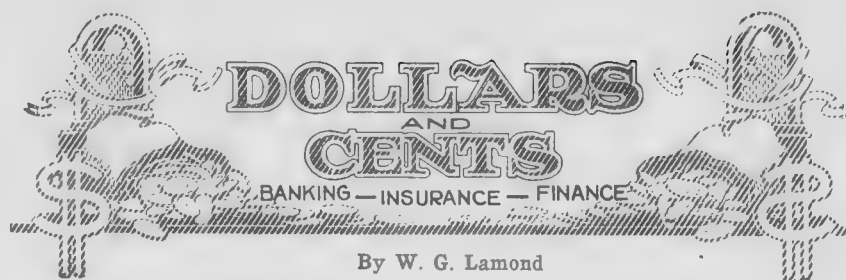
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By W. G. Lamond

Prospects in Canada

WHILE agrarian interests in Western Canada continue to ask the Dominion Government to inaugurate a rural credits system, in order to provide money at lower interest rates than those charged by loan and mortgage and insurance companies, the financial institutions in Canada have hundreds of millions of dollars available for loans, and are competing keenly for profitable investment for their funds. It is thought that some action might have been taken by the Federal Government during the past session of parliament, but the financial interests are strongly opposed to the granting of government loans at less than commercial rates.

That loanable funds are available in abundance cannot be doubted, and there is a decided trend towards cheaper mortgage money. The usual mortgage rate in Eastern Canada on improved city property has dropped to 6½ per cent, or even 6 per cent. Insurance companies are to an increasing extent embarking upon the loan business, and the competition amongst institutions offering loans has resulted not only in a lowering of interest rates, but also in a willingness in some cases to lend a higher percentage of the value of the property than the 50 per cent, which heretofore has been regarded as a maximum for conservative first mortgage loans. Financial institutions have outstanding in Canada farm mortgages to an aggregate of about \$300,000,000.

Conditions in Western Canada have not been, and are not yet, all that could be desired by lending interests, although real progress has been made and prospects are bright for continued improvement. The situation has been complicated by provincial legislation creating liens ranking ahead of mortgage claims. In Alberta, for example, precedence over first mortgages has been created for hail insurance premiums, hospital aid relief, charges for destroying weeds, the Wild Land Tax, charges levied under the Drainage Act, and charges for the destruction of agricultural pests, in addition to the usual taxes.

Recovery in Land Values

IT may reasonably be expected that Western Canada will eventually develop very much in the same way as the western states of the United States. With a recovery in land values, of which there already is evidence, a continuance of the tendency towards mixed farming, and a dividing up of the present excessive land holdings, conditions will become more satisfactory to the loan companies. The agricultural depression has taught important lessons to the West, enforcing economy and thrift, and emphasizing the importance of low overhead and diversified production.

That these lessons have been well learned is indicated by the better care of implements and greater reluctance of the average farmer to incur new liabilities. At the present time many farmers who realize that they ought to try more diversified production find it impossible to do so as rapidly as they would like, because of financial inability to buy milch cows, brood sows, and cattle for winter feeding. It has been suggested that some form of credit, intermediate between short-term and long-term loans, ought to be made available to the Western farmer to assist him in the transition to mixed farming.

With crop prospects generally excellent, commodity prices well stabilized, money for investment purposes plentiful, moderate interest rates, comparatively good buying power of consumers and practically no overstocking in any lines of manufacture, business conditions in Canada are generally on a sound footing and there is a growing feeling of optimism and confidence in the future. Healthier

tendencies are noted in most wholesale and retail lines, although there is still some depression in a few urban centres which have not yet recovered from the post-war "slump" and over-expansion.

Fitting the Policy to the Individual

ALTHOUGH the policies issued by a given company are usually equivalent to one another in net cost, it is highly important to remember that one form of policy may be much better suited to the needs of the policy holder than another. Much has been written lately concerning the "fitting of the policy to the client," by which is meant that the various kinds of policies have certain advantages or disadvantages, depending upon the circumstances surrounding the applicant and the particular purpose that he wishes to realize by the taking out of life insurance. It is therefore highly important for the salesman, after ascertaining the prospective applicant's financial ability to pay premiums and the object which it is desired to accomplish through insurance, to recommend impartially that contract that will best serve his client. The matter may be illustrated by the following example:

A merchant may display a large variety of suits of clothes all valued at the same price. But, despite their common value these suits may differ in color, style and material. One suit may be totally unfit for the use of a prospective buyer, although inherently worth just as much as another suit which may be selected by him as meeting his requirements. In life insurance likewise, the many policies on the market may from a mathematical standpoint be of equal value. But in selecting a contract the prospective buyer should be careful to see, and in such selection it is the professional duty of the agent to render impartial advice, that the character of the policy is such as to give him what the family and business circumstances surrounding his life require.

Home Bank Payments

A PLAN to make easy the way of approach to the Exchequer Court of Canada by depositors in the Home Bank of Canada of more than \$500, and who, by reason of being in straitened circumstances, will have a claim under the Dominion Government's bill for reimbursement, has been arranged by the National Committee.

An announcement which will be of the greatest interest to a large body of depositors has been made by I. E. Weldon, one of the bank liquidators, and secretary of the National Committee of Depositors.

Mr. Weldon said that the counsel representing the depositors, and accompanied by himself, would go to Ottawa and take up with the Judge and Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada and counsel representing the Dominion Government, ways and means whereby depositors of \$500 and over entitled to payment under the Government's bill may receive payment for their amounts without going to the expense of employing special counsel to present the case in court. Mr. Weldon said he had in mind some form of affidavit to be used in proving a claim. A special questionnaire may also be decided upon. In this way, said Mr. Weldon, there will be great saving in expense, and the procedure will be simplified.

G. T. Clarkson, liquidator, said that it would be about ten days or two weeks before the payments would be made for the 35 per cent. reimbursement to depositors for sums under \$500. Banks will be supplied with lists of names of persons entitled to these sums, and the depositors will be advised by advertisement of the time to call for the money. "It will be less expensive than sending out cheques," said Mr. Clarkson.

Legal Information

This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

WE have received many enquiries from our subscribers concerning the problems which arise between landlords and tenants, and it is surprising to find how many misconceptions there are on the subject. One of the most common is the general belief that if a tenant through change of business or otherwise is obliged to leave the town or village in which he resides or carries on business he is at liberty to declare his tenancy at an end by giving his landlord a month's notice or a month's rent in lieu of notice. This would be a satisfactory solution of the problem if the tenancy were based upon a verbal lease for an indefinite period. Where the tenancy is a yearly one and in writing the tenant cannot escape liability for the unexpired portion of the lease. The utmost that the tenant can do is to have the landlord consent to release him, but if the landlord is unwilling to do this the next best thing is to endeavor to reduce his liability by subletting the premises with the consent of the landlord. Even if the premises are sub-let with this consent the tenant still remains liable in the event of the sub-tenant failing to perform his obligations.

Another popular misconception is that the landlord, in the event of a breach of the conditions of the lease, is unable to obtain possession of his premises during the winter months. On many occasions clients have repeatedly told us that there is a statute law to the effect that the landlord is unable to put a tenant out of possession during the winter. Let us say quite definitely that there is absolutely no such law. If the landlord is entitled to possession it makes no difference whatsoever whether it be in the sweltering rays of June or the icy month of December. Speaking of December calls to our attention the problem which often arises when a tenant leaves premises during the winter time without giving notice to his landlord. Frequently the tenant forgets to turn off the water and serious damage ensues. It has been held that the landlord is entitled to sue not merely for the rent of the unexpired portion of the lease, but also for the damages flowing from the tenant's failure to drain off the water from the house.

It is a fundamental principle that the landlord is not bound to keep premises in repair unless he has expressly agreed to do so. Ordinarily in the letting of a house there is no implied warranty as to its condition, and in the absence of a promise by the landlord to put the premises in a state of good repair the tenant takes them as they stand. If the landlord has expressly agreed to repair, but has failed to do so, this will justify the tenant in breaking the lease. Under such circumstances the proper course for the tenant is to notify the landlord as to what repairs are needed. If the landlord then fails to perform his obligation within a reasonable time, the tenant would be justified in having the repairs done and charging it against the landlord or taking it out of the rent.

Another question of great importance centres around the heating of suites. In the ordinary lease the landlord covenants to supply steam for steam heating purposes so that the premises are comfortable as a place of residence. Failure on the part of the landlord to fulfil his covenant in this respect does not entitle the tenant to leave the suite. The utmost the tenant would be entitled to would be to sue for damages. This rule has been laid down in the Ontario and Manitoba courts and presumably it will be followed throughout Western Canada, although it is at variance with the reported American decisions. As a matter of fact nothing short of something done by the landlord, which amounts to an eviction of the tenant, will discharge the latter from his obligation to pay rent.

Q.—In the spring I purchased a cow at an auction sale. She was milking and was to be fresh in about two months. We dried her up and now find she is not coming fresh at all. I paid a big price for her, as she is a pure bred cow. Can I collect the difference between beef price and the purchase price, as we are too distant to return her? We want her only as a town cow.—J.A.M., Alta.

A.—If you can prove that the auctioneer represented at the sale that the cow was to be fresh in about two months and that you purchased the cow in reliance on this representation you can collect the difference between the actual value of the cow now and the value it would have possessed as represented.

Q.—In 1917 I obtained a mortgage on a quarter section. In 1922 the land was re-surveyed by the government. I discovered that my barn and house were not built on my own land, but on land leased to me by the government. I have obtained permission from the government to remove the buildings. Have I legal right to sell these buildings independent of the mortgage company? If I did so, what course could they take?—Marcellus.

A.—The rights of a mortgagee depend partly on the terms of the mortgage. You can sell and remove the buildings on the government land without hindrance from the mortgagee. If the mortgage is in arrears the mortgage company has the usual right to either sue you on your covenant or take foreclosure proceedings against the land.

Q.—A tenant vacating, how much notice has he to give? Failing to give notice has he to pay a month's rent? Is the law the same for the tenant as for landlord?—Mac.

A.—The question of notice which must be given by tenant to the landlord depends upon whether the lease is in writing or verbal. If the lease is written no notice to quit is required to terminate the tenancy at the end of the period agreed upon. The right to terminate before the end of this period depends upon the terms of the lease and a notice must be given in accordance with the lease. If the tenant is in possession under a verbal lease for an indefinite period, then the notice to be given by either party is the full amount of one rental period of the tenancy, that is, if the rent is paid weekly, then a full week's notice must be given; if the rent is paid monthly, a full month's notice is required. Both landlord and tenant must give the same notice to terminate the lease. If your tenant has gone out of possession he is still liable for the rent for the intervening months until you accept a new tenant or until you or the tenant terminates the lease by a proper notice to quit.

Q.—I live in the Rural Municipality of Ericksdale. Last year my tax notice called for \$35.00, with a notice on bottom "a rebate of 10 per cent. on current taxes allowed until December 15th, 1924, taxes unpaid on December 16th at par until last day of March." On November 22nd I paid \$17.27; on December 15th, \$10.00; on April 1st, \$5.55. On the day of the last payment the Secretary-Treasurer insisted that I still owed \$2.68 and refuses to allow any rebate on the first two payments. Am I not legally entitled to the rebate on these two payments?—Cestrian.

A.—On December 15th you were entitled to a rebate of \$2.72, leaving a balance due of \$5.51. On March 1st \$5.55 was added and your payment of \$5.55 relieves you from further liability.

Q.—I have been running a grocery store for some time. I bought goods from time to time from a wholesale house and have paid a portion of my account by shipping them butter and eggs. They

Continued on page 25



How Frank McKay Saved the Home

Frank McKay was in moderate circumstances when he bought his new home in Cedardale. But he was able to give \$1,000 cash and a mortgage for the balance. A few years passed. Frank McKay's income grew. The mortgage payments were always easily and regularly met.

Then, with only \$4,000 still to be paid on the house, Frank McKay fell ill, lingered a short while—and died.

At once, of course, his income stopped. His widow and two children were confronted with the problem of how to carry on.

But they did not lose their home!

Four years before Frank McKay had provided against just this emergency. He had taken out a North American Life Mortgage Policy.

The payment of this policy saved the home.

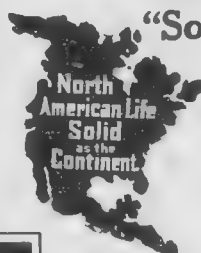
It is always best to play safe. Our booklet, "About That Mortgage" tells you the advantages of mortgage insurance. Write for it to-day.

Agents in Every Important Centre
in Canada

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

"Solid as the Continent"

Head Office—Toronto, Canada



I would like to read "About That Mortgage"

Name

Address

Age Occupation

Be Just to Your Heirs

Why make the administration of your estate the "side line" of a private investor when such duties are the main business of this Corporation—a trust company specially organized for the work and with a wide experience in it? By so doing your estate can be made to yield the best possible returns for your heirs consistent with safety.

We solicit the appointment of Executor
and Trustee of your Will.

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By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Right Leadership

EXPRESSIONS something like the following are not uncommon today: "Young men do not seem to have today the sense of responsibility that they had some years ago. They seem to want to escape hard work and they think principally of having a good time."

Against these statements, I put one made some time ago by Major C. K. Newcombe, until recently principal of one of the large high schools in Winnipeg:

"I believe that the young people of today are ready to respond eagerly to right suggestions. They are ambitious, have plenty of capacity for hard work, and should achieve great things under proper direction."

A short time ago, I had a conversation with Canon Gill, a professor at St. John's College. He informed me that he had just finished reading a set of examination papers worked by a class of evening students and that for years he had never read such "a splendid set of papers" on the subject upon which they had written.

Is it possible that in looking for the mote in the eyes of the young men, the fathers have forgotten the beam that may be in their own eyes? The imitative faculty is very strong in young people. It is true that they will respond to suggestions but these suggestions must be of the right kind.

Modern life, especially in cities, is perhaps a much more perplexing thing for young men than it was say twenty-five years ago. The automobile, the moving picture, to say nothing of the distractions of the telephone, all tend to disturb the plans of the young man at a time when perhaps he should be free to work out his ideas unmolested by too many calls from the everyday world.

A business man once complained to me of the fact that his boy would not settle down to homework and he had grave doubts of his son being able to meet the school examination requirements. A little later in the conversation, the father informed me that he had recently purchased an automobile and that his boy was becoming quite expert in its operation. I understood then the cause of the neglected homework.

It is agreed, of course, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but we must remember also that psychologists are pretty well agreed that the golden age of learning is during the period of from ten to twenty-one years and if the adults of the community place too many temptations before the young man at a time when his mind is most plastic and open to new ideas, they must not be surprised if later the youth has failed to measure up to the promise of his intelligence.

Spencer says: "We that have but span-long lives must ever bear in mind our limited time for acquisition. And remembering how narrowly this time is limited, not only by the shortness of life, but also still more by the business of life, we must be especially solicitous to employ what time we have to the greatest advantage."

Hitherto, we have spoken of parents who want the best for their children but who through lack of thought have misled their boys as to the wise use of time. There are other adults in the community who have no concern for the moral and economic future of the young man. These people are in business to make money out of the young men and they are not at all particular about the kind of amusement or entertainment they offer so long as they can build up a profitable patronage.

In Proverbs it is said that "A false balance is an abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight." If it is true that the young man is eagerly ready to respond to right suggestions, let the adults of the community see to it that false standards are set aside and that they are replaced by things that are true and just.

Choosing Your Work

ANNOUNCEMENT is made that in the fall, under the auspices of the Young Men's Section of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, a series of lectures will be given in Winnipeg schools by business and professional men on the subject of occupations for young men. The speakers will talk of the advantages of various occupations, of the working conditions, and of the qualities that are necessary in different vocations. We hope to be able to secure summaries of these lectures for publication on this page, so that young men in the country may have the benefit of the ideas that will be presented.

Short Course in English

ARTICLE 9: In the issue of July, some of the principles of the writing of advertising were set out and this month a copy of an advertisement is presented that shows something of the possibility of getting literary quality into English as used in business. The advertisement is about a printing press and is written in what is called the "I am" style. This particular advertisement attracted general attention and it has been very widely imitated.

I Am the Printing Press

I AM the printing press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron and my fingers are of brass.

"I sing the songs of the world, the oratorios of history, the symphonies of all time.

"I am the voice of today, the herald of tomorrow. I weave into the warp of the past the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike.

"I make the human heart beat with passion or tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations, and make brave men do braver deeds, and soldiers die.

"I inspire the midnight toiler, weary at his loom, to lift his head again and gaze, with fearlessness, into the vast beyond, seeking the consolation of a hope eternal.

"When I speak, a myriad people listen to my voice. The Anglo-Saxon, the Celt, the Hun, the Slav, the Hindu, all comprehend me.

"I am the tireless clarion of the new. I cry your joys and sorrows every hour. I fill the dullard's mind with thoughts uplifting. I am light, knowledge, and power. I epitomize the conquests of mind over matter.

"I am the record of all things mankind has achieved. My offspring comes to you in the candle's glow; amid the dim lamps of poverty, the splendor of riches; at sunrise, at high noon, and in the waning evening.

"I am the laughter and tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to the immutable dust.

"I am the printing press."

QUESTION: Is the following sentence correct? "The place is often visited by tourists who are fond of rugged scenery, and especially amateur photographers."

Answer: A preposition governing several objects should be repeated with each object after the first, when the construction of these objects would otherwise not be immediately clear.

The correct form is: "The place is often visited by tourists who are fond of rugged scenery, and especially by amateur photographers.

"Men believe that their reason governs their words: but it often happens that the words have power to react on reason."—Bacon.

The course will conclude with article No. 10 next month with a number of suggestions on the art of writing.

Are All Books Friends

IN an autograph book I read recently that "A book is a friend that never deceives." Is this true? Should the author have recognized the fact that there are many books that contain deceptive statements and that probably do more harm than good? Perhaps the author should have said "a good book," instead of "a book."

Channing expressed the thought better when he wrote: "In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours."

Certainly, a good book is a friend and because this is so, young men should early cultivate the art of reading and learn to like books of the right kind.

Clarendon says that "He who loves not books before he comes to thirty years of age will hardly love them enough afterwards to understand them."

Business Writing

THOSE who have been following the Short Course in English will be interested in a new book from the press of the McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 370 Seventh Avenue, New York. It is entitled "Business Writing," and is written by S. Roland Hall, the author of a number of popular books on the art of writing.

This volume is attractively printed and illustrated and is bound in leather. It contains 222 pages and is of convenient pocket size. The introduction

contains some observations on business writing and is followed by six sections which deal with the following topics:

Business-Magazine Articles
Newspaper Items
Copy for House Organs
Writing a Report
Copy for Advertisements
Improving Your English

The section last mentioned is very interesting and helpful. As an example of clear and well-balanced writing, the following quotation from Lincoln is given:

"I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right—stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

The introduction contains the following statement:

The thought that the author has kept in mind throughout the succeeding pages is this: "I have as my reader an alert young man or young woman, who, having qualified as a versatile, capable correspondent, is now desirous of undertaking writing of a broader scope. How can I aid such an earnest reader?"

Mr. Hall has kept close to this thought throughout his book and as a result it should prove of practical value to the young man who desires to make progress in the art of writing. The publishers will, on request, send a descriptive circular to any young man who is interested.

I Believe

DO you believe—

That there is no gain so certain as that which arises from sparing what you have?

That no true and permanent Fame can be founded except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind?

That friends are as companions on a journey, who ought to aid each other to persevere in the road to a higher life?

That a more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours?

That the greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching?

Some Rules of Health

AT this season of the year, the following suggestions for preserving good health may prove helpful. Check the rules you faithfully follow:

1. Ventilate every room you occupy.
2. Wear light, loose, porous clothes.
3. Seek out-of-doors occupations and recreations.
4. Sleep out, if you can.
5. Breathe deeply.
6. Avoid overeating and overweight.
7. Eat sparingly of meats and eggs.
8. Eat some hard, some bulky, some raw foods.
9. Eat slowly.
10. Use sufficient water, internally and externally.
11. Stand, sit, and walk erectly.
12. Do not allow poisons and infections to enter the body.
13. Keep the teeth, gums, and tongue clean.
14. Work, play, rest and sleep in moderation.
15. Keep serene.

Character the Foundation

WHEN we start the construction of a building that we expect will endure, the foundations receive our greatest consideration, and so in life if we would obtain the greatest success, that is the success that money cannot purchase nor the lack of money, or the wastage of time destroy, our moral character should be on a firm basis.

I was rather fortunate in having a father of sterling character and piety, and to his early training I owe much of whatever success I have won.—George J. Murdock.

We are considering success in its broad meaning, not merely business or social or athletic success, though Christian character is profitable for all of these. The great prerequisite is character and, above all, character founded on Christian religion and Christian ideals.—William H. Parsons.

Legal Information

Continued from page 23

sued me for the balance of my account without giving me credit for these articles. I asked my lawyer to look after it, but he was called away from town suddenly and did not file a defence, and now the wholesale company have judgment against me. What can I do?

A.—Even though the wholesale house obtained judgment against you by default you will be entitled to re-open the suit and file your defence if you act promptly. You will probably have to pay the costs of the wholesale company in signing judgment against you and attending on your motion to re-open the judgment. It is advisable to have a lawyer act for you in re-opening the judgment.

Q.—In 1923 my husband and I were asked by my widowed sister and her two youngest daughters to let these girls come over to us. We sent for them and paid their passage money amounting to \$300. The two girls agreed to work for us on our farm and to repay us this money. They arrived in 1924 but we found that they were of no use to us. We signed a paper that we would take care of them for a year and pay them \$20.00 per month. They did not prove a success and they have since left us, after staying a very short time. One of them has since married and the other is engaged. Can we collect the \$300.00? How shall we go about it?—Mrs. O.K.

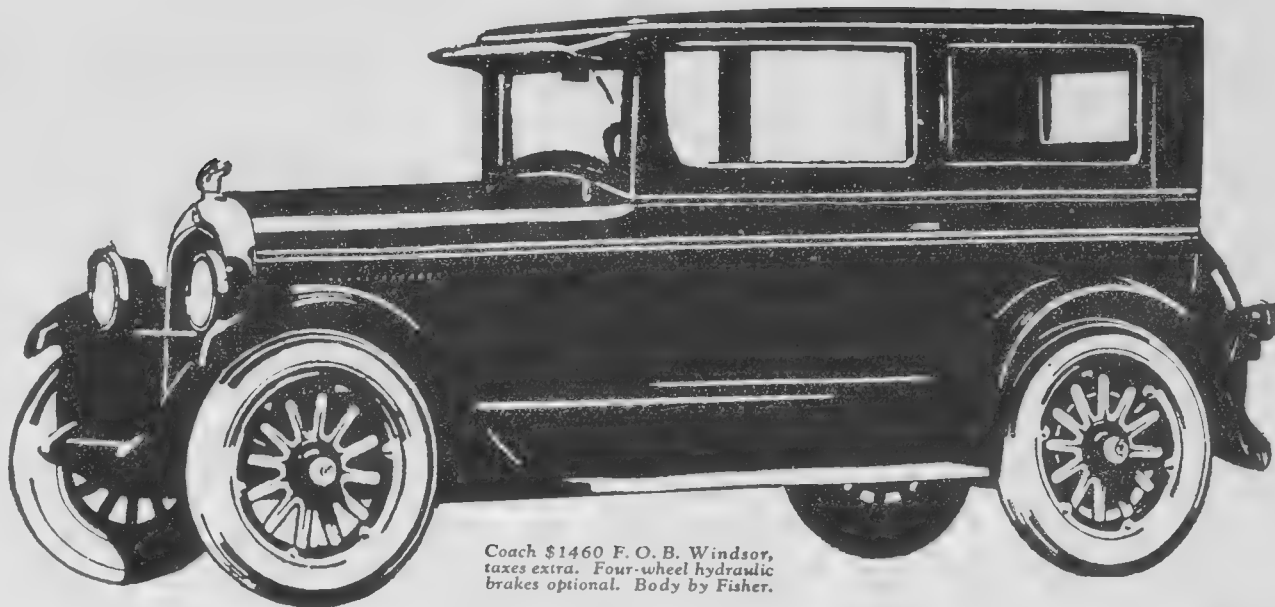
A.—If each of the daughters agreed to repay you the money advanced they are legally obliged to repay you. If they left your farm of their own accord you are under no obligation to pay them any wages. The husband is under no liability to pay and you must look to the girls alone for repayment. It will be necessary to consult a lawyer in order to enter suit.

Canada's Position in Foreign Affairs

Continued from page 19

But of course this question of financial burden cannot be lightly dismissed. If Canada is to have a separate foreign policy, she must also provide separately for the means of enforcing that policy. The League of Nations has not yet reached the position in which reference to it necessarily takes the place of the arbitrament of the sword. At this stage it is still necessary to support diplomacy with at least the consciousness of the ability to use adequate force. Just as Canada is anxious to avoid being committed to European obligations in which she has no interest, so must she consider the converse, that if her foreign policy deviates from that of other parts of the Empire she cannot expect it to be supported by armed forces other than her own in the case of any emergency, short of a threat to her own territory. The position is quite simple and with goodwill and statesmanship, and with an enlightened public opinion, it should be possible for the Commonwealth to keep a straight course.

The recent creation of a Department of Dominion Affairs in the British Government shows that the official mind of the Mother Country is aware at least of part of the changes that are coming over inter-imperial relations. It is hoped that this will be followed by a closer and continuous consultation between the Mother Country and the Dominions on all questions of foreign policy, in which the Commonwealth should show a united front. Parallel to this tendency, there is ample scope for each Dominion to assert its conservative personality in international affairs on the subjects which are its concern alone. But it must always be kept in mind that complete isolation in foreign policy would signify not only the breaking up of the Commonwealth, but would be a definitely retrograde step in the history of our civilization at a time when disintegrating forces are unhappily too much in evidence elsewhere.



Coach \$1460 F. O. B. Windsor, taxes extra. Four-wheel hydraulic brakes optional. Body by Fisher.

Delivers All The Results The Name Chrysler Implies

The new Chrysler Four, Walter P. Chrysler's latest achievement, carries a name with a world of meaning to the buyer.

Thanks to the quality of the wonderful Chrysler Six, the name Chrysler stands for pre-eminent results in motoring.

Because the new Chrysler Four likewise delivers results unequaled in the four-cylinder field, it bears the same standard of quality and fine engineering as the Chrysler Six.

Ride in it to understand the new interpretation it sets on ease and roadability, enabling you to travel all day with no sense of fatigue.

Drive it to know fully its powerful engine—power that means better acceleration, greater ease of handling, and finer performance under all conditions of motor car driving than any four-cylinder car has given.

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to give you the opportunity.

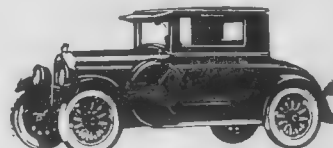
Chrysler Six—Touring Car, Phaeton, Coach, Roadster, Sedan, Royal Coupe, Brougham, Imperial and Crown-Imperial—attractively priced from \$1950 to 3025, f. o. b. Windsor, taxes extra. There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED
WINDSOR, ONTARIO

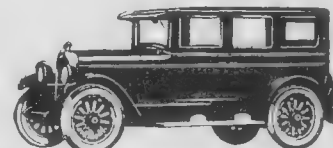
Walter P. Chrysler, Chairman of the Board



Touring Car \$1240 F. O. B. Windsor, taxes extra. Four-wheel hydraulic brakes optional.



Club Coupe \$1385 F. O. B. Windsor, taxes extra. Four-wheel hydraulic brakes optional. Body by Fisher.



Sedan \$1535 F. O. B. Windsor, taxes extra. Four-wheel hydraulic brakes optional. Body by Fisher.

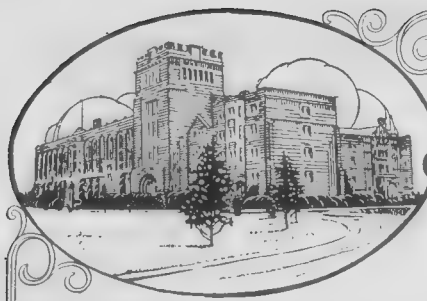
CHRYSLER FOUR

How Long Have You Been a Subscriber to The Western Home Monthly?

Some of our subscribers when sending in their renewals often casually mention the fact that they have been constant readers of THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY for five, ten and sometimes fifteen years. And we have been wondering which subscriber has been on our mailing list for the greatest length of time.

\$5.00 - IN CASH - \$5.00

For the subscriber who proves to our satisfaction that he or she is the rightful claimant to that honor. So come along, you old timers, and let's settle this burning question once and for all. Letter should reach us not later than September 1st, 1925, and be addressed to The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.



Regina College

E.W. STAPLEFORD B.A., DD., President

Announces a new addition to its teaching curriculum. Commencing September 29, 1925, there will be offered courses, with options, in SECOND YEAR ARTS and SECOND YEAR SCIENCE, under the University of Saskatchewan.

Other Courses:

Preparatory—Public School work for older pupils.

High School—From Grade VIII to First Class Teachers' Certificates and Senior Matriculation.

Conservatory of Music—Art—Expression—Household Science—

Business—Religious Education.

Short Winter Courses for Young Men in business and agriculture and for Young Women in Household Science.

Regina College is a Boarding School for boys and girls, young men and young women. Residential life under careful supervision and discipline adds greatly to the cultural value of a College training.

YOUR BOY OR GIRL WILL BE SAFE IN REGINA COLLEGE

Write for Year Book.

E. R. Doxsee, B.A., B.D., Registrar, Regina

HAVERGAL COLLEGE

354 JARVIS STREET
TORONTO

Day and Boarding School for Girls

Separate Junior Schools. Courses from Kindergarten to Honours Matriculation. Special Departments in Music, Art, Household Science. Gymnastics, Games and Swimming. Autumn Term, opens September 16th for Boarders, September 17th for Day Scholars.

For particulars apply to
The Principal - Miss Wood

Moulton College

For Girls



Residential and day school.

Staff of qualified specialists in each department.

Matriculation, Music and English Courses. Senior and Junior Departments, Sewing, Art and Physical Culture.

Re-opens SEPT. 9th, 1925

Calendar sent on application

Ernestine R. Whiteside, B.A.
PRINCIPAL

34 Bloor St. E., Toronto

Winter Courses at

MANITOBA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Open in October

Practical Courses for young men and young women.

Science Courses leading to a University Degree.

Splendid accommodation in Residence for 400.

Write the Registrar for the Calendar giving full particulars of cost, etc., of above courses and for the circular outlining short courses.

W. C. McKILLICAN, Dean

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA WINNIPEG

Offers, Among Others, the Following Courses:

Through its FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCE courses leading to the degrees of B.A. and M.A.; and B.Sc., including B.Sc. (Phar.), and M.Sc.

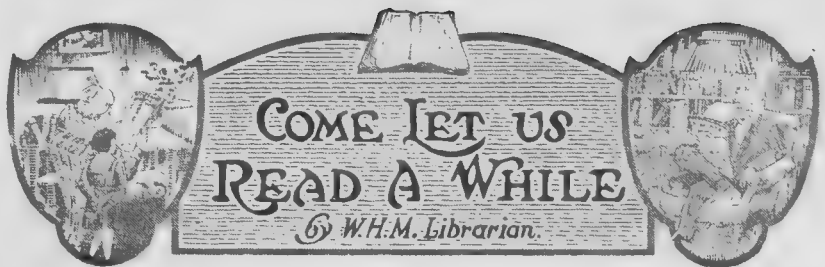
Through its FACULTY OF ENGINEERING AND ARCHITECTURE courses leading to the degrees of B.Sc. (C.E.), B.Sc. (E.E.), M.Sc. and B.Arch. Through its FACULTY OF MEDICINE courses leading to the degrees of M.D. and C.M.

Through its FACULTY OF AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS courses leading to the degrees of B.S.A. and B.Sc. (H.E.).

Through MANITOBA LAW SCHOOL, an affiliated institution, a course leading to the degrees of LL.B.

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I HAVE a note book in which I make jottings immediately after reading a book. To these notes I refer once a month when it is my pleasure to chat with you. I can easily gauge the depth of the impression any particular book has made upon me, by reading these notes. Sometimes a line or two will bring back vividly the entire story, will arouse a desire to re-read; or give me intense pleasure in the mere act of recollecting the characters, re-building the plot, and experiencing again the emotions aroused, at the first reading.

At other times, my notes bring nothing with them but recollection of a story that I might as well have forgotten. I see on the page open before me, this memo: "Life and Erica" (Hutchinson & Co.). Oh yes, I remember. It is by Gilbert Frankau. I borrowed it from the library the day it was published. Erica was a clever cartoonist. She was getting along famously, or at least she thought she was. But in reality her progress is due to Bad Man North who has evil designs upon the innocent young thing flitting through Fleet Street. Her career is ruined towards the end of the book, but there are enough pages left in which to describe her return to her home town and her childhood's friend, Robin, the brave and true. The plot is theatrical and hysterical. The writing is very clever. But then, look who wrote it. Gilbert Frankau is always clever and often sensational.

A New Writer

OVER a year ago, a friend (he was then a professor at the Manitoba Agricultural College) brought me a magazine we had neither seen before—"The Adelphi," edited by J. Middleton Murry, the husband of that genius, the late Katherine Mansfield. He brought it to me so that I might read one thing in it—a story called "The Pain," by Pauline Smith. So impressed were we by the beauty of this story, haunted by it for weeks, that the professor wrote to the unknown Pauline Smith and thanked her for her gift. From the reply, we learnt that this was her first story and that others would appear in "The Adelphi." They did, and each time I rejoiced in the art of Pauline Smith and marvelled at her intimate knowledge of the world. Now these stories have been collected into book form under the title "The Little Karoo" (Jonathon Cape), and in the preface Arnold Bennett makes it clear how Pauline Smith knows African life so intimately and prophesies a great future for her as a novelist. These stories are not cheerful—but they are told with such delicacy, vividness and feeling that one's joy in such literary talent outweighs the misery; one endures their sadness.

A Distinguished Novel

THE other day I read that "The Gentleman with a Duster" was at his spring cleaning again. And in this new volume, so I understand, he has attacked "The Constant Nymph." This is but hearsay as far as I'm concerned, for I have not yet read what this O'cedar-Mop-like gentleman has written. Nor do I intend to, until I have made public avowal here of my deep admiration for "The Constant Nymph," by Margaret Kennedy (William Heinemann, Ltd.); of the intense joy I and many of my friends derived from reading this unusual book; and of my desire to persuade everyone to read it. It is not fair to try and tell you what the story is about. Supposing I said that there's a family, known as Sanger's Circus, that father, stepmother, children and friends are all "queer," I've said nothing.

You must allow Margaret Kennedy to introduce you to Tony, Linda, Birbaum, Lewis and Tessa. Florence, Sebastian, Caryl and Kate. If I did this, you

would see all the girls without any morals at all, thinking of husbands from the age of twelve, sometimes of marriage; always of men. But that wouldn't give you a true picture of Tessa whose beautiful soul knew no wrong nor ugliness, even if her mind was not aware of right. "The Constant Nymph" is a book to live with; not to read for a pastime.

Height of Nonsense

"THE Depths of Prosperity," says my note book, by Phyllis Bottom. Really and truly I couldn't read it. The most I could do was a dishonest scurrying through the pages. But just imagine a story in which a most lovely mother is so jealous of her too lovely daughter that she persuades her to marry a man whom she knows to be a rotter. Horror upon horror—the family physician, the man who has attended this hapless daughter from birth is in the conspiracy. He knows that the chosen husband is no fit mate, yet he conspires with the mother to marry off the young girl. Horrible idea. A few pages, badly and sketchily written, and we find that three years have elapsed since the wedding of this unfortunate but beautiful maiden. The latter part is a nightmare—all in a lunatic asylum—further conspiracies—drugs and intrigues. American alienists, if judged by this book, must be a queer lot.

For Laughter

DO read "Serena Blandish," by a "Lady of Quality." But don't take it seriously. It is bubbly like champagne; and like champagne it should be quaffed when one is in festive spirits. How seldom time similes do cling. But had I said like ginger beer or seltzer water, it wouldn't have sounded festive would it? Well, never mind about the nature of the drink—read "Serena Blandish" (The Macmillan Co.) when you are in the mood for delicate satire, gay laughter, sheer nonsense, flashes of sparkling wit, and rapier-like criticism of things as they sometimes are.

This delicious book has a sub-title, "The Difficulty of Getting Married," so you have an inkling of what to expect. Serena is an exquisite maiden with no brains and fewer morals. Her desperate search for a husband results in her marriage with—no I mustn't give the story away. It is very amusing and quite preposterous.

For Sorrow

"THE Romantic Tradition," by Beatrice Kean Seymour (Chapman & Hall) is a long-winded, involved account of an infidelity. Clever but irritating style. Enid stands out as the woman too clever for a man's everyday needs. Sophy as the woman too silly for the same part. As a result, Kennedy, who goes from one to another seeking happiness, fails to find it. The "woman's position," to use a hackneyed phrase, is dealt with in a brilliant and searching manner in this novel which would have benefited greatly from a whittling down such as May Sinclair gives her books.

For Sheer Enjoyment

"AN Octave," by Jeffery E. Jeffery (Leonard Parsons), is a delight from cover to cover. An unusual plot, unique treatment, original atmosphere and character portrayals. The octave is the week, the eight days in the life of Tony Rixon, publisher, and his entourage. There's Rust, his partner; Leila his wife; Honor, Colin and Guy, his three children; Fiske Kybert, his rival in the publishing world; Hugh Circumbe, his treacherous friend; the Culver woman, his temptation; Bernard Blagden, his would-be son-in-law; Mrs.



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For Thought

MY mind always hangs out a flag of rejoicing when I have a novel by Ernest Poole to read. I have just finished "Danger," a far stronger book, in my opinion, than "Millions," which I thoroughly enjoyed and reviewed in this magazine some time ago. A post-war story staged in New York, which gives a most amazing and subtle portrayal of Maud Brewer, an "old maid" in the last stages of neurosis. Even her devoted love for her brother is tainted by her neurotic condition which urges her to do the very things that bring about her brother's return to shell-shock condition. In order to make him dependent upon her affection and to cause unhappiness between him and his young wife, she is for ever goading him "to remember" the horrors of war. To remember what he fought for. Remembrance brings on a nervous disorder which reduces her brother to a mass of uncontrolled nerves. It is a horrible plot, but magnificently treated. Moreover, I think the author has a definite purpose in writing this book. He wishes to show well-meaning but uninitiated "workers" among ex-soldiers that employment is the best tonic for shell-shock and harping on the horrors they have endured a grave "danger" to them as individuals and to the state.

For Amazement

YOUR hundred and eighty pages, closely packed with details that swarm across one's vision like the microbes of which Sinclair Lewis writes in his amazing novel "Martin Arrowsmith." From the artistic point of view, I think this book a failure because it is so diffuse, so formless, with raggedy edges that seemed to be appealing to be tucked in neatly. It is engrossing enough. The University of Winnemac with its 12,000 students made me think of Leacock's Plutonia University. But Lewis is absolutely devoid of humor. I know one ought to be entirely concerned with Arrowsmith's struggle for mental freedom and progress. But—and this is Sinclair Lewis' fault for being so diffuse—I caught myself every once in awhile criticising the system of American Universities that makes it possible for a graduate in medicine to speak as ungrammatically and as vulgarly (in phraseology, not in ideas) as a street gamin who has received as little teaching as the law of the country permits. All the students at Winnemac speak so horribly—I could hear their uncultivated voices screeching out appalling slang throughout the book—just as they did in "The Plastic Age," another story of American University life. There is much food for thought in this novel which, in its bigness of conception and patience in treatment, reminded me of some of Wells' most thoughtful novels.

For Nothing

I BEGAN with a reference to my note book. I conclude with another. In it I have found this entry, "The House of Menerdue," by A. C. Benson. There is Robert, the husband, and Cynthia, his wife. There is Molly, a silly little ass, and Mary, her mother. Mary permits a love affair between the married Robert of mature years and the young innocent Molly.

"Robert and Cynthia 'make-up' and live together again. Mother Mary and daughter Molly go to live with the Cynthia-Robert outfit. Robert is 'analysed' and Molly marries a religious fanatic, Cuthbert, who is bordering on insanity. Balderdash." I think you are right, oh little note book. Personally, I have no recollection whatsoever of "The House of Menerdue" which I read recently.

A teacher is like a whetstone, which does not carve, yet makes knives sharp.

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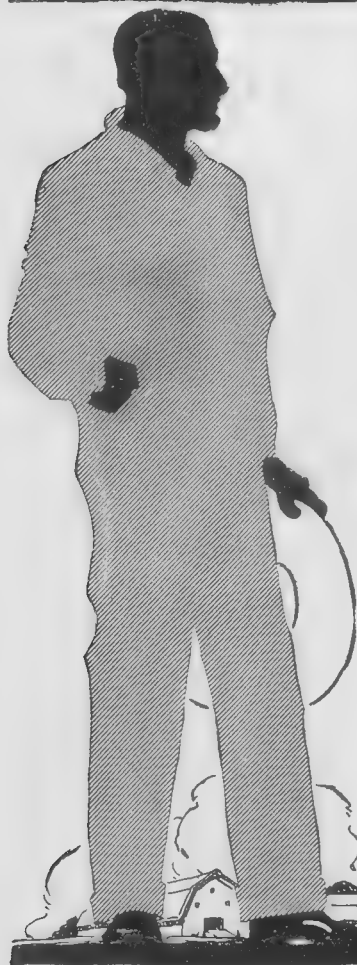
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Why Not a "Super-Het Converter"?

E. T. Flewelling, the Well-Known Inventor, in an Article in the Current Issue of Radio in the Home, Discusses the Possibilities of a Super-Het Converter. He Writes:

HERE we are in the middle of the summer with all that that means in the way of wonderful weather and moonlit evenings; when all of the world is out of doors. This year many radio receivers will be taken along to the out of doors to bring in the latest news and furnish entertainment through the summer evenings.

Many, many of our friends will learn this year for the first time perhaps that the little old set acts quite differently in its new location, that the woods and fields and the new antenna, perhaps hanging from a tree, somehow or other affect their receivers to bring in a list of stations that may be totally different from the familiar ones brought in at home.

One of the outstanding things that a good many city dwellers will appreciate will be that because they are more distant from the broadcasting stations they are not so much annoyed by lack of selectivity and can more readily separate the various stations one from the other, and many sighs of relief will be sighed. Having seen and sighed, our friends will return home again in the fall determined to conquer one of the most troublesome phases in radio, i.e., lack of selectivity.

Thousands of others who may not have had the opportunity to try their sets in a totally different location will join our out-of-door friends during the coming fall and winter in a quest for greater freedom from interference from nearby broadcasting stations. The matter of greater selectivity in receivers will undoubtedly be of major importance next winter, and I feel that we can begin now to consider the problem, as it has many, many angles to it, and arguments pro and con on the subject are almost beyond number.

It would be a comparatively simple matter to enter into a long discussion about regeneration, coupled circuits, heterodyning and the effects that these things may or may not have upon selectivity, but if we concentrate our thoughts on only one of these subjects it may be that we will accomplish more in the long run.

In discussing the subject with the H.M.N., I started a line of thought that appealed somewhat to both of us as one that should prove of very great value to the public as a whole so far as its selectivity problems are concerned. The thought is not entirely new, because more than one engineer has probably given time to it, but so far as we know it has never been given to the public. H.M.N., with his usual keenness, immediately saw its potential value and spake unto me in this manner: "No one has ever pointed this thing out. It would be of tremendous help and you should stake your claim at once. Point out the various angles of the subject and put it over with a complete description of how to accomplish the thing."

Now I believe that better men than I could describe the proposition in a much better and clearer way than I can, but because they have not seen fit to do so for some reason or other, or may not even have thought of it, I suppose I shall have to lay claim to it, as H.M.N. says, and do my best with the subject.

HAVING therefore claimed the thought and given the reason for its appearance in my columns here in Radio in the Home, let's see what it amounts to and why. I am too old a bird in the radio field, you know, to foster any of these "Marvellous," "Revolutionary," "final answer to the problem" circus ballyhoo stunts, so you must not expect me to start one here. What I am to discuss will be handled with the hope and idea in mind that it may prove of some little value to many folks who, because they live in cities and close to several broadcasting stations, may not have much choice in what they receive. The idea is,

I hope, merely constructive and helpful, not revolutionary, and I shall endeavor to point out some of its disadvantages as well as its apparent advantages. We have one advantage that might be remembered right here that is of no little value to our readers. To wit: the writer is not connected with any commercial organization whose product he desires to advertise, so no effort will be made to sell anything. Not a bad time, is it, to point out that I have never done this because I have always felt that the greatest value was obtained only by presenting constructively the various angles of a subject without any attempt to give an imitation of a salesman.

I suppose quite a few of my readers have heard of the circuit called the super-heterodyne. It is with this circuit that our line of thought is concerned.

Of all the unfortunate, misrepresented, ballyhooed circuits in existence today, the superheterodyne is perhaps the most prominent example. Some day, some one will be moved to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth concerning the superheterodyne; so far as I know it has never been done, but it would very likely be excellent reading.

With all its faults, however, the super-heterodyne stands out above all the other circuits as perhaps the best. Behind it all the basic idea of the super is about as follows: It is not possible satisfactorily to amplify short-wave, high frequency radio currents; therefore we will heterodyne the incoming signal with a local oscillator, secure a beat note of much lower frequency than the original incoming signal, amplify this new lower frequency, and so accomplish the impossible.

I am not at this time (in common with the rest of the world), to show how it is possible to amplify any wave no matter how short it is, but it is certain that such a thing is not impossible, and that it will be only a matter of time before such a system will be presented. Here's hoping. It is not the ability to get around short-wave (by short wave here, I mean the comparatively short waves used in broadcasting; i.e., 200 to 600 metres) amplification, however, that constitutes the only advantage of the super. The super's real advantage lies in its great selectivity obtained because of its heterodyning action (here again is an opportunity for several nice meaty discussions. As, for instance, just what is the length and breadth of this heterodyning business as carried out in super-heterodyne reception of modulated, that is, radiophone signals?).

Superheterodynes of a properly built type have been successful in tuning out the local powerful station and tuning in a distant one on a very slightly different wave, even when the super was actually located in the same room with the local station. Such ability as this on the part of a receiver is of great value in our present discussion, and so I shall dwell on it to a little greater extent.

I HAVE said that the super's selectivity was due to its heterodyne action. This is not, however, the entire story. Super-heterodynes are as a rule expensively built many-tube receivers in which much time and money have been spent. As a result these receivers more often than not contain fine quality materials in their construction and are the result of painstaking effort in design detail to secure super reception. Such effort and care, of course, reflects in the finished product. I have often thought that were the same care to be spent in other reliable and accepted types of receivers, the results might be interesting.

We have before us the fact that a superheterodyne receiver is very selective, probably sufficient for any and all broadcasting reception requirements, and that it possesses this highly desirable feature merely because it uses a local

Continued on page 55

The Home Doctor

Treating Diarrhoea By Nurse "B"

At any time, but especially during hot weather, a baby may become affected with looseness of the bowels, a sickness known as "Diarrhoea" or "Summer Complaint."

If it is the mother's first experience with this trouble, she may be much worried as to what to do, in order to get her baby normal again.

First of all, a mother should be able to recognize diarrhoea.

When the number of bowel motions become much increased, loose in character, and offensive in odor, it is then certain that such sickness is present.

There will be feverishness. That is, the temperature will be higher than it should be, and there will be a showing of weakness and listlessness.

Give a dose of castor oil according to the age of the child, and during the following twenty-four hours entirely omit milk from its diet. In place, give at the usual feeding times barley water, or rice water, unsweetened, and once a day the beaten white of an egg mixed with an equal quantity of water.

Next day at feeding times give a gruel of groats, or prepared barley, or any other baby food. Do not use milk in preparing it, but plain water, and no sugar.

Heavy feeding during or following closely upon an attack of diarrhoea may prove very harmful to a child, because it is weak from sickness and has not its usual powers of digestion.

A baby recovering from such an attack of illness may show signs of hunger, and the mother feel tempted to give the little one its usual food. But only water, boiled and cooled, should be given between the feedings mentioned.

When the bowel movements become normal, return gradually to the usual milk food.

By gradually is meant at less strength than was given just before the sickness. And give one feeding only on the first day of change, still continuing with the water gruel.

If the trouble returns immediately, oil should be given again, and a doctor consulted without loss of time.

To make rice water, wash three tablespoonfuls of rice, and put in saucepan with a quart of boiling water. Boil for one hour, when it will have become a pulp. Thin with boiling water, strain, and use as required.

To make barley water, wash three tablespoonfuls of pearl barley, put in saucepan with a quart of cold water. Boil gently for two hours. Add boiling water to make up to a quart. Strain into a jug, and use as required.

Barley water must be made fresh daily, as it sours quickly.

Pernicious Anæmia

ANÆMIA is a condition in which the blood is diseased or is too watery. It may have no apparent cause, or it may accompany some general disease like malaria or cancer. Usually it is more or less amenable to treatment: either the cause may be removed or the quality of the blood may be improved with tonics or with other appropriate remedies.

There is one form of anæmia, however, that strongly resists treatment of all sorts, and that therefore is called pernicious. The disease begins insidiously with gradual loss of strength, diminishing appetite, listlessness, pallor, shortness of breath, palpitations and the swelling of the ankles toward night. It is not until the symptoms have persisted for some time that the sufferer is ready to

admit that he is ill. Besides those symptoms there is in some cases more or less indigestion, or nervous disturbances that indicate a hardening of the spinal cord; and there may be either considerable pain or merely a tingling and numbness in the hands and feet. As a rule the mind is not affected, though there may be loss of memory and irritability. In typical cases the symptoms persist and increase in severity; occasional respites may raise false hopes, but finally the sufferer dies from exhaustion.

Although true pernicious anæmia is incurable, not all cases diagnosed as pernicious are so serious as that. When the true cause can be discovered and removed the disease is regarded as secondary. In other words the doctors reserve the name pernicious for those cases that they fail to cure.

The causes of many cured cases have been intestinal worms,—hookworms, or tapeworms,—abscesses under the teeth or pyorrhea, chronic appendicitis, gall-bladder disease, diseased tonsils, intestinal putrefaction and auto-intoxication, and so forth. If any of those things are found and can be removed the patient is fortunate; if no cause can be found the patient must be treated on general principles with a generous diet, fresh air and tonics (especially arsenic, but not quinine or iron). In some instances marked improvement, if not a cure, has followed the internal use of radium emanations; in other instances transfusion of blood has helped greatly.

Scarlet Fever

SCARLET FEVER, or scarlatina, is justly dreaded. It is dangerous not only in itself but also in what may result from it or follow it. It may attack children of any age and adults. That person only is safe who has had it. It is highly contagious.

The child who has been exposed to scarlet fever shows the first symptoms of the disease about five days later. He has headache and fever and a sore throat. His eyes are sore and sensitive to light. Those symptoms, however, do not definitely indicate scarlet fever; the doctor cannot be sure the child has it unless other people are sick with it either in his home or at school. If, however, in about two days the child shows a rash of fine lobster-red spots first on his neck and chest and then on other parts of the body, there can be no more doubt. At first the tongue of the sick child is coated; then it peels and turns a strawberry red. His throat continues to be sore, and sometimes patches appear on it. The inflammation in his throat may spread to the ears and in spite of proper treatment lead to permanent deafness. An even more serious complication threatens the sufferer in the shape of acute inflammation of the kidneys, which causes marked dropsy and sometimes chronic Bright's disease. If all goes well, however, the child begins in a week or ten days to get well. The fever falls; the soreness in the throat disappears. The little patient again takes an interest in his surroundings, grows cheerful and hungry. His rash has now disappeared, and his skin begins to peel in large patches. Such is the course of an ordinary case of moderate severity, ending in recovery.

The disease, however, is sometimes much more severe: sometimes it is actually malignant and ends fatally a few days before the rash can come out. On the other hand, the disease is sometimes so mild that it shows only a slight malaise and a little sore throat. But such light cases are dangerous to the community, for, since they are likely not to be recognized, they spread the contagion. There is no specific cure for scarlet fever: the physician can only watch the child and try to relieve his distress, and meanwhile keep a sharp eye out to detect and promptly treat the earliest sign of trouble in the ears or kidneys.



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2. For Health

The body must have vitamins for health and growth, minerals for repair and growth of tissue and for body regulation, and it must have roughage.

Budget Your Canning

THE homemaker will have better results if she has some plan in mind regarding the amount of canned foods her family will require during the next twelve months. Then she will be less apt to have too much of one kind of food, and not enough of another. Have we not often heard somebody say, "I have done a hundred and thirty quarts of raspberries?" Perhaps her family is too small to eat a whole quart of fruit at one meal. How deadly monotonous raspberries must grow! Every year our available list of fruits grows.

If one knows approximately how much canned, stored, dried, "preserved" and fresh fruits and vegetables she is going to require, she will know how much of different varieties to plant in the garden.

Vegetables, other than potatoes, should be served at least once a day, better twice. Greens and fresh fruits twice a week at least. Tomatoes ought to be used four times a week. One of their many recommendations is the prevention of dental troubles.

The usual allowance is one-half cup of fruit or vegetable to a serving. Four times a week for nine months would be seventy-two cups or eighteen quarts for each person. If there are six people in the family, one hundred and eight quarts would be the allowance for the months during which fresh ripe ones are not available.

The following budget allows for eighteen servings of vegetables and ten servings of fruit each week:

Class A—Leafy vegetables, nine servings.

Class B—Other vegetables, five servings.

Class C—Tomatoes, four servings; fresh fruits, four servings; canned fruits, four servings.

Class D—Dried fruits, two servings.

Suggested Budget for One Person for Nine Months

Tomatoes—2 cups per week, Class C, 18 or 20 quarts for nine months.

Greens, spinach, chard, beet greens, other greens—1 cup per week, Class A, 10 quarts for nine months. Cabbage, celery, lettuce, onions—1½ lb. per week, Class A, 45 pounds for nine months.

Cauliflower, asparagus, string beans—1 cup per week, Class A, 10 quarts for nine months.

Peas, corn, squash—½ lb. or 1c per week, Class B, 45 pounds for nine months.

Beets, carrots, turnips, parsnips, salsify—¾ lb. per week, Class B, 45 pounds for nine months.

Oranges, grape fruit, apples, bananas—1 lb. per week, Class C, 39 pounds for nine months.

Peaches, cherries, plums, berries, other canned fruits—2 cups per week, Class C, 18 or 20 quarts for nine months.

Prunes, raisins, dates, etc.—½ lb. per week, Class D, 5 pounds for nine months.

One pint of canned fruit or vegetable weighs about one pound.

Why Can Fruits and Vegetables?

To estimate the family needs, multiply the foregoing totals by the number of persons in the family.

It is very doubtful economy to buy vegetables to can, unless one is absolutely certain that they are fresh, and can secure them at a very reasonable price. "Two hours from garden to can" is the canning club slogan. If a good product is to result from

*Oh! who is as healthy as I?
Spinach and peas, and young limabeans,
Potatoes and carrots, I try;
Celery, too, and sweet, juicy beets,
Asparagus, tender and green,
Brown tempting squash
In a queer, crooked shell,
Are dishes quite fit for a queen*



From Extension Circular,
South Dakota State College

one's efforts, only perfect fruit and vegetables should be used.

A steam pressure cooker is undoubtedly better for all vegetables except tomatoes, as a higher degree of heat can be obtained than in a hot water bath, which cannot reach a higher temperature than 212 deg. F. Spoilage is often due to the fact that the food in the centre of the jar, especially when very closely packed, is not kept at a high temperature for a sufficient length of time, because it takes some time for the heat to penetrate to it. If one has not a steam pressure cooker, the vegetables may be cooked in an open kettle, or over steam, then packed hot in the sterilized jars, to overcome this difficulty.

Always use new rubbers, and be sure they fit the jars. They should measure 12 in thickness to the inch. When stretched, a good ring will return to its original size and shape. When folded and pinched, it will not crack.

To Test Jars

Examine them for cracks, chips, uneven places. Sometimes a little roughness may be filed off. If left on, it might cut the ring, and cause spoilage. Pour water into a jar, adjust the rubber and top, and tighten, then invert for a few minutes. If no moisture appears, the jar is air-tight. Glass tops should not rock when placed on top of the jar without the rubber ring. If wire clamps do not go down with a snap, tighten the bail by bending it in slightly at the centre. If too tight, loosen it by bending out slightly at the centre.

If possible, use clean soft water rather than hard

water in canning, as the latter sometimes turns vegetables dark.

To sterilize jars, wash them well, place in a kettle or large pan of clean cold water, bring slowly to the boiling point, and let stand in the boiling water for fifteen minutes. Rubbers should be sterilized for ten minutes.

To fill a hot jar, set it in a bowl or small saucepan of hot water to prevent its cooling.

Corn contains starch which expands in cooking, so that the jar should not be too tightly packed, or it may break, or some of the contents will come out of the jar into the water. To allow for expansion, jars are never filled quite to the top.

To Can Fruit Juices

Crush the juice from the fruit. Strain in a jelly bag. Bring to the boiling point, pour into hot sterile jars or bottles, and process for 30 minutes. It may be used later for jelly, sherbets, drinks, or gelatine desserts.

The hot water must cover the tops of the jars, unless the lid of the vessel is tight enough to keep in all steam. Otherwise, the whole of the product will not be kept at a temperature of 212 deg. F.

Storing canned goods in a dark place prevents fading of the product. Storing in a cool place keeps away bacteria, which may be present inactive.

Meat Canning

It may be that one can only secure fresh meat once a week, and then in a larger quantity than will keep till it is used, in the very hot weather. The best method of preserving it is by canning.

Roast Beef Canned

Roast the beef as usual, cut into convenient pieces to fit jars, fill to one-half inch of the top with meat and gravy. Adjust tops, and process three hours in a hot water bath.

Beef steak cut into servings, cooked in the frying pan till done, then processed as roast beef.

Boiling beef may be canned in the same way.

If the meat is to be used within a few days, the processing may be shortened to two hours.

Jelly Making

GOOD fruit jellies require pectin, acid and sugar in correct proportions.

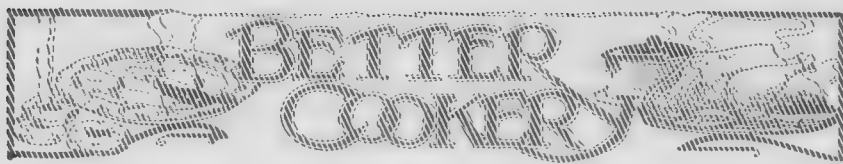
Pectin is present in a number of fruits, among them being gooseberries, currants, apples and the white portion of orange and lemons. When one wishes to make jelly of such fruits as peaches or strawberries, the pectin must be added, either the commercial form, or from one of the other fruits having it in abundance.

Lemon juice or tart apple juice or currants will supply acid to fruits which lack it.

It is very important that sugar is added in the right proportion. ¾ cup sugar to 1 cup of juice has been found to give the best results. Sugar is added from 5 to 10 minutes after the fruit juice has started to boil.

To Prepare Fruits for Jelly-making

Wash and hull berries. Put on the stove with enough water to keep from burning, about 1 cup of water to 4 of fruit. Apples and similar less juicy fruits are washed and cut in pieces, without removing the cores or skins, put in a kettle and covered with water. In both cases, cook till the fruit is tender. Drain in a jelly bag.



Other Extractions

Some fruits, especially apples, crab-apples and quinces, will yield more than one extraction. After draining once, a quantity of cold water equal to that used in the first place, is added to the fruit pulp, and the whole brought to a boil, then drained, and the process repeated for the third time. In this way considerably more jelly is obtained from the amount of fruit than with but one extraction.

Pectin Tests

1. Mix together: $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Epsom salts, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. sugar, 1 t. hot fruit juice. Cool and allow to stand 15 minutes. If pectin is present, the mass will jell during that time.

2. Mix 1 lb. cool fruit juice, 1 lb. wood alcohol. A thick mass will form if it contains pectin.

To Test Jelly

If a thermometer is used, fruit will jell between 216 degs. F. and 220 degs. F. When the syrup sheets off the spoon, or spins a thread from a fork, the jelling point has been reached.

A Few Points to Remember

A closely woven cloth used in a jelly bag gives a clearer jelly.

Fruit which is slightly under-ripe gives the best results.

Fruits which have sufficient amounts of pectin and acid: Plum, currant, gooseberry, raspberry, apple, grape, blueberry, cranberry, quince.

Fruits with sufficient pectin, but must have acid added: Peaches, sweet apples, pears.

Fruits with enough acid, but lacking in pectin: Pineapple, apricot, rhubarb.

If the sugar is added hot to the juice, it will not delay the jelling process.

Too much sugar is liable to crystallize in the jelly.

Too much sugar is the most frequent cause of failure in jelly making.

Cloudiness is caused by particles of fruit in the jelly. It may have been overcooked before draining, or squeezed while draining, or a bag used which was too closely woven.

Toughness is frequently caused by overcooking after the addition of sugar.

Crystals in grape jelly are particles of cream of tartar.

It is better to make only five or six glasses of jelly at a time. A larger amount of juice takes longer to jell, the product will perhaps be darker, and may not have quite as good a flavor.

It is well to avoid damp days for jelly making. The water will not evaporate rapidly enough from the fruit juice.

Variations of Apple Jelly

Peach.—Use as many glasses of peach juice as of apple juice.

Pear.—A cup of pear juice to each cup of apple juice.

Rose Geranium.—Put a sweet scented geranium leaf in the bottom of each jelly glass. Pour the hot jelly on it.

Mint.—Put one or two fresh mint leaves in the bottom of each glass before pouring in the hot jelly.

Spiced Apple Jelly.—Use part vinegar instead of all water in simmering the fruit. Boil any desired spices in a bag, with the fruit juice and sugar—such as whole cloves, cinnamon spices, just before pouring the jelly into the glasses.

Cranberry.—Add cranberry juice to the apple juice.

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Any fruit may be used for jelly though some will need to have pectin or acid added

Preserves

PRESERVES are the result obtained by cooking fruit in an open kettle with an equal weight of sugar, and very little, if any, water. The pieces of fruit are kept as nearly unbroken as possible.

Jams, conserves and butters usually have the fruit mashed up. Nuts are generally added to conserves.

Preserved Peaches

Pare the peaches and cut in halves, or smaller sections. Take an equal weight of sugar. To $\frac{1}{4}$ of the sugar add twice as much boiling water, and boil for about 5 minutes. Skim. Cook the peaches in the syrup, a few at a time, skimming out when tender. Add the rest of the sugar to the syrup, let boil till quite thick, reheat the peaches in it, then pack in sterilized jars.

Large cherries may be preserved in the same way.

Strawberry Pineapple Preserve

Strawberries, 3 qts.; pineapple, 1 pt.; water, 1c; sugar, 4 lbs. Either fresh or canned grated pineapple may be used. Cook in the water about 20 minutes if fresh pine apple is used. Add the sugar,

then the berries, and cook till tender and the syrup is thick.

Yellow Tomato Preserve

Use the tiny yellow pear-shaped tomatoes. Remove the stems. Use $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. sugar to 1 lb. of fruit, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon to 1 lb. fruit. Simmer the fruit and lemon thinly sliced in a syrup made of the sugar and half as much water. When the fruit is tender, remove to jars and pour over it the syrup when it has boiled down till thick.

Preserved Rhubarb

Use red rhubarb if obtainable. Cut in even pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long, pulling off any strings, but trying to avoid removing the skin. Measure an equal weight of sugar. Arrange the rhubarb and sugar in alternate layers in a preserving kettle, and let stand overnight. Next day add the grated rind and juice of one lemon to each four pounds of rhubarb, or the thinly sliced lemon. Simmer till thick and the fruit is tender. Before sealing, a few blanched almonds may be sliced and added.

Grated pineapple or sliced orange may be added to rhubarb preserves.

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Cool Desserts for Warm Days

By Dorothy Knight

YOU can probably all remember the time when the sight of the "hokey-pokey" man thrilled you and sent you scurrying to mother for a penny to buy some of his delectable wares; or the time when you looked forward to the "lawn fete" or the "church festival," because you would be sure to get ice cream there. And you dreamed of mountains made of ice cream with yourself the only human being for miles around; for you were certain that you never would get enough of it. Perhaps, if ten or twenty years have passed since that time, you have partially satisfied your appetite for ice cream and other frozen dainties; but even so, children and "grown-ups" alike, will still give them the popular vote, though they are a little more common than they were years ago.

Coupled with the fact they have grown more common, is the fact that they are better to eat and more wholesomely made than they formerly were—speaking particularly now of the ice cream we are able to buy ready-made. Ice cream is not only a delicious hot weather dessert, but a very nutritious one as well. Ices, sherbets, etcetera, are less nourishing but even more refreshing on a hot day.

In spite of the fact that we are now able to procure good, wholesome ice cream already made, we are not always able to get a very wide variety in flavors or in kinds, unless we have the habit of making them ourselves. Ice cream and ices are not hard to make as so many people seem to think. It is all in getting the habit. In many families the children can handle all the work of freezing, and they will really regard the day when ice cream is made as a gala occasion. There is no reason, then, why we should not get the habit, and allow the frozen desserts which are always well liked, anyway, play an important part in our summer menus.

Let us consider the matter of the freezing first. There are several types of freezers. The standard variety which turns by hand, comes in convenient sizes; then there is the vacuum freezer which requires no turning and is especially well suited for mousses. Many people use one side of their fireless cooker quite successfully for this purpose; but as far as that is concerned, the frozen desserts which require no turning during the freezing process, merely need to be poured into a mould and packed in ice and salt in any receptacle.

For the ice, the handiest thing to prepare it in is a burlap sack, using a wooden mallet or the flat side of an axe for crushing it.

The mixture itself increases in bulk during the freezing, so the can should never be more than three-quarters full. The crank should be turned slowly and steadily during the first part of the freezing and faster toward the end. The salt water should never be drawn off unless it threatens to get into the can, for it is salt water which effects the freezing. Until the ice melts, no change will take place. It is not necessary to have the ice and salt higher up on the outside of the can than the mixture to be frozen is on the inside.

After it is frozen, draw off the water, remove the dasher, and pack down solidly with a spoon. Put a cork in the opening of the cover and if possible, as an extra precaution against the salt, put a paraffin paper over the top of the opening, and then replace the cover, and repack the

freezer with ice and salt. This packing requires four measures of ice to one of salt, while for freezing, three measures of ice to one of salt is best. Place newspapers or old carpet over the top of the freezer after it is repacked, and set aside for an hour or longer to "ripen."

A sherbet usually contains egg white or gelatin, while an ice is made merely of sweetened fruit juices diluted with water. Sometimes milk is substituted for water. Thin cream, sweetened, flavored, and frozen, is known as Philadelphia ice cream, while ice cream with a cooked custard basis is "plain ice cream." A mousse is heavy cream, beaten stiff flavored and packed in a mould in ice and salt for three hours.

The following recipes for frozen desserts are favorites of mine:

Pineapple Ice

1½ cups grated pineapple 3 cups water
Juice ½ lemon ¾ cup sugar

Boil the water and sugar together about three minutes; add pineapple and lemon juice. Cool and freeze.

Raspberry Ice

1 qt. raspberries 1 cup water
1 cup sugar 1 lemon juice

Sprinkle raspberries with sugar. Let stand two hours. Mash, squeeze through cheese cloth; add water and lemon juice to taste; then freeze.

Apricot Ice

1 quart cooked apricots
1½—2 cups sugar

Strain the juice from the apricot and add enough water to make one quart. Then add the apricot pulp which has been forced through a coarse sieve. Sweeten to taste, heating enough of the liquid to dissolve the sugar. Freeze.

Milk Ice

4 cups milk 1½ cups sugar
Juice 3 lemons

Mix lemon juice and sugar, stirring constantly while slowly adding milk; if added too fast, the milk will curdle. This will not affect the quality of the ice, however. Freeze.

Chocolate Ice Cream

4 cups thin cream, or,
2 cups evaporated milk and
2 cups water
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons cocoa
1 egg
1/3 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon vanilla

Thoroughly mix dry ingredients, add slowly to beaten egg. Heat the cream or evaporated milk and water in double boiler. Pour the hot liquid over the other mixture slowly. Mix well. Return to double boiler, and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture coats spoon. Cool, flavor and freeze.

Peach Ice Cream

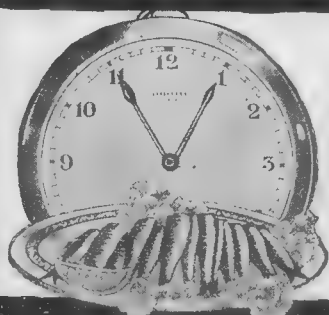
1 qt. thin cream 2 cups peaches
1 cup sugar

Mix peaches and sugar and press through a sieve. (Ripe, fresh peaches, or canned peaches may be used. The fresh fruit would require more sugar). Scald the cream. Cool and add the peach mixture. Freeze.

Macaroon Ice Cream

1 qt. cream ¾ cup sugar
1 cup macaroons 1 tbs vanilla

Dry the macaroons, crush and measure them. Add to the cream, sugar and vanilla, then freeze.



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A Chat on Cheese

By Winnifred N. Whitlock

BREAD and cheese and kisses were once the traditional bill of fare for those who were rash enough to try love in a cottage for bread and cheese is usually the lunch of the British workman—with, perhaps, in some cases, the kisses.

Under the shade of the hedges farm laborers may be seen munching their slices of bread with chunks of cheese and drinking tea or beer; in the cities workmen sit down to their glass of ale with bread and cheese in the "pubs" or their workrooms.

"You'll have to live on bread and cheese and kisses," the worldly-wise mother used to say to the young girl determined to marry Harry in spite of his small salary and often the prospect of the bread and cheese—even sweetened by kisses—was sufficient to persuade Mary to wait for a while.

But now we have learned to serve cheese in so many different and appetizing ways, cheese as the mainstay of the menu should offer no deterrent to the bride-to-be, and if she is one of the modern girls who knows all about foods and their body-building properties she will know that Harry and she will be all the healthier if they can't afford much meat and have to eat the poor man's substitute.

Milk is Nature's perfect food—the food supplied to the new-born infant—and cheese is milk in another form. One pound of cheese is equal in nutriment to two and a half pounds of beefsteak and twenty-five eggs, and when you consider the relative prices of beefsteak and eggs and cheese you can soon see a way of effecting an economy in the food bill.

We must admit that unless we are very hungry, slices of bread and chunks of cheese wouldn't tempt us, but there are so many tasty dishes that can be prepared quickly in which cheese is the main ingredient.

On a cold night, coming in from a drive or walk, there is nothing more appetizing than a dish of Welsh rarebit—that is, unless you happen to be a person with a shaky digestion, and then it would be better not to indulge in it too late at night.

Welsh rarebit can be made with all sorts of fancy twists and twirls, but just plain Welsh rarebit is made as follows:

Melt 1 tablespoon of butter in a saucepan. Add half a pound of mild cheese cut in small pieces, quarter teaspoon salt, quarter teaspoon mustard and a few grains cayenne. As cheese melts, add a half cup of milk gradually, and then an egg slightly beaten, stirring constantly. Serve on bread toasted on one side, rarebit being poured over untoasted side. A rarebit should be smooth and creamy, never stringy.

If unexpected guests arrive, a dish quickly prepared is cheese omelette.

Cream the cheese until soft, add eggs and milk, put the butter in a heated pan and then pour in the omelette mixture.

Cheese croquettes make a nice company dish. The ingredients are as follows:

3 tablespoons butter, ¼ cup flour, 2 cups milk, yolks of two eggs, 1 cup cheese cut in small pieces, ½ cup grated cheese, salt and pepper.

Make a white sauce, using the butter, flour and milk. Add the unbeaten yolks and stir until well mixed, then add the grated cheese. As soon as the cheese melts, remove from the fire, fold in the pieces of cheese and add the seasoning. Spread in a shallow pan to cool. Cut into squares or strips, cover with an egg and crumb mixture and fry in deep fat.

Cheese not only contains sustaining properties that make it a very desirable food for a journey, but it is an aid to digestion if eaten after a meal, so if you are travelling and taking a "lunch" don't forget the cheese sandwiches or crackers with a little slice of cheese.

While cakes and pastries may be popular with the fair sex, if you are giving a party where there are men-folk you

won't be forgotten by them if you have some little cheese tasty served with the coffee or home-made wine. Men, as a rule, haven't a sweet tooth, and the hostess who remembers this wins their approval.

We know a lady who prided herself on her elegant "eats." She was at the house of a Scotchwoman one evening for cards, and when the fancy cakes were handed round the hostess brought out the biscuits and cheese for the gentlemen. The lady remarked afterwards that she would never have thought of serving cheese, but she noticed how eagerly the gentlemen accepted the novel supplement to their coffee.

Did you ever make cheese straws?

Sift one teaspoonful of baking powder with one cupful flour, add a pinch of salt and mix in one tablespoonful of butter and two cupfuls of grated cheese. Add enough water to roll out like pie-crust, cut in strips and bake light brown in a hot oven.

These are just delicious with coffee or tea, and we tried them once with soup.

Children often don't like milk, and if they won't take milk, why not try them with cheese, which is milk?

We remember in the days of our childhood, the cheese always being put on the table after dessert. "Daddy" used to help himself to quite a big piece, and we were given a little bit each as a great treat.

Children generally want to eat what they see grown-ups eating, and cheese is much better for them than candies or cookies. Much of the dentition troubles in young folk today can be traced to too much sugar, so why not cut down on the pastries and cakes, and substitute a little more cheese.

Variety always renders food more palatable, so when you are making up the school or office lunch, a couple of cheese sandwiches put in with the ham or egg ones will be eaten with relish, we are sure. Brown bread with cheese and lettuce is a sandwich fit for a king and for more elaborate sandwiches cheese will always add to their flavor and it will mix with almost anything. The slices of cheese on the portions of apple pie at restaurants testify to the popularity of this food with the men-folk, and they generally know what's good, don't they?

When times are bad and you haven't much money, cut down on the meat bill and eat more cheese. You will find that the family won't suffer, and you will have added a new line to your culinary repertoire.

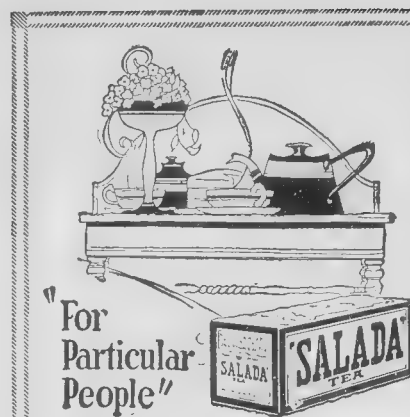
SUMMER SUNSHINE

By Barbara Brooks

NO longer do housewives pull down the shades to keep out the sunlight so that the carpet will not be faded! Sun porches are common. Here the children can play during the winter and have the sun beam warmly upon them. The sun, with its rays strong enough to make colors fade, uses its rays to aid in keeping people well. Especially in the summer has the sun curative power—and we should let it shine on the bodies of our children unobstructed by window glass or garments.

Wherever you live—in the city or country—make the most of the summer sunshine. Let the children play in it and dress them as scantily as possible. In town, much fun can be had by putting bathing suits on the children and letting them play under the sprinkler. In the country, there is usually a brook or pond near-by and lots of free air and sunshine.

In addition to these two great natural gifts, sun and air, children need wholesome food. One quart of milk a day provides bone and building material and vitamins. Fruit and two vegetables besides potatoes, furnish minerals and vitamins. An egg will give building material and iron. Whole cereals, bran muffins and bread keep the body regulated.



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MOTHER'S PAGE



A Few Good Books for Mother and Educational Toys for the Child

By Marilla R. Whitmore

FEW women would keep house without at least one good cook book. Why then should she attempt to raise her family of small children without a bit of instruction? Let her by all means put on the kitchen shelf beside the cook book one or two good books for mothers which she can take down and dip into at odd minutes when she is waiting for the stove to heat and water to boil.

One of these books will cost her but a three cent stamp and she will be greatly surprised when she reads it and finds out all the suggestions she can get from such a book, namely a catalogue issued by some good kindergarten and primary supply house.

Few town mothers and most country mothers know nothing of the material sold by such firms and will be surprised to find that they can purchase valuable educational material far superior to the flimsy toys so often bought for the children.

Besides this catalogue good books to place on the shelf are "As the Twig is Bent," "In the Child's World," Froebel's Mother Play and Song, "Child's Garden of Verse" and Eugene Field's "Poems."

In even the most economical families more money is spent on flimsy toys than parents realize. In the country the children expect the five cent bag of candy every time anyone goes to town. For this five cents colored crayons and wrapping paper can be bought that would give the child hours of pleasure besides training him to use his hands.

As an ex-teacher I know the value of early training. The children who have been trained to handle colors, pencils and crayons at home learn to write more readily than children who have had no such training.

When the mother is on a shopping trip if she can resist the temptation of buying a poorly constructed woolly lamb or a flimsy twenty-five cent doll she can put the money into educational toys that will instruct. The lamb will lose its legs after a half hour in the child's hands, and the doll will be in pieces within the week. Twenty-five cents will buy five pounds of potters clay with which to make dishes and objects without number, thus will be the source of advance ment to the child.

Colored crayons at five cents a box, blunt pointed scissors, ten cents, a large amount of wrapping paper for another five, and the child will be happy for days.

I show my children how to draw around a small drinking glass or a small plate to make circles, around a block to make a square, around a salt cellar to make an oblong and they delight in coloring their designs and then in cutting them out. This is fine preparatory training for writing. The general opinion is that children under five are not able to use scissors, but the majority

of children can use them at four years, some even as early as three and a half.

As the children grow a little older get them water colors. Such a box, next to modelling clay, has the most lasting satisfaction to children. The spoils they have played with can be colored and strung into necklaces, pictures cut from magazines can be colored while they may be encouraged to draw designs of their own on the wrapping paper and color them. Paper dolls cut out of fashion magazines may be colored and cut out. They not only cost nothing but give excellent practice to hand and eye. Always remember that any child who has had much practice in handling pencils and brushes has an immense advantage over others when he goes to school and begins to learn to read and write.

Country life has a great beauty and value for the growing child. His closeness to nature and all the natural processes which go on around him are an education in themselves. When he is too young to do more than look on, she is a wise mother who sees to it that he has that chance, that he sees the horses watered, the butter churned, the chickens fed, the hay cut, the cows milked and the garden planted. She will explain to him carefully so he loses no time in misdirected effort. When he is strong enough to take part in these activities his mother must see that he is given the opportunity to take part in family activities even though he seems to hinder more than help just at first. Great patience must be taken to respect his bungling efforts to join in the work done about him. If, in addition to the hand work mentioned, the country mother will see that her children are not cheated out of their birthright of a share in the processes going on around them she need not fear for her child.

A good kindergarten teacher gave me the following maxims to hang over my sink to read while the dishes are being washed and they have been the source of much interest to my visitors:

1. Little children wish and need to be doing something with their bodies and their hands every minute they are awake.
2. They need frequent change of occupation.
3. If I provide them with interesting things to do, they will not have time to be fretful or to do naughty things.
4. When I see my children harmlessly occupied and using their hands and bodies, I may be sure that they are educating themselves, even if I cannot understand the pleasure they take in their occupation.
5. When a child has a great desire to do something inconvenient, let me ask myself, "Why does he want to do it?" and try to understand and meet the real need which is apt to underlie the unreasonable request.

Little Babe

Thy wee, small fingers clasp me tight,
My little babe!

Thy mouth is like a rosebud bright,
Oh little babe!

And in thy blue eyes steadfast gaze,
Gleam innocence and truth's clear rays,
My little babe!

I pray my hands may guide thee right,
My little babe!

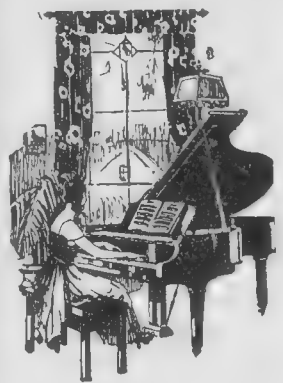
For thee God make my soul more white,
Oh little babe!

That through this strange world's
tangled maze,
Thou still may'st keep that pure, true
gaze,
My little babe!

—Elaine M. Catley.

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The Girl and Her Room

By Dorcas Webster

MOST of us could pause in the doorway of the room of the average girl, glance about observingly, and then write down a fairly accurate sketch of the leading characteristics of the occupant of that room. Straw, as you know, follows the way the wind blows, and the girl's room is sure to tell a great deal about her and her habits.

Just try this little game. Take a pencil and paper and stand in the doorway of your own room, imagine you are someone else, and jot down what you decide the girl who lives in this room, part of the time, at least, is like. Be perfectly honest and do not spoil the story for relationship's sake. If you have a roommate, make a different record for her. Ask her to make a similar record for you and then check them up together. Each one of you should agree not to be offended by the honesty of the other one.

It is always unfortunate when two girls occupy a room together and one does not do her full share in keeping things in nice condition. If both are negligent, the condition is quite serious. Carelessness, like other habits, soon fixes its clutches upon us and to allow ourselves to do less than our best is to weaken our character structure for all time. Even although we may turn a new leaf over later, we can never entirely make up for the time and advantage we have lost.

Read the following and perhaps it will help you to check up the twenty points indicated about your own room. You can allow yourself a credit of five marks on every point which you can meet fully and then, by adding up the credits, you can find your percentage mark in the care of your room very quickly. Remember that in many boarding schools, institutions of specialized training and colleges, girls are trained carefully to keep their rooms in nice order. A daily inspection helps them to keep the matter in mind, especially if they are penalized for not coming up to the mark. And, in a little while, a habit is formed and standards established which are of great value for the period of a whole life time.

Here are the points to consider:—

1. The *thoughtful* girl keeps her room in nice order because she enjoys having it that way. She wants to help her mother, or whoever may have the supervision of the room, by intelligent performance of her duty. Besides, she is never sure when her room may be needed for an emergency quickly, and disorder or confusion would be most unfortunate. Consequently, the first and general impression that a well-kept room should give is that everything is in its place.

2. The *fastidious* girl puts her clothing to air as soon as she takes it off. She brushes and makes any necessary repairs or attends to having them made, before her clothing is put away, so that everything is in order for immediate use when she needs it next time.

3. The *thrifty* girl does not permit her clothing to be tossed about carelessly or part of her garments to be hitched up on a hook or nail. She uses "hangers" for coats, waists and skirts, and arranges a suitable hanging space, protected from dust. If she does not do this, her clothes soon look shabby or mussy and she does not get the service from them which she ought.

4. The *observing* girl does not hang hat or wraps where the sunlight falls upon them when they are not in use for she knows that they will become faded and weather-beaten looking. After brushing them, she puts them away properly.

5. The *neat* girl sees to it that her dresser drawers are in nice order, that the covers on dresser, table, or anything else of this kind are beautifully clean, free from dust and litter, and nothing left in sight which is out of place. The neat girl appreciates the dignity of simplicity and does not have a lot of foolish bric-a-brac and odds and ends to handle every time she sweeps and cleans.

6. The *discriminating* girl has very few pictures on her wall, because she enjoys the restfulness and dignity of uncluttered spaces. The few she has are good of their kind, properly hung, and as free from dust on the back as on the front.

7. The *self-respecting* girl is as particular to have all out-of-sight corners in as perfect condition as what is in plain sight. She feels this is only a simple evidence of her house-wifely instinct.

8. The *independent* girl plans to learn how to do all the tasks well connected with the keeping of her room, so that if her dainty curtains need cleaning or laundering or a rug needs repairing, she can do a fairly workmanlike job. She may not know how to do all these things at once but, little by little, she can learn.

9. The *systematic* girl puts away unseasonable clothing, giving it necessary attention so that it will come out in good shape when wanted again, and she establishes a definite system of daily care of her room with certain days for the weekly cleaning.

10. The *time-saving* girl puts her bed to air as soon as she gets out of it and does not call her room properly attended to for the morning until the bed has aired at least half an hour with the clothing well loosened, and the windows open, and until everything is in its place, the carpet sweeper run around to pick up any loose litter, if need be, and the morning dusting of furniture and floor border attended to.

11. The *ambitious* girl reveals that fact by the appearance in her room of some books, magazines, or evidences of reading and study. It is true that there may be other places in the house for reading, but our girl likes to have a few minutes in the morning and at night for thoughtful pursuit of cultural subjects.

12. The *friendly* girl enjoys a room so inviting that she can bring an intimate girl chum or her mother into it for a comfy little chat and, to that end there is an extra chair or two, a foot stool, and a cushion so that the guest may be comfortable.

13. The *fair-minded* girl does not leave her belongings all over the house for someone else to pick up after her. She regards her own room as her special territory and plans to keep her things here as much as she can.

14. The *wise* girl does not let things get out of order. If a few stitches are needed or a tack, or a little oil on the hinges of her door she will supply them so as to insure that well-kept look which means so much.

15. The *industrious* girl will not depend upon everything ready-made or furnished by the hands of someone else. She will use some of her spare time learning to make useful things for her comfort and enjoyment. She will often find that she can make amazingly useful things at small cost by gathering up the fragments.

16. The *far-sighted* girl will arrange her schedule of time so that the weekly cleaning will be thorough in place of a mere superficial effort which only touches the surface of things. Her weekly cleaning will leave the room shining as to windows, corners and furniture which may need a little special polishing.

17. The *interested* girl will plan in advance to make the spring and fall cleaning brighten and improve her room in some permanent manner so that her tiny territory will not become shabby looking but will continue to grow more and more inviting.

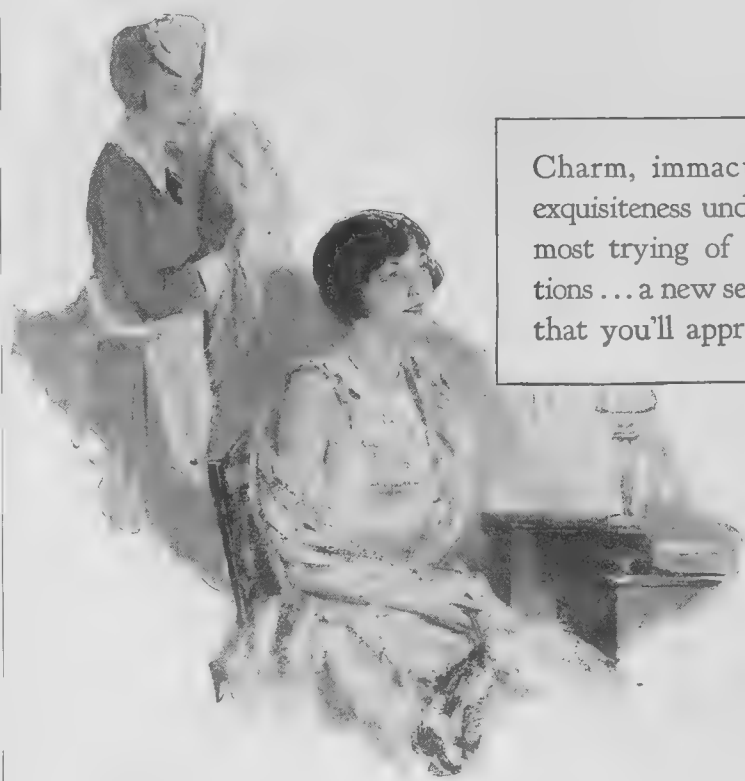
18. The *well-informed* girl will never tolerate a soiled brush or comb or a room at any time of year with an overheated temperature or a stuffy atmosphere.

19. The *handy* girl will have tools and materials for keeping her room in order, conveniently in place so that unnecessary time will not be consumed in collecting and using them.

20. The *active* girl will do what ought to be done when it ought to be done. For example, if she discovers finger marks on the door or door handle on Monday, she will wipe them away at once without waiting for the Friday cleaning day. She will arise a little earlier, if need be, to have time to take beautiful care of her room and before she retires at night, she will look about to see that everything is as she would have it for her own satisfaction or, in the event that illness should overtake herself or some member of the household during the night. After all, you know "preparedness" is one of the secrets of serene and successful living.

This New Way

In solving woman's oldest hygienic problem will make a great difference in your life



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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Graduate Nurse

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Obtain Kotex at any department or drug store. You ask for them by name and without hesitancy simply by saying "Kotex." Many stores have Kotex all ready-wrapped, on display tables, ready for you to take without even asking.

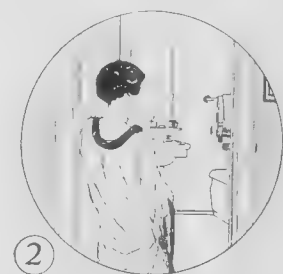
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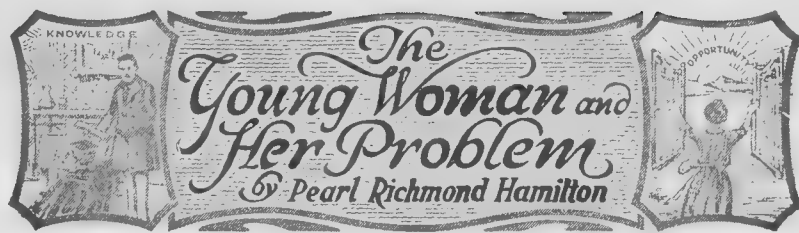
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TO

FROM



A Page of History

THE register at Government House contains a page that some day may be under a glass case in a Canadian section of a famous historical library. At the end of June our leading Canadian authors met in Winnipeg for the fourth convention and Sir James and Lady Aikins gave a reception in their honor at Government House. The gracious welcome and inspiration that radiates in the atmosphere of the hospitality of the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Aikins left a memory in the minds of the Canadian authors that shall no doubt be indelibly expressed in poetry and prose for years to come. It was an atmosphere of poise and power. The personality that comes from mental accomplishment made me feel that our men and women authors and journalists are a force back of the throne of Canadian nation building. They give us a vision of possibilities of beauty we do not see in our blindness—of hope and faith and accomplishment and attainment in a country that has no equal. Some day our men in office—some day our citizens shall recognize the fact that commercially our authors and artists of pen and brush are important factors in the building of a prosperous country. Other nations recognize this and pay well for the services of Canadian men and women authors, poets and journalists.

Why do our people buy poison trash that even breeds crime. When books and magazines containing the finest of mental stimulation and interest and educational instruction have such a poor sale that our authors must go to other countries for their living? I believe the greatest work for women's organizations in country, towns, and cities of Western Canada is a movement to boycott magazines and books that are poisoning the youth of our country. Why can this not be taken up as a definite work for the coming year?

Suppose no one would buy "Peppy Stories." Would the newsdealer place it on the table as bait for the minds of growing boys and girls?

He markets what his customers demand.

Shall our women remain indifferent while young people are demanding such reading material?

Try this—ask a certain newsdealer to handle magazines and books of the best. Then advertise this among the homes of your community. It would not be long until these homes would have only the best of literature. I am sure the dealer would make more—I am very sure there would be less crime, stronger boys and girls and more commercial prosperity in the town or community. It is worth the test.

It is a hard battle our authors and journalists have to fight against the poison mental drug of foreign reading material that fills the news-stands of Canada. It seems to me a person has a bit of the traitor in him who passes a clean Canadian publication and buys a magazine or book of vile low reading that is published in another country. So let us recognize the worth of our Canadian authors and journalists and buy their books and magazines.

This was an outstanding event when men and women mentally human and humanly mental gathered at Government House to pay their respects to Sir James and Lady Aikins

Caged Content

"THERE goes a pansy on wings!" exclaimed a little girl one day as a yellow and black butterfly flirted with the flowers. I am sitting in a park writing this—away from my favorite dwelling place in Western Canada. People say this is a beautiful resort. There are little lakes where

canoes sleepily slide on the silvery surface reflecting even the ruffle on my lady's dress.

Islands of green trees and white blossomed bushes rest and relax in drowsy content. Arched bridges connecting Japanese pagoda to a pebbly path in the sunlight invite the stroller. Homes on green terraced hills and cottages in the valleys satisfy the hunger for variety.

A zoo at my left where a caged lion heavily exists to eat and breathe, and his neighbor, the leopard, lives his unspotted life within iron bars—are obeying the discipline of quiet and repose. The animals are all caged—they have nothing to do.

Fish swim in their watered tanks—birds sing in wired cages—deer, ostrich and buffalo walk about within fenced enclosures.

Even Elephant Annie stands in her cement house.

There is no freedom anywhere. No effort—no resistance—no struggle.

Nature is so lazy here. To me the pictures are painted.

I am tired of the lakes that cannot muster up a healthy wave. I find no inspiration in artificial ripple. Even the water is not free to stir up a storm from its muddy bed.

This may all be beautiful. It is. The trees are big and luxuriant—heavy with leaves. Why shouldn't they be? They haven't a thing to do but grow.

The warm sun and rain feeds them. They have no furious forces of nature to resist.

To me they are big and fat and lazy.

I prefer the tree of the north—slender and wiry from the resistance of fierce icy winds.

Perhaps they have not a wealth of leaves but at my cottage on Lake Winnipeg I can hear them sing. Poplar leaves really do sing to nature's moods. They have sung to me stories of the birds of the air and the squirrels that hide their winter fare.

They have given me the message of the approach of Northern Lights—those colored glories of ice and snow that play strange symphonies of color and movement above. "Oh Canada!"

I like better my northern poplar tree that has time and space to listen to the whisper of wind and light. Here the leaves on the big fat oak that shades me are too crowded to bear messages beyond their leafy neighbors.

I am tired of the lazy lake with the treacherous quicksand around its shore that will not allow me to touch its waters.

Give me grand old Lake Winnipeg that roars and leaps in great white topped waves towards my cottage and rebukes me for sleeping away time's precious hours when there is so much to do. Great Lake Winnipeg sweeping down from the Arctic North all the fresh air of a healthy world to my door, feeding me with a tonic that inspires the satisfaction of struggle, resistance and effort. How can I create in an atmosphere of stagnant content where animals are imprisoned for man's satisfaction, where low treed hills say to the lakes at their foot: "Thou shalt not move"—where rambling rose bushes are not allowed to ramble beyond their ruled frame—where even a baby porcupine was not allowed to climb a tree after he had squeezed between his bars. How sorry I felt for the mother who could not get out of her cage when she saw her porcupine babe creeping away! Sometimes it is all right to run away.

I want to run away to the cottage on the Northern Lake where I can feel the challenge to strength.

I am sure the lion wants to go to his African jungle. He told me so from the corner of his eye as I passed his cage.

The ostrich is aching to run, the eagle is impatient to fly.

I, too, cannot be satisfied in an atmosphere of caged content.

Rag Poems

THESE lives in a little village in the North a woman who has experienced life's tragedies. She has a brilliant mind and is well educated. She lost her only daughter—a nurse—overseas during the war. Her husband was recently killed by accident.

This woman creates beauty in everything she does. She weaves rugs and every rug is a story—or a poem. Her latest rug is a story of her own life and this she has worked on for many months. There is light, there are shades—bright colors and drab. It is a work of art. When she had nearly finished the rug she said she could not go on with it. Something important must be woven in to complete it—and she left it for a time. Then came the sudden death of her husband. The rugs are to be left to her grand-children. What fine philosophy of life!

The creation of beauty and interest in our daily work. These are rag poems in this woman's life.

Along Life's Highway

WHAT is the outstanding characteristic of the Canadian people?"

Some one asked me the above question the other day.

I did not take long to answer.

"Sincerity and depth of friendship," I replied.

They are loyal, ready to respond in a kindly modest way to one in need and they value more than anything else honesty and integrity.

There are ups and downs in all lives but when one feels that others have struggles in a pioneer country, a fine bond of sympathetic understanding is created among one's friends and acquaintances and this makes it easier to "carry on."

Anyone who is familiar with Canadian history knows that the country was pioneered by men and women of marked integrity. They have not changed. We are inclined to judge from exceptions.

There is no country in the world with the natural resources of Canada. Trials and struggles there are to overcome and the fight against or with the forces of nature, but the very conflict is worth the battle, and there is triumph in the victory of it.

And it is our friends who make possible the successes of life. A man or woman is rich indeed who has experienced the wealth of Canadian friendship.

Salesmanship

NEAR me in this park is a woman who lectures to men's organizations on the subject of salesmanship. She is busy preparing new lectures. So she thinks in terms of salesmanship.

"Give me an idea for my page for young women," I asked of her.

"I presume your readers are girls and young women who appreciate the respect, friendship and love of men?" she replied.

"Yes, they are human," I responded.

"Then tell them they have selling values. They must study their markets—the type of young men, or man rather, that respect, admire and may love their personality. You can't sell diamonds to a butcher.

"He does not know the value of a diamond as does the jeweller. A man who is noble and fine mannered loves the beautiful in womanhood. You cannot sell him a face painted and rouged. A man with a clean mind looks for a pure-souled girl. Therefore, a girl may judge the type of man who is attentive to her from what he admires.

"It is well for a girl to study the personality of a man friend. Girls have great opportunity of convincing men of the value of religion. Let me give you a story of one girl's experience. They were discussing the question of religion and he cited an instance of the seeming failure of divine help.

"That was your fault—not God's," she explained. "You remember the other day the lights all over the city were out. The trouble was not with the source of electricity. Something was wrong with the machinery. The same is true of your difficulty. The fault was not God's—it was yourself."

This reminds me of an experience of a young woman in a company one evening.

A young man made the remark carelessly, "Oh, our ancestors were monkeys," whereupon a young woman of the party quickly exclaimed, "Your's may have been but mine were not." The remark impressed the young man so strikingly that he asked to be introduced to a young lady who expressed in this remark her faith in religion. A year later they were married. That remark was her selling value. The most popular young man of the party was her market.

Bliss Carman

A GROUP of friends recently presented me with a biography of Bliss Carman. Sometime ago I mentioned on this page Bliss Carman's wife. My information was wrong. He is not married. The incident mentioned must have been about his sister because the biography states he was never married. A few quotations from the book interest me intensely:

"Ultimately, Bliss Carman has no other purpose or aspiration than to live a normal and complete human life—a life unwarped in any direction, deficient in nothing human, rendering justice to body and mind and soul which means to beauty and truth and goodness. This he has found to be enough for one life work. Serenity, poise, balance, completeness—these words suggest something of what he has always sought to gain for himself and to communicate to others; but the one word that sums them up is happiness.

"Realizing that the end is the chief thing of all, he has cheerfully thrown aside every dispensable bit of baggage which might have impeded his progress toward the goal." He himself is a true poem.

"One may say with assurance of Bliss Carman that every road of thought and feeling which he travels long enough leads out and up to the thought of God."

"The Northland Trail"

Oh! the trail strings out to the Northern lights,

The long trail, the lone trail;

Pigmy forest and river still,

Tundra rough and barren hill,

Scaring blast o'er the wide sand bar;

And the cry of the wolf for his mate afar.

God! how the white of the weakling shows
On the long trail, the lone trail;
Pain that is part of the wild north moan,
Bites into heart and flesh and bone,
And ever the white death lurking there;
By the long lone trail neath the Northland air.

'Tis a short cry back to the man wolf days,
By the long trail, the lone trail;
When a man is blood of the padded feet,
And the lust to kill makes his footsteps fleet,
For he needs must eat or he else will die;
By the long lone trail neath the cold grey sky.

And the baser breed have trod the trail,
The long trail, the lone trail;
Where the law is naught but a futile frown,
And they tread its fragile barriers down;
And the curse is set in the native child,
Of the long lone trail thro' the Northland wild.

And ever and ever on it goes,
The long trail, the lone trail;
And stripped is man of his man-made creed,
And ever he answers the call of need,
For the God of man is revealed up there,
On the long lone trail thro' the Northland air.

—John Bathurst



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Write Murine Company, Dept. 95, Chicago, for book on Eye Care.

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Modes for Late Summer Wear

SMART simplicity is the base of prevailing fashions, though an abundance of plaits, frills and ruffles may disguise it. Even the tailored garments show touches of lace and jabots of chiffon. Soft and light-weight fabrics are having their "day" and one may travel "light" or be coolly clad at home in sheer fabrics that are fascinating and flattering in lovely designs and colorings.

Tub dresses for morning wear may be of washable silk, linen or crepe. For afternoon dresses, crepe de chine and printed silks are in vogue.

Evening dresses of filmy crepe or chiffon or lace are altogether sleeveless, and usually are made with a matched cape or wrap.

A long coat is a necessary convenience even during warm weather for traveling, motoring or for sports use. Warm woolen material or taffeta may be used for a coat of this kind. Black taffeta with white lining is extremely smart.

If one is going on a week-end trip one may take a sports dress for day wear and a dance frock for evening wear. The ensemble costume has been found to be a very practical traveling costume.

Dresses of gay flowered printed crepe or voile are attractive and youthful, but one should have other dresses to relieve the sense of sameness which a dress of this kind causes when worn often. These "flowered" dresses are so easy to make, especially in the new 54-inch materials, that one may indulge her desire for a variety of them without great expense.

A chic tennis dress would be the one in the new "jumper" or "blouse ensemble" style. Balbriggan, flannel or crepe de chine are favorite materials for this style. Chintz and cretonne are being used for dresses for country and beach wear.

Black or blond lace dresses and dresses of lace and chiffon combined are beautiful and serviceable for summer evening wear. Lingerie and net dresses are also revived. Youthful dance frocks are made of plain or flowered taffeta, trimmed with flowers and ribbons, narrow laces or velvet. A slip of satin or supple silk should be worn under such dresses.

A trim two-piece tailored suit is quite in style this season and very youthful. Flared and straight-line dresses are friendly rivals. A long coat of charmeen is shown with a deep flounce below the loose-fitting waist portions. Raglan sleeves make this model very comfortable.

A coat of satin has ripple revers and godets set on below the hips. The godets are braided in soutache. For utility wear a coat dress with straight lines and diagonal closing will be comfortable and in good style. This could be made of charmeen or taffeta and have close fitting or bell sleeves.

Try a round yoke and jabots of plain silk on a dress of striped wash silk. Striped cotton broadcloth in designs similar to those seen in silk is popular for day dresses.

Jaunty short jackets of chintz are worn with dresses of plain linen or voile. Long coats also are made of chintz bound and faced with or having collar and cuffs of plain linen or satin.

Softness and service makes voile a very attractive material for simple dresses. It may be trimmed with lace or be embroidered or decorated with drawn work.

A slip-over dress of figured voile is made with a small puffed sleeve below a kimono shoulder. A wide band of pin tucked plain voile encircles the skirt and makes a boyish "bosom" inset on the front. This youthful model is nice for girls of eight to fourteen years. Embroidered voile or Swiss may be used for a little girl's sleeveless dress. Rows of lace insertion trim the skirt crosswise and finish the round neck and kimono sleeve.

Dresses entirely of eyelet embroidery or trimmed with it are shown in linen and lingerie fabrics. Eyelet "allover" in colored batiste was used for a one-piece dress which is faced at the hem with plain linen cut in deep scallops.

On the front of a sports dress of soft striped silk crepe tiny bows of plain crepe in a contrasting color form a very pretty trimming.

5161—Figured silk and crepe de chine are combined in this pretty model. It is also good for printed crepe, for batiste or handkerchief linen. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 1½ yard of plain material 32 inches wide for flounce and cascade and 2¼ yards of figured material for the dress portions, if made as illustrated in the large view. Without the cascade 1¼ yard of plain material is required. The width at the foot is 2½ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5173—Checked gingham combined with cotton crepe is here portrayed. This model is also attractive in tub silk with batiste or linen for the guimpe. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 1¾ yard of 36 inch material for the jumper, and 1¼ yard for the guimpe if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves the guimpe will require 1 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5159—This will be very attractive in checked or figured silk. It is also pleasing in crepe or charmeen. The vestee and peasant sleeve portions may be of contrasting material. The peasant sleeve may be omitted. This pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size if made as illustrated in the large view will require 5½ yards of 32 inch material with ¼ yard of contrasting material for the vestee cut crosswise. With peasant sleeves ½ yard of the same material as the vestee is required. The width at the foot is 2¾ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5176—Dimity, dotted Swiss, crepe and crepe de chine are materials attractive for this style. The yoke may be of embroidery or lace. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 1¾ yard of 40 inch material with ¾ yard of contrasting material for the yoke. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5157—Gingham or percale would be suitable material for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3¾ yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5180—Here is a simple apron model readily developed and easy to launder, and a practical "oven cloth" for holding hot pans and other oven utensils. The pattern is cut in one size: Medium. To make the apron will require 1¾ yard of 36 inch material. The oven cloth requires ¾ yard of 30 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5177—This attractive little play dress has the bloomers with straight lower edges and a smart toy pocket on the front of the dress. Gingham, percale, crepe or linen could be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3 year size requires 2¼ yards of 36 inch material. If pocket is made of contrasting material, it will

require ¼ yard 9 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4734—In this model the little miss may have the same flare effect in flounces and sleeves, that mark this new feature in her grown up sisters dresses. This is a very pretty style; one that will develop well in organdies or voile. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6 year size requires 3¼ yards of 32 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5156—This attractive model combines a brassiere and slip, which may be finished with scalloped or straight lower edge. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3 yards of 36 or 40 inch material. The width at the foot is 1¾ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5155—A house dress for stout figures with slender hips. Dotted percale, printed crepe or voile, as well as gingham or linen may be used for this design. The panel may be of contrasting material. This pattern is cut in 9 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. A 42 inch size requires 4¾ yards of 36 inch material. For the panel of contrasting material ½ yard cut crosswise is required. The width of the skirt with plaits extended is 2¾ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5173



5161



5159

5175



5157



5177



5180



4734



5156



5174—Crepe de chine and lace are here combined. One could have the yoke of embroidery or of contrasting material. The model is excellent for wash materials and for silk. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the yoke. If made of one material $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4843—Plaid gingham with facings of linene is here portrayed. This is also a good style for flannel, alpaca, crepe and linen. The sleeve may be in wrist length, or, in short length finished with a cuff. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material. For collar facings and cuffs of contrasting material $\frac{1}{2}$ yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5163—Cambric, crepe, nainsook, as well as silk and crepe de chine may be used for this design. The pattern may be finished with shaped shoulder or camisole top. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material if made with shaped shoulders. If made with camisole top $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards are required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5168—Chintz with binding in a plain color is here shown. This is a good model for rep, pongee or linen. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4694—Pongee, linen, kindergarten cloth, gingham and seersucker are good materials for this design. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2,



5160—This little frock has the back quite flat, while the front has added fullness in the plaited flounce. The sleeve may be short or be finished in wrist length. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves $\frac{1}{4}$ yard less is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5169—This model is very attractive with its jabot feature. It is especially appropriate for mature figures and may be developed in silk crepe or crepe de chine. As pictured, figured silk and georgette are combined. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40 inch figured material and $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of plain material. If made entirely of one material $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4 and 6 years. A 4 year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material. To make collar, cuffs, belt and pocket of contrasting material as illustrated, will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5153—Two piece dresses are much in vogue at present. The design here portrayed shows the skirt with the new inverted plaits, and the blouse with fullness in front below the yoke extensions of the back. The collar is also new and smart. This pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 36 inch material. If bodice is made of lining or other contrasting material it will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The width of the skirt at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard with plaits extended. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

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Apply Hinds Honey and Almond Cream with tips of fingers. If badly burned, wet clean linen and cover surfaces, renewing frequently. Cools, soothes, heals and often prevents peeling.—Never rub tender skin.



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For the Needleworker

NOVELTIES THAT ARE USEFUL

AND DECORATIVE

A NEW SERVICE

WE are presenting this month a number of needlework features in a new kind of service, which we believe will be of great interest to our readers.

The following paragraphs present ideas from some of the most popular crochet books we have been able to find, and also stamped needlework pieces. These books may be obtained at 15 cents each by addressing the Fancy Work Department of the Western Home Monthly, or the stamped needlework pieces and the necklace scheme may also be ordered by sending remittance at prices quoted. Be sure to mention color and give the number of articles desired.

AN EASILY MADE NECKLACE

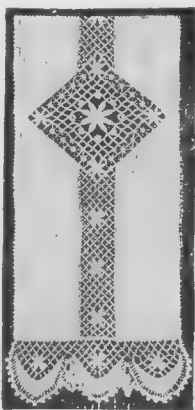
This necklace scheme has met instant favor everywhere it has been seen. It lies flat and is just over 1/2 inch wide; it is more than forty inches long and the tassel can be made as much longer as you desire with the oversupply of beads. It is a scheme

of sewing or stringing beads and is so much more quickly worked than crocheted models. This package, No. 2,000, provides everything required, and our very simple instruction sheet makes it possible for even a child to work it. We offer this in colors that are not readily obtained, gold, Russian red, turquoise blue, and jet black in the highest quality of cut beads. The package includes four bunches of beads, an imported fancy jewel pendant of the same color as desired in the beads, two spools of the proper silk twist, two special

bead needles, and, as a premium, we are including the wonderful bead bag book No. 13, which shows the very prettiest models in crocheted and knitted bags with very explicit and illustrated instructions for crocheting with beads, which has been so hard for many persons to learn. The entire offer is 60 cents.

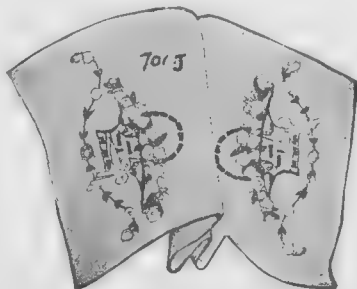
THIS PRETTY CLUNY SCARF

In book No. 04 we have this wonderful cluny scarf—the most wanted design in needlework today. With all its beauty it is simply made and to learn this stitch is to use it in preference to filet and the older pattern. This lace is applied to round centre pieces, yokes, boudoir caps, curtains, all shown in the book which has been the most popular of all in the past season.



A SCARF IN TINTED DESIGN

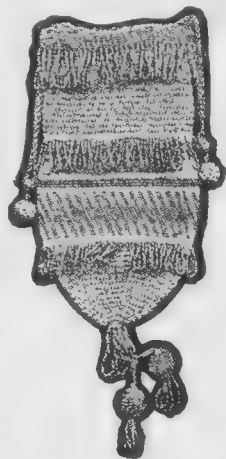
This lovely design is tinted in five colors at each end of the 17 by 42 scarf, on excellent quality of Tan Art Cloth. Large



skeins of No. 5 Perle Cotton for the five colors are included in the packet No. 701J. Some of the beautiful edgings in book No. 12, mentioned below, will be well adapted to this scarf.

NEW BEADED BAGS

Our picture shows one of the lovely crocheted models in beaded bag book No. 13. There are seven other beautiful patterns easily followed from the clearly given instructions, and the very large illustrations.



Beaded bags promise to be popular for a long time to come, and all of our needleworkers will be delighted with this wonderful selection in book No. 13.

THE CHILD'S PLAY APRON

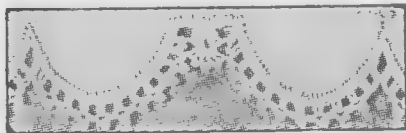
Here we show a dainty play apron for the tot of five years or under. It is the Noah's Ark apron, showing the various animals, which are so interesting to baby, and the elephant teacher standing on the circus tub will greatly amuse the tots, with his school for duckie, doggie and kittie.

The apron is stamped on a good quality unbleached muslin, and includes five yards of blue bias tape of the new double fold style, which is easily applied for the entire edging and collar line. Full instructions are given. Thread is furnished in several colors, and the circus tub on which the elephant stands is finished with bands of bias tape, alternated red and blue, all of which makes the apron a joy for our kiddies. It will launder forever and will be a keepsake in after life.



NEW SCALLOPED EDGINGS

The beautiful crocheted scallop edging shown here is just one of sixteen neat schemes of this same sort shown in the edgings book No. 12. Scalloped edges of



this sort are beautiful when applied to pillow slips and household linens, and so many workers have never been able to get the diversion in these rounding edges. The scallops are shown actual size in this book, with fullest instructions. The book also contains many good features for the embroidery worker.

REGARDING ORDERS

Books Nos. 04, 13 and 12 are sent postpaid at 15 cents each.

The Needlework Packets No. 2,000, No. 71 and No. 701J may be had with all supplies mentioned, at 60 cents each.

Be sure to mention colors, and the numbers of the articles wanted.

Address the Fancy Work Department of this magazine.

Home Dressmaking Lessons

LESSON VI

By Margaret Smith

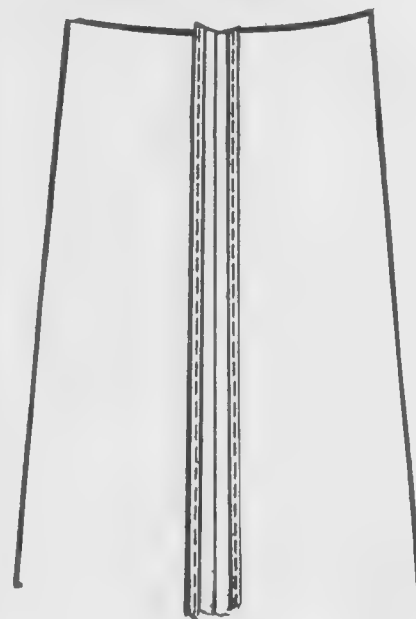
WHEN the cutting of a garment is finished, the seams, pleats, pockets, etc., are tailor-basted before removing the pattern. The tailor-basting stitch is one of the most useful stitches used in dressmaking. It marks both sides of the garment and solves the difficulty of getting both sides exactly alike. When the tailor-basting is finished, remove pattern, cut stitches apart and commence basting the garment together. Pin all seams together before basting, otherwise one side of the seam will invariably be eased into the other, and will not hang properly. Pin shoulder seam perfectly even at neck and armseye on the fitted line. Any unevenness must be cut off. When basting the shoulder

should measure the same as the armseye, it will look too small when basted, and the garment will have the appearance of being gathered to the sleeve. All sleeves must be eased into the garment to fit properly, and prevent the sleeve from twisting at the upper arm. Never allow pleats to form in the sleeve. Spread the fulness evenly.

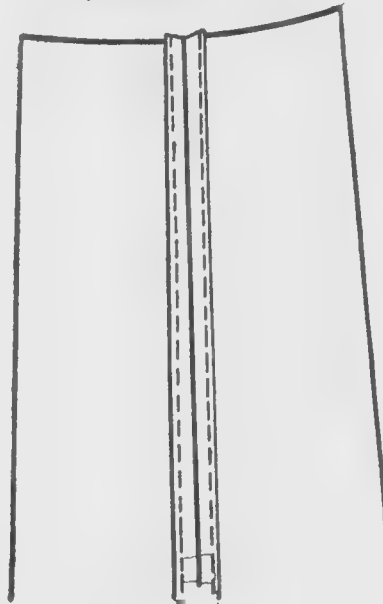
Bind the armseye seam with a bias piece of thin material. When finishing the lower edge of sleeves, it is not advisable to turn up a hem of the material. It is better to face with a bias strip, or a facing cut to shape. Always slip-stitch facing. Do not machine-stitch, unless it will be covered with a cuff.

Girdles and belts should be stitched

Bound Seam



Stitched Seam



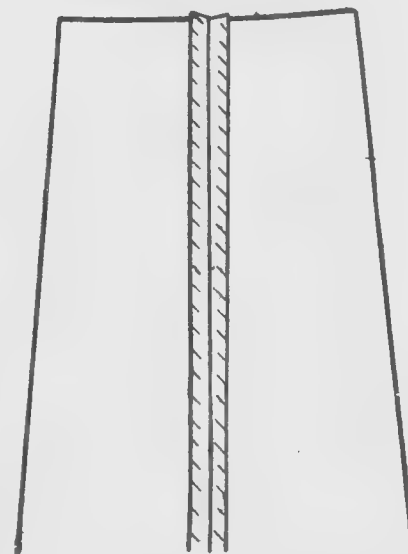
seam, always hold back seam towards you, as the shoulder seam at back is a quarter of an inch longer than the front. By holding the longest side nearest you, it can be eased to fit the shorter side without showing any fulness when stitched and pressed.

Pin underarm seam even at armseye and continue to the bottom of skirt. Lay garment flat on table when pinning the underarm, or any long seam. This ensures a correctly-balanced seam. The seams of sleeves should be pinned even at armseye and wrist and any fulness gathered to fit at elbow. If there is a dart at the back of the sleeve, have the point of the dart at least one inch below the elbow, thus allowing room to bend the arm.

All one-piece dresses should have a dart on the front of the underarm seam below the armseye. This serves two purposes. It gives the fulness required for the bust and prevents the dress poking out in front. Nothing spoils the appearance of a dress more than having fulness in the centre front of the skirt, which is liable to occur with any full-busted figure. For very stout figures it is sometimes necessary to put in two darts, one at underarm and another at the hip-line, which may be covered with a narrow sash.

Placing sleeves in the armseye is usually the bugbear of the home dressmaker. First stitch sleeve seam. Then, holding the sleeve toward you so as to be able to regulate the fulness, pin the sleeve notches even with armseye notches and ease in the fulness. Pin all the way around before basting. Most of the fulness should be in the front of the sleeve, never gathered in a heap at the top of the sleeve. Sleeves should always be larger than the armseye. If the sleeve

Oversewn Seam



with a quarter inch seam on wrong side, and turned to right side, using a small safety-pin or a hair-pin at one end, and pushing through to the other end. When pressing girdle, have seam at one side, not in centre, or it will show a mark on right side after pressing.

Machine-Stitching

USE silk thread for silk and woollen materials. Never use a silk spool and cotton in the bobbin. Silk thread is elastic and stretches with the wear of the garment, consequently wearing longer.

Use cotton thread for all wash goods, as fine thread as is permissible for the goods. Numbers 60 to 100 are most satisfactory, never heavier than 50 unless for very heavy material.

Always stitch from the top of a garment to the bottom, never from the bottom to the top. Where one side of a seam is bias and the other straight, always stitch with the straight edge uppermost toward the needle. The foot of the machine pushes the straight side, and the feeder eases in the bias, and an even seam results. When stitching very thin material, such as chiffon or georgette, good results may be obtained by using strips of thin paper placed in the machine under the seam. This will prevent the material from stretching or puckering. The stitching cuts the paper and it can be quite easily removed.

For stitching heavy material use a longer stitch than for fine material. Machine stitching should look exactly alike on both sides of the seam.

Finishing Seams

DIFFERENT seam finishing is necessary according to the quality and weight of the material.

Heavy material should have seams about $\frac{3}{8}$ in. wide, bound at edges. Bias binding is used, some thin material such

chiffon, a very small French or hemmed seam is most suitable. See diagrams 3 and 4.

On wash goods, the hemmed seam is the most satisfactory as it both washes and wears well.

Pressing

GREAT care is required in pressing, as a garment can be spoiled by careless pressing. The most important thing to remember is to use a damp cloth only when absolutely necessary, as a damp cloth used injudiciously can ruin some materials beyond repair, such as silk crepes. It should only be used on woollen materials, and even then it is advisable to use it only on the seams. Use a small piece of the material dipped in water to moisten the seams when pressing. Do not let the water touch any part of the garment but the seam. This will be sufficient to make the seams press flat without shrinking the material. Dampen only a little of the seam at a time, then press, until all the seam is finished.

Dampening of seams should be used only when the material will not press flat without being moistened.

Use weight in pressing heavy goods. Do not rub the iron back and forth as this will glaze the material on the right side. A steady weight is required, having the point of the iron exactly in the centre of the seam. A very hot iron is not needed for silk, and much weight is not required for silks and crepes. Always press on the wrong side of the garment, except in the case of tailored garments when a damp cloth is necessary.

Possibilities of Village Choral Work

MUSIC these days is casting its benign influence over rural districts as well as larger cities. There was a time when outlying people did not have the same opportunities of hearing and rendering good music as their city cousins, but fortunately, through the propagation of music in the schools, player pianos, phonographs, etc., that difference has largely been eliminated.

Today in many Canadian rural districts music is being "put over" in an ambitious way. More pupils are studying music. There is concrete evidence showing a desire on the part of the musical organizations to get together and put on miscellaneous concerts, choral evenings, orchestral performances, and other musical attractions to create popular interest. The idea of school music, too, is growing, and so on.

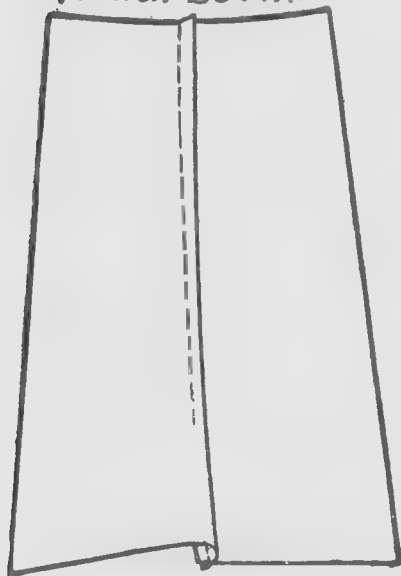
In this particular article, however, it is the writer's intention of pointing out some of the possibilities of village choral work which may have been overlooked in some sections. Probably the best way to do this is to refer to a parallel case in England as told by the choir-master of a rural parish church. He says: "As a rule the village church choir is so weakly constituted that it is impossible to aspire to anything out of the ordinary, but where there exist other places of worship, in addition to the parish church, much could be done if the members of the various choirs would unite in one body to sing."

"Such a thing is done, and most successfully done in one village I know, the parish of Cheddar in Somerset. Here, each choir, Church of England, Wesleyan, and Baptist, unite every winter and learn a really good work, rendering it at the end of March, or early April in each place of worship, before assured large congregations. By this means, not only is harmony in music acquired, but also harmony in the social side of village life.

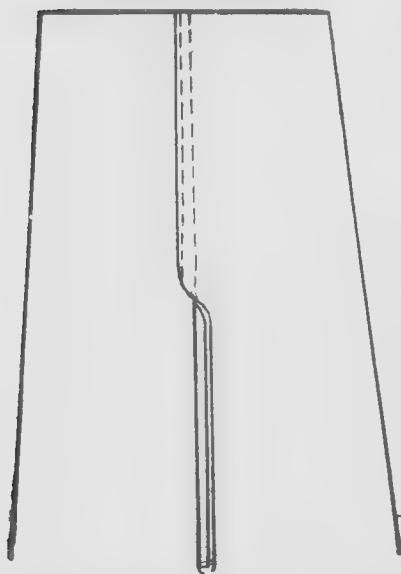
"Practices are arranged once a week, and care is taken that the usual choir work of the various churches is not interfered with, and the only unhappy time is after the final rendering of the work, when they know that they have finished until the next Autumn."

There must be rural places in Canada like Cheddar, self contained, equally capable, and able to find their own soloists, organist, pianist and conductor for such an enterprise, which undoubtedly furthers the cause of music generally.

French Seam.



Hemmed Seam



as silk or silk taffeta, or the binding which may be bought ready to sew on. Heavy materials such as sateen or Roman satin should not be used as they prevent the seams pressing flat. See diagram 1.

For medium weight materials, make seams $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide. Turn in a quarter inch at each edge of seam and machine stitch. When the seam is pressed open, it gives a well-finished appearance. See diagram 2.

The seams of silks or thin materials should be oversewn with a silk thread of the same shade as the material. Allow the stitches to lie loosely over the seam. This makes a neat finish. See diagram 3.

On transparent materials such as voile, georgette, crepe-de-chene or



Symbols of health and happiness

Fairy grains that raise and keep them in the children's cheeks

RED, rosy cheeks are the symbols of healthy childhood. Sparkling eyes, the challenge of good health.

The wonderful fairy grains, puffed to eight times normal size, give rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes.

Changeable appetites of childhood demand variety. These fascinating grains meet every demand in the many ways they may be served.

At meal time or in the evening, serve them with milk or cream. After school the children like to fill their pockets with these delicious nut-like grains.

Quaker Puffed Rice and Quaker Puffed Wheat are the whole grains, rich in minerals and carbohydrates. Milk or cream adds vitamins. They satisfy youthful hunger but they do not tax youthful digestion.

* * * *

Your grocer has both Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice.

For variety, keep a package of each in the house all the time.

* * * *

When making taffy or fudge for the children, instead of nuts use Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. They are a welcome change, easily digested and very wholesome. The children love them.



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10 Prizes **\$5⁰⁰** 50 Prizes **\$1⁰⁰**

Grand Total, 63 Prizes
Contest Closes Sept. 30th

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I could not get your outfit No. 43 at my dealer's, so enclose 75c for same, which please send me at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Province.....

Wild Geese—Continued from page 8

Lind felt her indignation mounting once more against Caleb. This was criminal, denying the girl what education was at hand.

"Oh, my dear, hasn't your mother a thing to say about it? Do you want to go?"

"Wantin' and goin' is two different things," she replied, looking into the pail between her knees.

"But, Judith," Lind said earnestly, bending toward her, "is there no way to arrange for your going—can he not do without you here?"

"He can, but he won't. There's no use talkin'." Judith shifted her great body on the milk stool. She seemed to have grown suddenly shy, with this talk that lay so close to her inmost desires.

Lind rose and touched Jude's shoulder. As she did so Caleb appeared from the end of the barn. He glanced sharply toward the girls once, and then looked studiously away.

"You'd best go. He ain't likin' you bein' here," said Judith.

Feeling helplessly a culprit, Lind picked her way back across the rutted ground. She decided to go early to the schoolhouse and air the place thoroughly before the children came. It would give her something to do.

THERE stood the schoolhouse, across the trail from the Gare farm. It was low and square, and built of uneven logs; the white paint of it had peeled and fallen off here and there in large flakes. There it stood in unashamed relief against the gray-green haze of spruce and tamarack.

Lind would have liked Judith's company that first day at school. A teacher who had formerly taught at Oeland had told her of how he had actually been trampled in a stampede that had broken out among the young ruffians from beyond Latt's Slough.

By nine o'clock the schoolroom, the porch outside, and the playground were overrun by the youthful demons who had gathered from miles around for what was an acknowledged holiday. Lind rose from her desk and rang a small bell, which instantly brought order out of chaos. There was a general scamper indoors, and a hurried selection of the best and most remote seats by the stronger of the small band. Lind looked down upon the children, and saw that every seat was occupied; a condition that would never prevail again throughout the term. The children, some of them six feet tall and well on in their teens, had come from every direction, even from other districts—half of them with the sole purpose of conveying to their elders their impressions of the teacher at Oeland, and with no intention of coming a second day.

Lind sat at her desk and introduced herself. There was a dead quiet while she spoke. Every eye was fixed upon her face.

"We are going to have a very nice time together here, I know," said Lind. "You will keep the seats you have for today, and tomorrow I shall move you about according to your grades. Don't you think that will be best?" She smiled down at two of the ruddy-cheeked girls who sat together at one desk, and because their opinion was thus sought they nodded their heads energetically, and afterwards whispered to each other how pretty the new teacher was.

Lind opened a large black record-book and began to take their names, up one row and down another.

"Thorvaldson—Sophia, Anna, Una," Lind repeated after three little girls in the foreground with pigtailed as white as snow. Behind them sat two boys from Yellow Post, half Cree, who did not know their last names and looked back in great fright to their elder brother, who sat in the rear.

And so on down the line. The Sandbos, who lived two miles to the east of the Gares, and five of whom attended school. The black-eyed Hungarian Klovacz children, whose father had a homestead several miles east of the Sandbos'. The Bjarnassons, who came from the great lake on the west, and drove seven miles to school. Swarthy-faced young tartars from north of Latt's Slough, momentarily impressed and suppressed, most of them were too old to go to school, and

would probably not appear on the second day at all.

Lind saw with relief that she had captivated the children. There would be no trouble. She looked around at the dingy whitewashed walls.

"We shall have to have some pictures," she said. "How would you like to do a little painting this morning?"

There was a vigorous assent. A little apple-cheeked Icelandic boy from the Narrows and a half-breed girl from Yellow Post importantly passed around the paint boxes and coarse paper Lind had found in the store-closet.

And so the first day of school began at Oeland.

IT was April, and the little buds were opening stickily on the elms and tingeing their boughs with purple and brown. The cottonwoods were festooned with ragged catkins. A softness was unfurling like silk ribbons in the pale air, and the earth was breaking into tiny warm rifts from which stole a new green.

The children came to school in the mornings with their arms loaded with the long green catkins of the gray birch, which Lind told them was the *Betula lutea*; which they promptly forgot. The ditches along the wood road became a gray blur of pussy-willows; and one day Lind heard the first robin. It was a time of intense wonder in the north, after the long, harsh months when the heart is shut out from communion with the earth.

Lind frequently walked alone through the green filter of light in the woods that led away from the Gare farm northward to the farm of Fusi Aronson.

She thought of Caleb Gare and Amelia, and wondered how a human soul could keep from breaking utterly. Lind had awakened early one morning and had looked out from her window to see Amelia staring with transfixed eyes at the dawn—at something beyond the sky, it seemed. It was not like a farm woman to do that. There must be some reason for Amelia's endurance. Was it a hope of compensation of some kind? The children? No, there was not enough affection among them—after the precious flame had been sucked into the very earth upon which they lived—to make the sacrifice worth while. There must be something else.

On a Friday evening Lind prepared to leave for the Sandbos', whose homestead was in sight down the wood road from the Gares'. Caleb and Martin were repairing the chicken-house, removing the winter sod from the roof and sparingly inserting shingles where there were leaks.

Judith came out of the house with the teacher, who had with her a small bundle. Mrs. Sandbo would expect her to stay the night, at least.

"I'm goin' to ride down with you—the cattle are down that way," said Judith, glancing toward the chicken-house, where Martin was standing on a ladder swinging a hammer upon the damp shingles. Judith turned toward the log barn that crouched like an old moss-backed turtle between the wagon-shed and the granary.

Except for the blows of Martin's hammer on the soggy shingles there was not a sound abroad. The air and the earth seemed to be held together in a glass bowl. There was that thin lustre over everything that comes only on a clear April evening. The dark, clinging smell of newly-turned soil rose like a presence.

Lind was glad that Judith was to accompany her. They would have many things to talk about. Even at her age Judith had a certain fineness of mind which came, perhaps, from the seasonal contact with the teachers of Oeland, but more from a deep native consciousness drawn from Amelia. Lind delighted in the rich spontaneity of the girl, in her native reactions. She saw much less of her than she might wish to. Caleb saw to it that Judith was busy about the place or in the fields during the day, and at night she wished for sleep more than for the comfort of friendship.

The teacher stood below Martin and talked to him while she waited for Judith. Caleb had gone into the tool-shed near the barn.

"Martin, it must be wonderful to make things—and mend them with your hands," she ventured. Martin talked so little. He had not yet voluntarily addressed her.

He looked down at her and half grinned, drawing in his under lip bashfully. "Taint so wonderful—got to do it in any kind o' weather," he managed to say. His long, dull face became suffused; he intently inspected another shingle.

Poor Martin! At twenty he understood only one thing: work.

Caleb came out of the shed. With his left hand he brushed the left side of his weedy moustache: a gesture that had become familiar to Lind. He did not look at the teacher. She was rather glad that he had adopted the policy of ignoring her. It gave her more opportunity to watch him.

JUDITH, mounted on the mare, Lady, beckoned to Lind. Caleb turned and saw her.

"Too early to go for the cattle," he said, lifting the bank of his eyebrows toward her meaningly. "That old seeder has to be fetched from Thorvaldsons'. Charlie can bring in the cattle."

"Charlie can get the seeder," Judith said in a clear voice. She sat straight and formidable in her saddle, facing Caleb coldly. Of the two, Lind felt that the girl was the more to be feared in sheer physical power.

"Did you hear what I said, Jude?" Caleb asked, handing a box of nails up to Martin. His voice was gentle, casual.

In answer Judith wheeled the mare toward the gate and started down the wood road. Lind mounted the pony that the Sandbo children had left for her. She met Jude on the road, her face dark with anger. "I'm through puttin' up with it!" she flared. "He's got to quit thinkin' we're animals he can drive around."

They rode along together for a short distance. Then Judith turned to go back.

"It's no use—he'll take it out on ma. He knows I'm goin' to the Sandbos'. Find out if Sven is really comin' home, will you, Lind?"

The teacher had asked her to call her "Lind."

She nodded in response to the girl's request and rode on down the shimmering wood trail. In the shallow ravine on either side lay a mist of flowering dogwood trees. Behind her, growing fainter now, came the thudding sound of Martin's hammer on the rotten shingles of the chicken-house.

THE Sandbos boasted a frame house, and a wire fence around their buildings, not a sagging wooden one such as the Gares did with. The entire place was so overgrown with choke-cherry and wild plum trees that in a short time now the house and barn and cow-shed would be hidden in a white nebula. This beauty was more by accident than by design, for Mrs. Sandbo would have preferred the frame house to be in full view to passers-by the whole year round. Frame houses were rare at this distance from the Siding of Nykerk.

In a remote time, which Mrs. Sandbo liked to speak of as a year or two ago, the family had lived in a small village where a locomotive and passenger coaches were seen three times a week, and where a freight car was a daily sight and nothing to be marvelled at. The Gare children, never having been beyond a radius of ten miles from home (save perhaps Martin and Ellen on their trips with the cattle to Nykerk), had never seen one of these wonders of modern times, and as for having ridden on one—! Well, the Sandbos, all of them except little Lars, who was born at Oeland, had ridden on the railway. So, although they were friendly enough from Mrs. Sandbo's point of view, there was an unspannable gulf between the two families.

Mrs. Sandbo, having lived in a village, awaited Lind in the parlor. This was the thing to do. Emma, a pious girl of fifteen who still attended school half days, was still and sober in a clean dress which had been donned for the occasion. She ushered Lind into the presence of her mother without a word. She suffered, in fact, the sensation of strangling until the teacher was out of her sight behind the parlor door.

All the blinds except one were closely drawn in the room where Mrs. Sandbo sat. There was a dry smell of wall-paper, as if the windows had been nailed down since the day the room was decorated. Mrs. Sandbo herself looked like wall-

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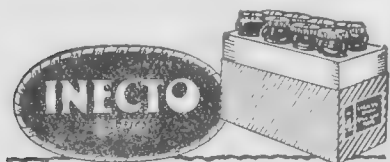
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spoke proudly, had gone to work in town. He was expected home in May.

Emma, the eldest daughter at home, spent much time thinking. At least, her eyes were always downcast, her full, healthy face inscrutable. Lind watched her come up the path leading Rosabelle, the Jersey. She clumped along, a great hulk of a girl, in step with the cow.

"What are you dreaming about, Emma dear?" Lind called to her from where she sat on the stone step of the milk-shed.

Emma looked up, confused. Lind drew her down beside her on the step.

"What are you thinking of, Emma?" she asked again.

But Emma blushed more furiously than ever, and Lind concluded that if she had really been thinking of anything, it was just as well unsaid. Emma kept her silence and got up to milk Rosabelle. Her thoughts were, indeed, too profound for utterance.

When Lind was out of sight Emma burst into tears of emotion. The teacher was too beautiful and too sweet. She could not endure familiarity with her.

Such was the effect of Lind's coming to Oeland.

On Saturday evening Lind walked home through a fine mist drifting down from the swamps that lay to the northward.

Against the strange pearly distance she saw the giant figure of a man beside a horse. As she walked across the field he came toward her, and she saw that it was Fusi Aronson, the great Iclander. Lind had spoken to him only once before, when she and Jude had found the cattle over on his land.

He doffed his hat when she spoke to him, and returned her greeting in his quaint English that seemed odd in a man of his size. There was a vast, rough charm about the man. He was grand in his demeanor and somehow lonely, as a towering mountain is lonely, or as a solitary oak on the prairie.

Fusi walked back with her along the margin of a stand of spruce that pointed up blackly above the mist.

"I was just thinking how lucky you people are up here to have spring so close to you," Lind said, glancing up at him.

"Yes, we are very, very lucky," he responded slowly, carefully. "But few of us know it."

"Don't you think most of the farmers realize it—in one way or other?"

"No," he said. "Here the spirit feels only what the land can bring to the mouth. In the spring we know only that there is coming a winter. There is too much of selfishness here—like everywhere."

His voice was deep, sonorous, the tone almost oracular, as if his statement were made as much to the air as it was to Lind. She looked at him furtively.

"I wonder just what Caleb Gare was feeling about this—this mist," she ventured.

"Caleb Gare—he does not feel. I shall kill him one day. But even that he will not feel." There was no anger in Fusi's voice. Only deep, prescient certainty.

Lind started.

"Why?" she murmured.

"He took the lives of two of my brothers. There was epidemic here with the Indians some years back. It was a snow-storm, and my brothers asked in at his door. They were blind from the storm. They were not sick—my brothers. But Caleb Gare feared the sickness—it was the devil sickness—he feared for himself. And he closed the door in their faces. One I found dead a mile from Caleb Gare's farm two days after the storm. He was frozen so stiff we could not put on him his Sunday clothes and he was buried just so he was. The other died from the cold. I could not get it out of him, how long I worked. But first he told me about Caleb Gare."

There was iron in Fusi's voice. His face against the darkening air was like iron. Lind was silent. Fear had come to her. Fear of this harsh land.

Far overhead sounded a voluminous, prolonged cry, like a great trumpet-call. Wild geese flying still farther north, to a region beyond human warmth—beyond even human isolation.

LIND stayed in the schoolhouse working over the children's lessons usually until the light faded and she knew the Gares would be sitting down to supper. Although they were crowded with work,

Wild Geese

Continued from page 43

these were lonely hours, when the last sunlight streamed in across the deserted desks and blurred with a vague gold the dusty blackboards, so that you could not make out the awkward figures that had been written upon them.

Lind would often take out from her desk drawer the letters she had received from home in the twice-weekly mail, and, ashamed and impatient with herself as she would feel afterward, she could not check the tears that rose to her eyes. And then, strangely enough, she would wipe her eyes and suddenly realize that it was not herself that she had been thinking of at all, but the Gares—Amelia, with her inviolable reserve and quiet graciousness, behind which she lived who knew what life; Ellen, prim to a point of agony, Martin, the stumbling dreamer, forever silent in his dream; the boy, Charlie, whom Caleb pampered and played against the others; Judith, vivid and terrible, who seemed the embryonic ecstasy of all life; and Caleb, who could not be characterized in the terms of human virtue or human vice—he was a spiritual counterpart of the land, as harsh, as demanding, as tyrannical as the very soil from which he drew his existence.

The teacher was lonely, and even more conscious of the stark loneliness of Amelia, of Judith, of Ellen and Martin, each within herself or himself. Work did not destroy the loneliness—work was only a fog in which they moved so that they might not see the loneliness of each other.

Days came when the loam was black and rich with rain. Judith and Martin, being the strongest of the workers under Caleb Gare, carried the soil's heaviest burden. Judith mounted the seeder and wove like a great dumb shuttle back and forth, up and down, across the rough tapestry of the land. In the adjacent field Martin worked with the bowed, unquestioning resignation of an old, unfruitful man. Occasionally Judith threw a glance at him. Then she would scowl and exclaim profanely to the plodding horse.

What with the work in the fields and the occasional trips with axe and saw into the bush, there was not much time for play. And in the evening the body and the brain would be heavy with sleep, and there was nothing to do but throw oneself down like a spent animal and seek oblivion from thought and feeling.

Lind felt that the rigid routine of the farm was imposed by Caleb to keep anything out of the ordinary from happening. And nothing happened: nothing happened. Day in and day out, not a soul came to the Gare farm; not a soul left it, not even to visit the Sandbogs, two miles or less away. And Caleb went about with the fixed, unreadable face of an old satyr, apparently indifferent to what went on, unconscious of those about him; beneath, holding taut the reins of power, alert, jealous of every gesture in the life within which he moved and governed.

SUNDAY formed a sort of interval.

Caleb was the only one of the family who attended church at Yellow Post, but since the minister preached there only every third Sunday, coming all the way from the Nykerk parish, the amount of spiritual guidance the others missed was not so great as it might have been.

It happened that the second Sunday after Lind's coming was Easter Sunday, and a new minister was expected to hold services. Amelia rose as early as on weekdays, although usually an hour's grace was allowed on Sunday, to prepare Caleb's breakfast and lay out his white collar and black-broadcloth suit with the greenish-velvet lapels.

His shoulders were not as square as they had been the decade or so before when the suit had been bought, and the back of the coat hunched up and made a little groove just below the collar, which Amelia could not remove with any amount of pressing. Each time he put the coat on she was afraid he would notice it and complain of her careless treatment of it. Amelia had had to wash the stiff collar he had bought through the mail-order catalogue, and its wings

had lost some of their contour in the starching. So by the time Caleb rose and knocked on the ceiling to waken the children, and then came into the kitchen to wash, Amelia was thoroughly worried about how the day would go.

"MARTIN washed the gig over yesterday—after work. It looks real nice," she said to him cheerfully as he spread the shaving soap over his jaw. Ever since they were first married Caleb had looked most human and likeable when he was lathering his face preparatory to shaving, and she had often approached him at such times with requests or confessions that she dared not make before or after his toilet had been completed.

Caleb stopped his razor-blade to his satisfaction before he replied. He always took his time in answering Amelia. It gave him leisure to weigh his words and to create a certain uneasiness in the woman concerning his reply, that was flattering to him even when the matter under discussion was a trivial one. This morning he was in a generous mood.

"Martin did well. I'm half a mind to take him with me. He's a way of doing things without being driven to it," he chuckled, as though there were some underlying humor in the observation.

"Martin would like to go," said Amelia, careful not to make her voice too eager. She set the coffee on to boil. Then she went to the door and stood for a moment looking down toward the wood road where the willows were drooping in early bud as delicate as a green rain.

It would be sweet going to church this Easter morning, she thought. It was a long time now since this had been a reverent custom with her. Amelia had been Roman Catholic before her marriage to Caleb Gare. There had been one Easter more blessed and more joyous than all the others, when she had ridden across country to church with Mark Jordan's father. She had been a girl then—such a girl—not like her own daughters, but like Lind Archer.

Her heart caught her suddenly, and her cheek warmed at the little disloyalty to her own flesh and blood. No reason why Judith or Ellen should not be like Lind. Was there none? A strange little jealousy crept into her breast. Lind had undoubtedly gone to church on an Easter Sunday, just as she had done—perhaps even sung in a choir, just as she had done. Jude and Ellen knew nothing of such things.

Caleb did not see fit to permit them to go to Yellow Post services, where the lusty young swains of the entire countryside gathered to worship in good weather. He had once remarked pointedly to Amelia that, as she well knew, little good would come of their mixing in with that lot, and their salvation might easily prove their damnation. Amelia had seen through his pretenses very clearly. And she had come to regard with a bitter humor the sermons he brought home each Sunday after he had been to Yellow Post, genially reading the text from the Bible and giving a résumé of the minister's words as nearly as he remembered them, all before dinner. She forgot the sweetness of the willows and went back to the kitchen stove with the faint tightening about the lips that was all that was ever visible of Amelia's impatience with her lot.

THERE was no sound in the kitchen save the crackling of the wood in the stove and the little scraping of Caleb's razor. In the loft above she could hear the children stirring, and she hoped they would not delay in coming down. When Caleb saw his collar it would be enough to set him off without further vexation.

Lind was the first to come down. Amelia glanced at her quickly and saw how pretty she was in a blue-silk gown that seemed to make her hair even more lustrous and her skin more delicate.

"Let me set the table for you, Mrs. Gare," Lind offered.

"No—don't bother," said Amelia in an abrupt tone that made Lind look at her in surprise. A slight flush came into Amelia's cheek. She could not understand herself for hating the girl at the moment. "You go out and see how nice it is," she hastened to add, "and Jude'll be down and set the table."

Wondering a little, Lind went out to the corral, where a pair of yearlings came up to the wooden bar and reached out their muzzles at her for stroking.

Caleb finished shaving and pulled on his starched white shirt. Then he picked up the collar Amelia had laid out for him. He looked at it once and laid it down again without a word. Amelia, stirring porridge on the stove, prepared herself for his usual sneering comment. She was thankful Lind had gone out. But no remark from Caleb. He left the collar where it was and passed softly into the other room.

Jude and Ellen and the boys came down one after the other, and breakfast was on the table in a few minutes. Lind entered from the front doorway that looked out on the horse corral, and her silk gown billowed softly in the little breeze that came in behind her. She carried an armful of pussy-willows that she had gathered in the ditch near the schoolhouse, and placed them in a basket near the organ. Ellen gave them a glance and went into the kitchen abruptly.

"Clutterin' up the house like that," she sniffed to Amelia. "Father will have something to say about her takin' it on herself."

Amelia sighed. "Let him say it, then, Ellen," she replied. "Go and eat your breakfast. Tell the others to sit in. He'll not get to church if we don't eat right away."

On Sundays Caleb said grace. Meals on the other days were taken up with discussions of things on the farm. Lind and the others bowed their heads, but Judith sat upright and looked straight ahead of her. She forced herself to think of something else until Caleb had said "Amen." The thing that actually came into her mind was that he had not the Lord to thank for what they were about to receive, but her, and Martin, and Ellen, Amelia, and even Charlie, whose downcast face was hiding a grin.

"I'd like to take you with me this morning, Martin," said Caleb. "It'd do you a heap o' good, gettin' out among young people for a change. But I don't want you to be ashamed o' your own father, Martin."

Martin's long countenance lifted questioningly. He did not understand what Caleb meant, and before the teacher he dared not ask. So he fell to eating his porridge again, slowly so that he should make no uncouth sound in Lind's presence.

EVERY one ate in silence. An expression of pained regret had come over Caleb's face when he spoke. Amelia knew what that meant. What he was about to say was designed to mortify her, she knew.

"No, Martin, you'll have to wait until some time when I have a clean collar to wear," he said, slowly, mildly, almost humorously.

Amelia's face flamed. Her eyes darted to Lind to see if she had heard. But the teacher went on serenely eating her breakfast.

Judith spoke up, in spite of Amelia's quick frown. "Well, I guess you'd have plenty of clean collars if you'd buy more than one a year," she snapped. "And send the stiff ones to Nykerk instead of expectin' ma to do 'em up."

"You're right, Jude. You're right," Caleb chuckled. "Guess I'm a little careless." He pushed his chair back and rose from the table. "Mind hitchin' up Lady, Charlie. You and me'll go to church anyway, collar or no collar." He turned his stooped back upon them and shuffled into the kitchen. Amelia followed him.

"Caleb—you're not going to church without a collar on?" she said in dismay.

He turned slowly and looked at her. "Think the Icelanders'll see what a fine wife you are, eh?" he asked softly. "Well—you go talk to Jude. See she looks to her manners. That young one is gettin' a sight too smart. Understand?" The sour grimace appeared on his face that Amelia was so used to seeing there. He ran his hand over his moustache as if to wipe the expression away. He put on his coat and went out of the house. Amelia was thankful that he had not noticed the hump behind his coat collar.

She hurriedly cleared the table with the girls, and spoke to Judith in a low tone. "You must not cross him or be cheeky to him, Jude. You know he's getting old and can't stand it," she murmured, so that Lind should not hear.

"He's no older now than he ever was. He's always been as bad, and I'm through standin' for it," Jude replied promptly.

Continued on page 46



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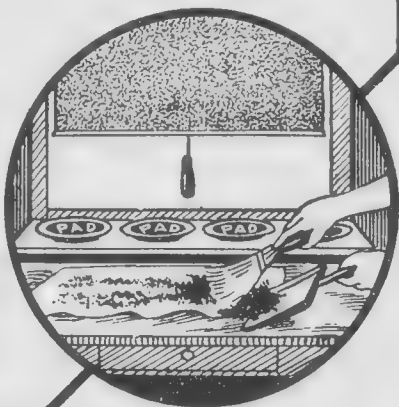


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Wild Geese—Continued from page 45

and in no low tone. "Seems to me I've just started growin' a brain enough to know I hate him!"

"Judith!" cried Ellen, aghast. "Your own father!"

"He's not! I don't care if he is! I don't give a — for him, and you shut up with your talk!" Jude cried, wheeling upon Ellen.

"Be quiet, Jude!" Amelia said calmly. "You're crazy to go on so! Before strangers!"

Lind had discreetly slipped out the front door.

"She's been that way ever since the teacher came. As if nothing here is good enough for her any more," Ellen said tartly.

"That's not so! The teacher has nothing to do with it. I've stood enough of his bullyin' of all of us. If he doesn't get a man here soon I'm goin' to leave!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Judith. You have no place to go," Amelia told her.

"Haven't I? You'll see!" She went on drying the dishes then without another word. Ellen's face was a study.

Lind crept under the fence of the sheep-pasture and set out across the field. The scene was painful enough without further agonizing Amelia with her presence. Distressing conflicts of this kind had become increasingly common. She felt vaguely that her coming had seemed to incite Jude to greater rebellion.

Lind wondered, as she had wondered time and again since her coming to Oeland, if there was any means in her power by which she might bring a little happiness into the lives of the Gares. And then in a moment she was overwhelmed by her helplessness against the intangible thing that held them there, slaves to the land. For it extended further than Caleb, this power, although it worked through him. Lind found herself longing for some one of her own world to talk with, some one to whom she might escape from the oppression of the Gares.

Judith surlily attended to the milking and helped Amelia with the separator, then took Turk, one of the colts, out and proceeded to break him into the saddle. The outraged animal threw her twice, while Martin looked on with a dry smile on his face.

"I don't need to be thrown, Martin," Jude protested. "But I kind 'o like it."

"Aw—yes you do," Martin grinned. "So does Turk."

"Well—you see if he does it again," she retorted, jumping into the saddle once more.

Lind, who had returned from her walk came and sat on the ground beside Martin. He moved over for her deferentially, and blushed. It was a beautiful morning, full of sunshine, and with Caleb away the atmosphere on the farmstead was almost radiant. Lind felt a releasing of reserve among the children, although there was not much difference in their conduct, and delighted in being with them. She stared at Judith on the plunging horse, her amazement at the girl's dexterity increasing every moment.

THE animal reared and snorted, pawed the air with his forelegs and tossed his mane like a black cloud. It was a handsome colt, slender and glossy as black satin, with a fine, blazing eye. For a half-hour Jude wrestled with him, careening in mad circles about the corral, taking near somersaults as the horse's forelegs bent under him and his rear hoofs shot into the air time after time. Her laugh rang out in peals; her eyes were full of mockery. When she came close to the bar of the corral, Lind could see that her wrists, about which the rein was tightly wound, were bleeding.

"Don't you think she ought to stop, Martin?" Lind asked anxiously.

"She wouldn't," Martin said shortly. "He's near done."

When it was over, Jude unsaddled the panting, froth-covered animal, and threw herself down beside Lind and Martin.

"Nothing like a little exercise to make you feel good," she said, wiping her wrists. Her cheeks were deep red, and little beads of moisture shone on her upper lip.

"You're marvelous, Judie," Lind said admiringly. "but you did frighten me once or twice."

"Gee, it's a great day, Mart," Judith

observed lightly. "Couldn't you manage to sneak the spring wagon after dinner and take us up to the Slough? I'd like to get some crocuses. The air smells full of 'em."

"He'd say you was gaddin', like as not," Martin returned dubiously, but his eyes were unusually bright as he leaned back on his elbows and looked on the distant horizon. "I might try, though."

Lind looked from one to the other of these two Gares, with mixed feelings. The height of their desire this precious April Sunday was to go gathering crocuses, and, simple as the wish was, they took it for granted that somehow it would be denied.

"He'll be back from church about now. Sorry you couldn't go, Mart?" Judith's eyes twinkled with mischief, and Martin in appreciation smiled his twisted smile.

THE rattle of a buggy sounded down the road and Martin rose quickly to unbar the gate. Presently Caleb drove in, with Charlie sitting very straight and important beside him. It was the first time in his life that Charlie had gone to church, and the experience had left its mark on his face and bearing much as a physical shock might have done. Martin, in his quiet, perceiving way, looked at the boy as he got out of the gig. Caleb went on to the house, leaving the two boys to unharness.

"How'd ye like it?" Martin asked.

"I liked the singin' all right, but the rest—I dunno as it was wuth goin' for," he said, with a non-committal swagger, hands thrust in pockets. "But the singin'—yeah, it was pretty good. Everybody sung. I sung." He looked down sheepishly and kicked a pebble along the ground. "You better go next time, Mart. There was a lot o' guys there from up north way. An' some girls. I didn't talk to 'em, though—I mean the guys. Pa said not. Said they was Swedes an' like ta beat a little fella like me up—huh—I could o' licked any o' 'em!"

Martin led the horse to the corral. He saw that Lind and Jude had gone indoors. He was glad. Lind's presence was disturbing to him; he did not know why. Charlie walked thoughtfully beside him.

"Say, Mart—does pa think he's goin' to make us all stay here after we get big?" he asked, frowning. He was an undersized lad and looked up to his brother with some respect because of his superior height. As Caleb had always made a favorite of him, and was amused by his heedlessness, he had nothing but contempt for his sisters, who had been trained never to disobey their father or to speak impudently to him.

"Well, I'm big, Charlie, ain't I? I guess like as not we'll all stay," Martin replied soberly. So now Charlie was beginning to wonder, too.

Charlie was silent as they went to the house. He was only fifteen, it was true. But today he had heard singing, and had found he liked to sing with a lot of young people like himself or a little older. There was one boy there he would have liked to talk to. The boy had a red tie, and put a contribution in the plate from his own pocket.

Before dinner on Sunday it was the custom for the family to assemble in the sitting room and hear Caleb recite the sermon that had been delivered at Yellow Post Church. Although for reasons of his own he did not think it well to permit the family to go to the service, he felt that it was unbecoming a Christian to keep them from the grace of God's Word.

"Will you join us in hearin' the sermon, Miss Archer?" Caleb asked the teacher when Amelia was drawing the chairs into a semicircle in the middle of the room. His manner was his best: suave, gentle and benevolent. He had taken the Bible down from its place on the shelf above the organ, and held it a little distance away from him as he had seen the new preacher do, as if not to desecrate the book by contact with his sinfully human person.

Lind could not well refuse. She sat down with the others, and Ellen at the organ played "Lead, Kindly Light." Then Caleb held up a hand and intoned the Lord's Prayer. His voice was miraculously soft. Suddenly Lind found herself wanting to cry out against the farce and confront Caleb with the monstrosity of his act. But she sat silent.

Caleb opened the Bible and read:

"Again, I considered all travail, and every right work, that for this a man is envied of his neighbour. This is also vanity and vexation of spirit.

"The fool foldeth his hands together, and eateth his own flesh.

"Better is an handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit.

"Then I returned and I saw vanity under the sun."

Caleb paused, cleared his throat, and looked significantly at each member of the family, dwelling last upon Lind. The teacher stirred with discomfort under the steely condemnation in the old man's eyes. His voice went on, rising to a grand sonority.

"There is one alone, and there is not a second; yea, he hath neither child nor brother; yet there is no end of all his labour; neither is his eye satisfied with riches; neither saith he, For whom do I labour, and bereave my soul of good? This is also vanity, yea, it is a sore travail.

"Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour.

"For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up.

"Again, if two lie together, then they have heat; but how can one be warm alone?

"And if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him; and a threefold cord is not quickly broken."

Caleb sternly closed the book. "So endeth the lesson," he said huskily.

THE children, waiting for the end of the ordeal, had only half heard the words. But Amelia, naturally pious, had drunk them in. One phrase stuck in her mind. "The fool foldeth his hands together, and eateth his own flesh." That was what he was doing. That was what she was helping him to do. Eating his own flesh, here on the land. But for her there was no alternative, no choice save which of her flesh she should eat. Oh, God, it was unendurable! Caleb was going on—and on—the sermon—the new preacher's sermon.

"So must we, who dwell in this lonely land and strive to live Christian lives on the acres the Lord hath given us, cling together for warmth and for good reward for our labor. 'Better is a handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit.' Better live here like we are, poor but content, 'han to seek the world and all its vices for enlargement of our worldly wealth. That, Jude, is for you to think of carefully, and for you, Ellen and Martin, and, like as not, for you, Charlie. 'For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe'—hear me—'woe to him that is alone when he falleth.' Do they understand the lesson, Amelia?"

Amelia murmured, "Yes, I think they all understand it." She could have shouted aloud, beaten his face for his hypocrisy. She could have risen and belabored him with all her strength for his bland misappropriation of a noble passage from the Book that had given her many an hour's comfort. But she did nothing but sit and listen attentively until he had, in a hushed voice, given the last blessing.

"This was not strictly an Easter Sunday sermon, you understand. But Reverend Blossom thought it more like for us to have a sermon that would fit in with the season, so he said. What do you think, Amelia?"

"I think it was a well-chosen sermon," said Amelia quietly.

Then they all rose and sat down at the table, while Mrs. Gare brought the food from the kitchen, and Judith, yawning with boredom, helped her.

ON the following Friday, Gertrude, Bjarnasson, who had been friendly toward Ellen the time or two that she had talked with her at Yellow Post, invited Ellen and the teacher for a visit, sending the message to them through the younger children who went to school. Ellen made so bold as to ask Caleb for permission to accompany Lind to the great stone house of the Icelanders on the lake.

Caleb regarded her with pained surprise.

"Do you want them to show you their fine house, and their fishin'-nets, and their boats, and their windmill, when

your own father is too poor to have such things? You know how much better they think they are than us," he said gently, wagging his head, "but if you must go—"

Ellen sighed. She had never been at the great stone house. She would never, perhaps, be permitted to go. But it was of no use to protest—Amelia would be seen weeping a short time afterward if she did. There was nothing to do but bear with things. And wonder if Malcolm would ever be coming back again. He had said—ah, yes, he had said that he would in the spring.

It was just a year since Malcolm had left to work in the lumber mills to the south. And before that there had been only a week or two of incomprehensible, guilty rapture. Malcolm had kissed Ellen but once when they were alone in the barn after milking. An unromantic place save for the witching flood of light from a full moon. It had been a moment of unforgettable bliss.

Had Malcolm been less diffident that evening, had he seized the opportunity and taken her away before she had time to reflect, everything would have been different. But Ellen, sustained by her habitual loyalty to Caleb and by the fact that Malcolm had Indian blood in his veins, regained overnight her unbending control, and Malcolm, wounded and perplexed, went away soon afterward. It was only the pain in her eyes that she could not hide that prompted him to tell her that he would be coming back again. And here it was spring—after the long winter.

So, without Ellen, Lind went home that Friday evening with the children of the Bjarnassons, the great clan who lived to the westward.

The air was soft and vibrant with the whirr of migratory wild fowl. Rain-pools filled the ditches along the road, and lay like stained glass in the low sun; the overhanging willows were in full leaf now, the sedges vividly green and as yet unbowed by a single wind. Such a new, ecstatic world of growth! Behind the Bjarnasson children in the cart, Lind held out her hands as if to gather in the beauty of it from the wide air.

In the great stone house on the lake dwelt four generations of Bjarnassons. Old Erik, who was among the first of the Icelanders to settle at Oeland, had seen his land pass in turn from his son to his son's son. Erik was well into the eighties now, a time for dreaming much, and fishing a little when the sun was warm on the white rocks in the cove. Young Erik himself was married long since and sent his children to the Oeland school. It was young Erik's father, Mathias, who had built the stone house.

Mathias was a massive man, sixty now, but eternal in endurance, eternal in warmth and hospitality of nature. The house he had built with his own hands was like him, was a square stone image of him. He had excavated the earth and built its rugged, lasting foundation; had hauled stones in slow wagon-loads, and with the care and fineness of a woman patterning lace, had fitted them together in the mortar and had built four broad walls to the blue.

In all that region there was not another house like it.

Its western windows were aflame with light from a red sun like a welcome when Andres and Helga drove up the road with the teacher. Below the house lay the lake, wrought through and through with silver and rose.

HELGA escorted Lind into the house.

The immaculate kitchen had a warm, good smell, like cinnamon. There were round "rag" mats on the floor, which was white as bread.

Helga's mother had never been in Iceland, but her English was so little used that it baled here and there. Such was the isolation of the place.

"You will like coffee now, maybe," she said to Lind, half shyly. "Bring the teacher a chair, Helga."

She hurried about, a round little figure of a woman with a round, unchanging face. From an immense wooden cupboard with red glass doors she brought out cups and saucers, and certain thin wafers rolled up tightly in sugar. And while Lind ate and drank she sat with her hands clasped in her lap, never saying a word.

Continued on page 48

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Wild Geese—Continued from page 47

From an inner room Lind heard a steady, muffled sound, between a hum and a purr.

"It is grandmother spinning," said Mrs. Bjarnasson. "She is blind, but she spins. She spins all of our wool."

"She speaks no English, of course," said Lind.

She spoke none. But when Lind went in and shook hands with her the ancient lady raised her face to hers as if she were looking at her with recognition. She was so stooped that as she sat at the spinning-wheel her head was almost level with the distaff.

She murmured something in Icelandic. "She means that you are good to look on," said Mrs. Bjarnasson the younger. "She always says she can see people's faces when they speak the first time to her. She will tell your fortune if you ask her."

Lind was eager to hear the old lady, who drew aside from her spinning and took both of the teacher's hands in her own withered ones. She held them and turned her knotted, brown face, that had something of the sheen of a cocoon, upward to the light, her eyes sealed.

She spoke rapidly, in a queer, lilting voice. The younger Mrs. Bjarnasson interpreted as she went along.

"She says you will have a lover very soon," Lind was told. "There is a shadow over him. You will never know the secret of him. But you will be happy. That is all—that is enough, she has told you."

Lind laughed, but a ripple crossed her heart.

"Does she always tell the truth?" Lind asked.

"Wait and see," said Mrs. Bjarnasson, nodding her head.

Superstition here lay along life in a broad vein.

The men came in to supper from work in the fields and along the shore: young Erik's brothers, Peter and Valdemar, and his cousin Johan; Mathias laughing mightily at some joke he had turned on one of them.

They spoke in the Icelandic, simple and rough, not thinking to change on behalf of the teacher. They spoke no ill; why should they affect a strange tongue to prove it? Each greeted Lind with an awkward politeness. The women of the family they each kissed in turn. It was the custom.

THERE were other women in the family as well: Gertrude and Althea, sisters of young Erik, and Althea, his maiden aunt. The women were in constant attendance upon Lind, to see that she was at ease. While supper was being prepared the elder Althea, who was somewhat intellectual, brought her a book of Icelandic sagas translated into English, and placed a stool under her feet to insure her comfort; then she moved as quietly away as a wraith.

The supper was a vast affair of fish that had been brought from the "great" river, dried meats, potatoes, and many kinds of crisp sugared cakes, and many cups of coffee. The men ate heartily of the fish, lifting it in their hands and consuming head, eyes and all. To Lind it was a revelation.

A wind rose suddenly before the meal was over, and in a surprisingly short time the lake was breaking in a long shudder against the rocky shore. Quiet descended upon the family group, as from some unseen force outside.

"Baldur will not rest tonight," the elder Althea murmured in her language. Her eyes were bright and strangely young, although she was fifty and had never married.

"Baldur was a fool to defy the lake that night. He will be a long time on the bottom," grunted the younger Erik. But he started as a door slammed to in the upper part of the house.

"Tell the teacher," Gertrude said. She was round-eyed and pretty. She had stared uninterruptedly at the teacher throughout the meal. Now there was a detached look in her face.

"The teacher has heard, like as not," began young Erik in the uneven vowel-tones of the Icelandic. "The Gares know, I think."

"No," said Lind. "I have not heard anything."

"The lake has two of our family. One, my brother Gisli; one, my sister Althea's promised husband. They were friends, and they quarreled. They carried their quarrel into the lake in two boats. It was a storm—the lake took them. We have not yet found any of them—not a small sign. Until so, we do not let others fish in the lake. Caleb Gare, he says, yes, he shall fish. We say not. We are a family, Mees Archer—a great family. We shall not let others in to fish where our dead lays buried," young Erik ended sternly.

The wind and water screamed against the shore. Lind trembled and thrilled.

"No, they will not rest until we find them," said the elder Althea. Her niece and namesake sat still with her eyes downcast.

There followed tales of supernatural events, of visions and omens, and of disaster that befel the unheeding. The great, grizzled Mathias told solemnly of the ancient pride of the Bjarnassons in Iceland, and of the dire fate of one who was disloyal to that pride, to that great bond. Told of how the curse of the ancients fell upon him, and of how his days were a torment and his nights a madness, so that even death could not bring forgetfulness.

There was a weird poetry in Mathias' telling, the great rhythm of melancholy romance. He had lived much in communion with solitude, and had come to know that there is an unmeasurable Alone surrounding each soul, and that nameless and undreamed are the forms that drift within that region. So that it was well for the members of a great family to cleave together and so ward off the menaces and the dreads of the great Alone.

When the teacher went to bed finally, the storm had abated. High above the soughing of the wind under the great eaves of the stone house, Lind heard the trailing clangor of the wild geese. Their cry smote upon the heart like the loneliness of the universe—a magnificent seeking through solitude—an endless quest.

The second installment of this gripping novel will appear with the September issue on the first of the month. Lind and Mark Jordan meet; Sven Sandbo returns home, much to the annoyance of old Caleb. The tense feeling between Gare and his daughter Judith breaks out continually now and a definite break cannot be far off. Tell your friends of this convenient way in which they can read the finest piece of fiction of the year.

A Woman's World

Continued from page 10

the day, you have all the elements for a love story.

The first day she told him her name was Marion and the second day he asked her if he might call her by it.

"We've only known one another a few days," she said, laughing, then, as he looked crestfallen, she added, "but of course you can call me Marion if you want to."

"If he wanted to!" He wanted more than that. He longed to put his arms around her and kiss her, but there was a certain self-possession in her manner in spite of her friendliness which held his youthful ardor in check. He could hardly

have told why, but he knew that she didn't belong in his world, the world of work and struggling; she seemed like a fairy princess and with her he seemed to be living in a dream from which he would awake only too soon.

ONE thing that puzzled him was her manner to her aunt. She treated the elderly lady with an easy familiarity, but evidently she was accustomed to giving orders: then she seemed to make all her arrangements without consulting her aunt.

"Will your aunt mind?" Chester asked one day when they were planning an excursion.

"Oh, Auntie," she appeared amused at the thought. Oh, no, anything I do is all right."

As they strolled home after one fishing session he asked her if she had any brothers or sisters.

"I have no one," she answered sadly. "Not a soul in the whole wide world."

"But your aunt," he reminded her gently.

And then again there was that little amused laugh.

"Oh, Auntie, she doesn't count."

Chester's work made little progress during the days of his stay at the cottage, but they were halcyon days for him; the girl friends of his adolescence had been girls he had known from early childhood, with whom he had played and fought, and the women acquaintances of his business life were either obviously out for marriage or a career. This girl was different: he instinctively sensed that she regarded him as a friend that chance had placed in her path for a brief moment only.

ON the last day of his stay at the cottage he had asked her to spend the day with him; they were to go fishing in the morning and then have lunch, and in the afternoon they would sit in the shade of the trees and in the evening they would walk home and say goodbye.

The thought of the impending farewell cast a shadow over the day. There is always something sad about the "last time." Even Marion Deane's gaiety seemed dimmed; she was quieter than usual and when they walked back to the cottage she walked with a listless step, unlike her light tripping tread, even though Chester carried the largest bass they had caught on the dual fishing sessions.

With her dainty white dress covered with a gingham overall in which, to Chester's eyes, she looked more beautiful than ever, Marion prepared the fish and together they laid the table. What fun it was searching for the few pieces of silver and cutlery, unpacking the cake "Auntie" had made that morning and arranging the strawberries on the top.

"I knew they'd squash if Auntie put them on at home," said Marion, surveying the shortcake with pride. "Now I'll take off this apron," she cast it off as she spoke, "and we'll pretend we're at the Waldorf-Astoria."

"Without the waiters," said Chester. "I don't think I should like to have lunch at one of those swell joints."

"All you have to do is to eat," said the girl, casually. "It's really easier than having to help things. See what a time you're having with that fish," she laughed merrily. "If that fish had been served at the Waldorf-Astoria it wouldn't have any bones."

"I bet it wouldn't taste half so good," said Chester, handing her the plate. "I'll say you're a swell little cook."

Miss Deane flushed with pleasure. "I haven't had much practice lately," she said, "but in the old days I used to do a lot."

The strawberry shortcake came in for more praise and then they had coffee, which Marion Deane made in the one saucepan the establishment boasted, while Chester stood by her side watching the proceedings with grave interest. How lovely she looked, with her face flushed

by the heat of the stove and the little dampened - by - the - heat locks straying over her ears and forehead.

It was paradise to be with her, but tomorrow he would be at work again and she would have vanished from his ken.

She seemed to divine his thoughts. "Tomorrow I shan't be making your coffee," she said thoughtfully as she poured it into the cups.

They were standing side by side by the little kitchen table. The girl turned and looked at Chester and before he realized his temerity he was speaking, telling her of his love, asking her to wait for him. What he said he never could have told anyone, the words came incoherently from him, but the girl understood; she looked at him with happiness in her blue eyes, but when he opened his arms to take her into them she drew back.

"Wait," she said, and at the intonation in her voice Chester's arms dropped to his sides. "I love you, but there is something I must tell you—first—"

A look of fear came into the man's eyes. "There is someone else," he whispered hoarsely.

"No, there is no one else." The words carried with them the ring of sincerity.

"Then nothing else matters," Chester said. "I know I haven't much to offer you but I love you. God knows that I love you."

He moved a step nearer but the girl motioned him back. She stood facing him, calm and pale.

"I am Maxine Gilroy," she said.

"Maxine Gilroy," Chester repeated the name vaguely then with amazement. "Maxine Gilroy!"

Then he laughed, but there was no mirth in his laugh. He looked old in the glaring sunlight. Maxine Gilroy! A star in the movie world, her picture in every magazine, her name in every mouth. Maxine Gilroy and him struggling to make ends meet on his salary! Oh, it was funny. The very idea of it was ludicrous. Maxine Gilroy with a weekly salary of four figures.

"My real name is Marion Deane," the girl went on quietly. "I came down here for a holiday, so naturally I didn't want people to know who I was. I was tired of the limelight of publicity, of the endless attentions and flattery showered on me and later on," her voice trembled slightly, "when I met you and learned to love you, I wanted you to love me as Marion Deane, just a woman, and not as Maxine Gilroy the movie star. That is why I deceived you."

"That doesn't matter," said Chester slowly. "You had a perfect right to tell me nothing. But, dear, it changes everything. I could never marry a rich woman. It wouldn't be right. I have nothing to offer you."

"Nothing to offer me," repeated the girl. "Is a man's love and a clean life nothing? You say you love me, then what does anything else matter? A man's world is the world of money and fame, but a woman's world is the world of love and that is the only thing that counts." Her voice broke, her eyes filled with tears, and she sat down on the one and only chair in the little kitchen and looked up at Chester with tear-filled eyes.

Countless thousands of movie fans would testify to the fact that there wasn't a man born who could resist the appeal of Maxine Gilroy's eyes—and Chester Warren wasn't a super-man.

"Mountain Mist"

Continued from page 3

"I think so. For a while. Jensen said he'd be up very early on August the first. He only makes one trip a month up here you know, unless it's something special. I mustn't miss him."

"But why?" she demanded, plaintively.

"I've got to go back to town. Can't you guess why?"

Suddenly she started. Turning her head swiftly—she has been arranging the bride—she tried to read his face in the near-darkness. His back was to the moon.

"You've found the still!" she whispered, clutching his shoulder. "Is that what you mean?"

He nodded.

"My part," he said slowly, "is done, thank heaven! The renowned and elusive still, Molly, goes by the name of 'Mountain Mist'!"

IN their background shadows began to move. They failed to hear the padding of feet, stealthy padding that ended in a rapid concerted rush. Five men had closed in upon them before they could have counted twenty.

"Let the girl go or we'll be in Dutch with the boss," a voice ordered. "But get her gun!"

Dick reached for his mount's bridle—but too late. Molly had whipped out her revolver, but even as she swerved Black Jim to face the newcomers the gun was knocked deftly from her grasp. Then the man who had done this slapped her horse's flank and the spirited creature dashed away, down the trail at a wild gallop, unresponsive to any pulling on his bridle, any word of his gallant little rider.

Continued on page 50



Healthy kiddies never tire of the happy Kellogg flavor! Oh, mother, it's good! They'll eat Kellogg's day after day.

Heap high the breakfast bowls with Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Each deliciously toasted, crunchy-crisp flake has a flavor-thrill for all. Serve with milk or cream—fresh or preserved fruit too. No cooking. Sold by grocers everywhere. Served in all restaurants.

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CORN FLAKES



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Taste that wonderful flavor found only in Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Compare it with any ready-to-eat cereal. You'll know why millions demand Kellogg's.

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Kellogg's patented inner-sealed waxite wrapper preserves the flavor and keeps the flakes toasty-crisp. An exclusive Kellogg feature!



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THERE have been shown in New York recently, several new skin tones in Face Powder that are truly marvellous in their effect—Ashes of Roses, introduced by Bourjois of Paris.

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You can obtain effects with Ashes of Roses that are not possible with other Face Powders.

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3540 Bohan Building, TORONTO, ONTARIO

"Mountain Mist"

Continued from page 49

Meanwhile the other horse, snatched from Dick's tentative hold, was being led away in the opposite direction, while the three men who were busy pinioning his arms shouted to the other to "Come on." In another moment the party was making a rapid though stumbling progress down to the little dock not far away. It could be seen faintly through the trees, even by moonlight. Here the little steamboat, "Mountain Mist" waited, with steam up.

It was two weeks later. The chief of police and the governor were again in conference in the office of the former. This time Forbes Vincent's demeanor was distinguished by not merely enthusiasm and confidence but pride as well. He fairly glowed.

"To my mind," he was saying, "the slickest part of the whole adventure was the way the lad overcame Sandwell on the last lap of the journey to the coast. It seems he changed clothes with him, forcibly, and got him aboard the Jap ship in his stead, and nobody was the wiser!"

"Shanghaied?" Vincent nodded and shoved the cigars across to the other, who declined them. "Gave him a taste of his own medicine. Sandwell hated him because of jealousy over the girl, chiefly. Otherwise Dick might have hung round the Elbow all year without raising much, if any, suspicion, so well was he playing his part. They tell me everybody liked him—even the big boss himself. . . . I wonder how Sandwell's enjoying a life on the ocean wave?"

"What happened to the big boss?" I didn't hear any particulars. "Well, he'd given the order to nab Dick. (If it had been anyone but Dick he'd have ordered him lynched I guess, but he liked the lad). And he was across the lake on a matter of business among the Indians when this McFarlane rode in with a posse and captured him on what is known as a blanket charge. McFarlane had ridden hard for sixteen hours and he was all in. I suppose he was less wary than usual. Anyway his prisoner got away. Buck McGinnis won't be seen in these parts again."

"And the girl?" "When she saw that it was all up—as she thought—with Dick she set out to find her illustrious dad, but of course he wasn't at home. So I suppose she waited in more or less suspense till she got word about him. After that heaven knows what she must have gone through till Dick miraculously turned up, alive and kicking. By the way you never saw a pair crazier in love—"

Cantley waved this aside, impatiently. "Nothing particularly original about a still on a steamboat," he observed. "Any fool could have found that."

"Well, why didn't they?" Vincent demanded. "They had every chance, those others."

"Was this built specially for that?" "Not at all. The boat was making too many excursions for the amount of passenger traffic. That's what first excited the lad's curiosity. He even had taken a trip or two on the boat himself without becoming wise—or even near-wise. . . . Where are you going?"

For the other had risen. "Just had a wire from Washington. Got to catch the first train East," explained Cantley, reaching for his hat.

"I wanted you to meet Dick and that stunning little bride of his. They'll be in at any minute now."

"Sorry. Give them my regrets and—er—congratulations of course."

"I suppose your haste has nothing whatever to do with that—that *you* you made?" the chief suggested, grinningly. Cantley reddened.

"Great heavens, man, can't you take a joke?" he protested, pulling out his watch. "And anyway try to find me a mule in all the length and breadth of this town! Just try! There's nothing wild-and-woolly about us!"

The Bridge

Continued from page 9

no time in joining mother, and with feelings of the utmost relief Tim watched the three of them swim, bunched together, across to the other side, where they speedily vanished into the bush.

Tim's sensations of relief, however, were soon tempered by a realization of the vexatious order of things. Dragging himself out on to dry land he began to run through the contents of his pack. His map was ruined, so also his folding camera—if not permanently, at any rate for this trip, on which he had hoped to obtain a photographic record of his new claims. His flour, dynamite, buckwheat, sugar, etc., were so much slush, though his tobacco might dry out. He decided to take off his socks and wring them out, when—he paused, staring at his moccasins, still thick with white clay from the creek bed.

Yes, there was a distinct showing of yellow grains among that white clay! Hurriedly Tim scraped it off into the palm of his hand, then he washed it off quickly in the creek, and again examined the contents of his palm. A surprising sprinkling indeed!—and ere one hour had gone by Tim, by means of his frying pan attached to the end of a long pole, was fishing up samples from the creek bed, washing them quickly, and finding everywhere the same story. The creek was a veritable gold mine!

Tim did not continue his trip, but instead he pegged out several claims on and about the point at which he judged the gold-bearing spring entered the creek.

* * * *



SOME years later, long after the building of Blueberry Mining Camp, one of the most prosperous minor camps in the north, a millionaire mine owner was travelling by canoe away up the creek in search of game when a big black bear came down to the water's edge and began to drink. The sportsman raised his rifle, but as he did so the bear lifted its head and looked at him. And he saw, across its left cheek, beginning at the eyes and ending at the corner of its mouth, the mark of an old scar, rendered conspicuous by the hair having grown white upon it.

The crucial moment passed. The bear turned and ambled away. "Why didn't you shoot?" asked the man with the paddle.

The millionaire laughed. It was a strangely unnatural laugh which showed some depth of feeling. "No," he said. "But for that bear I should still be shadow chasing. I owe him more than I owe any man alive! Had I killed that bear I should never have forgiven myself."

The man in the stern did not understand and did not try to understand. He was content to consign it all to the whimsicality of the great, but Tim Lawson went his way thankful that, in the moment of excitement, he had not forgotten his oath, made some years before, that he would never again fire at a black bear. For today he had seen one of the cubs to which he owed his fortune.

When the Lamps Are Lighted

Continued from page 16

I HAVE not touched upon ceiling lighting—a branch of the topic which cannot be overlooked because, although side-lighting in a great measure has superseded the pendant centre light, there are still many drop lights in use. We have become more expert in the matter of artistic lighting, probably because we can manipulate it so easily with electricity. At first, we dropped a centre light from almost every ceiling, but later found greater advantage in wiring each room to suit its individual requirements—including the centre light when it had any definite advantage to offer.

If we are going to cover a shade for a drop light, we buy a little different type of wire frame. It does not need to have a centre opening, such as we specify in the frame that we use over a light; the material is carried right to the centre, when the shade is inverted and hung beneath the light.

Some modification of the parasol shape is, on the whole, preferred for the inverted shade. It may be deep or shallow, whichever will look the better; sometimes it drops to quite a sharp point, which is further emphasized by a heavy tassel—dull gold, silver or of chenille or silk in the color of the covering material.

These shades are made exactly as the other covered shades already described: the wires need not all be bound for appearance's sake, because in the single instance of the high-hung inverted shade, the inside never shows; but we need to cover at least some of the wires for the other reason I gave—to have something firm to which the covering fabrics may be sewn.

Galloons and braids, preferably in the dull antique gold or silver finish or in matching color, are used to finish off the edges neatly, and it is usually wise to add the tassel; it not only seems to complete the picture, give a nice sense of proportion, but it covers the shirrings that so frequently are drawn tight in the centre of the shade.

Tassels are often rather expensive to buy, and it will frequently pay to make one's own. A short piece of fringe of the right color will serve the purpose nicely and will probably cost less. Beginning at one end, roll the braid at the top of the fringe, very tightly. Sew it firmly; usually the shape of the tassel is improved by winding a thread tightly about it a short distance from the top, forming a sort of "head" on the tassel.

I have seen some quite ingenious home-made fringes, by the way, used to finish the shades on table and floor lamps. The right fringe to complete a design is often disappointingly high in price. This proved to be dishearteningly so in a recent instance. A handsome shade for a wrought iron bridge lamp had been covered with terra cotta silk, then with shirred black georgette. Very dull gold galloon bordered the edges, top and bottom. One of the smart fringes using wooden beads, was desired, but it proved too costly. A fifty cent necklet of black wooden beads and a few strands from a broken old bamboo curtain, supplied plenty of fringe material. (You know those Japanese curtains made of two-inch lengths of fine bamboo, softly colored in greens, blues, et cetera. These "beads" are just the same as ones used in fringes). Some of the wooden beads were given a dip in dull gilt paint, and the bamboo and the big wooden beads were threaded in the right lengths to make a handsome, deep fringe.

I have seen the silk fringe of old dresses and cloaks, dipped in the home dye pot, clipped to make the ends fresh, and used with rich effect. The short ball fringes are often appropriate, and they, too, may be reclaimed from old furniture and dipped in any desired color. In these days of easy dyeing at home, we can always take advantage of a bargain in a light or neutral piece of trimming and count quite confidently upon changing it to just the tone we require.

If you have nothing to say, why prove it with words?

"Wherefore Thine Unseemly Haste,
O Saskatchewan!"

Man's puny laws thou dost defy, and
ploughest thy wanton way
Deep through his august tessellate of
township squares!
With freakish fancy bold
Thou carvest out an elbow here, a horse-
shoe there!

Thou goest gurgling and chattering o'er
thy rocky shoals—
Wilt tell thy song to me?
Or is it tuned but to the ear
Of thine ancient Children of the Plain?

Thou sweepst in silent majesty o'er
thy soft, sandy bed—
Fearest thou to disturb some mighty
Redskin Chief,
Sleeping high up on yonder steep clay
bank?

Sheer down thy shattering rapids thou
dost plunge,
Dashing thyself against thy thwarting
rocks!
Reunited, on thou flowest, swift and
strong!

Thou scornest to bear upon thy bosom
The burden of a small world's commerce—
Thou art in a hurry!

Thou drivest to destruction
The venturesome pleasure craft that dares
intrude.

Upon thy solitude—
With a weighty mission thou art charged!

Thou dost transform the land through
which thou glidest!
Thou lendest a touch of wild, rugged
beauty
To the great treeless plain!
Thy very vagaries enhance thy charm!

Methinks, O Swift Running Waters,
Thou dost set the pace for thy half a
million sons!

Onward they rush as if they scorned
To sojourn over-long in a weary land.
With like determination, their way they
plough
By devious paths to the coveted Ocean of
Success—
Like animate pieces, self-moving
On "the checker-board of nights and
days!"

They take their rapid course
One day over treacherous sands of luring
prospects;
And next day are wrecked upon the rocks
of cold adversity.
But daunted not, they weld the painful
break
Into a stronger hope; and undismayed
Resume the madding chase.

They scorn the heavy burden;
The irksome detail of life's common
drudgery—
They must needs hurry onward!
They put aside as profitless, fine, cultural
pursuits—
They must on towards the Goal!

And yet they work a mighty transforma-
tion in the land,
As through they rush.
Hamlet, and city, and rural dwelling
place,
Cabin, and shack, and stately edifice,
Standing as tokens of their industry,
Relieve the tiring sameness of the scene.

Entrusted too they are with secret deep,
Actors playing their part on life's dull
stage!
Some unrevealed Mission they perform—
who knows?
But though we are not privileged to
perceive
The fullest meaning of their high emprise,
The historian of the future shall appraise
their work.
As the fleeting Ages' Plan unfolds to view.
They of to-morrow-year, will read and
understand!
Meanwhile, O Saskatchewan, wherefore
thine unseemly haste?
—David L. Greene

Most of us have to live years before
we learn how to live wisely for a day.

Both Himself and Others he
Serves right well who plants a Tree.



Shore trips are a Delightful Feature

They are just like Ocean Liners

You will marvel at the size of these wondrous inland water steamships, the "Noronic," "Hamonic" and "Huron." They are for all the world like ocean liners. Big, roomy staterooms with hot and cold running water and reading light over every berth, spacious decks, magnificently fitted lounge, ballroom, smoking and reading rooms and all the comforts and luxuries demanded on the high seas. Enjoy your trip East. Sail the inland seas from Port Arthur to Sarnia where trains meet the boat to take you to

TORONTO AND POINTS EAST

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5c. per word per insertion. Send payment with order. No advertisement received for less than 75c. each issue.

How to make DUTCH PICKLE

1 quart green cucumbers, 1 small cabbage, 1 quart onions, 3 red peppers, 1 quart green tomatoes, 1 large cauliflower, ½ cup salt,

Chop all fine and pour on enough hot water to cover. Let stand half an hour and drain, then make a dressing of the following:—

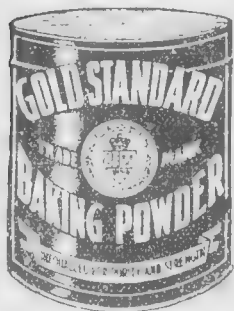
8 tablespoonfuls Keen's D.S.F. Mustard, 3 cups sugar, 1 teaspoonful turmeric, 1 cup flour.

Mix with a little vinegar until smooth, add mixture to 2 quarts vinegar stirring constantly over fire, until thickened, then pour over vegetables.

378R

**Keen's
Mustard**
aids digestion

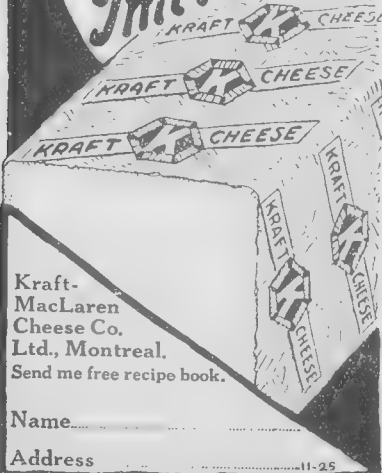
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Every ingredient used
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proved by Dep't of Health

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Send me free recipe book.

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Address.....

Federated Women's Institutes Convention at Victoria, B.C.

ON the afternoon of June 23rd began the opening session of the Federated Women's and British Columbia Provincial of Canada, presided over by Mrs. D. Watt, president of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, and Mrs. F. B. Fadden, who extended a cordial address of welcome, responded to by Mrs. Field Robertson, president of the Women's Institute of Ontario. Dr. B. Warnock, O.B.E., deputy minister and superintendent of B.C. Women's Institutes, addressed the assembly, confining his remarks chiefly to the amendments to the Agricultural Act, and speaking of the achievements of the Institutes.

Assembling from all over Canada, with representatives from various parts of the province, the Women's Institutes of British Columbia also met in the Memorial Hall, Victoria. Over twelve delegates were present from places as far east as Prince Edward Island. Mrs. F. B. Fadden, vice-president of the Provincial Board of Directors, presided at the morning session. Mrs. D. Watt, in her presidential address, outlined the work which had been accomplished since the last biennial convention of the F.W.I. of Canada. She considered it a compliment to the Institutes that an invitation has been received to send another exhibit to the Canadian National Exhibition to be held in Toronto in August, 1925. The speaker explained the affiliation of the Institute with certain nationally organized societies of great value, and told the members that their representatives addressed the Social Service Council of Canada at St. John, N.B., and that they had been invited to send representatives this year also.

Delegates attended the National Federation and conference of the Canadian Council of Child Welfare held in Winnipeg, and the executive was kept in touch with every phase of this important work, the same was applicable to the League of Nations.

It is understood that a women's building is now under discussion, and Mrs. Watt expressed a hope that the Institutes would receive recognition in this respect, since in 1923 they sent a delegation to Ottawa with a request for this building. Mrs. Watt brought her address to a conclusion with a stirring message to the members, urging their further co-operation in the enormous work they have on hand.

Mrs. V. S. MacLachlan, secretary of the Women's Institute in British Columbia, gave a comprehensive report of the Women's Institutes in that province. Her address was both interesting and instructive, and showed the excellent work carried out by the members during the past twelve months. She spoke of the ten committees which are successfully functioning and making their power felt, while their work is extending particularly in immigration. The speaker reported that twenty-five Institute exhibitions of school children's work had taken place, while the members' interest in school grounds had met with marked success. The benefit of night schools was pointed out, and the co-operation and confidence of school boards with the Institutes was urged, since it was with this body that the Department of Education dealt. Interest in legislation was increasing; this was evidenced by the many requests for information relating to different acts, especially those relating to women and children.

Women's Institute work and methods were graphically explained by Mrs. J. D. Gordon, provincial convener. She described the relation of all Institutes, giving their origin, composition and method of procedure. Mrs. Gordon, as part of her work as provincial convener, conducted Institute schools in connection with three of the Island Institutes. The course consisted of ten weekly two-hour periods, held either afternoon or evening. The first hour of each period was devoted

to parliamentary procedure, and the second hour taken up by the Institute's subjects taken by the Standing Committee. Resolutions were brought in and dealt with, and debates discussed. Of course, this model ten lessons did not cover all, but gave a strong foundation of what can be accomplished in this line.

INSTITUTES HELP TO CREATE HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS FARMS

"OUR greatest need today is for a happy and prosperous family on every farm in Canada." This sentence from the annual address of Mrs. David Watt, of Birtle, Manitoba, the president of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, may be said to be the leit-motif running all through the work of this great organization for rural women, for the betterment of rural conditions and the fostering of happy relations in farm life is its primary aim.

Federal Recognition Sought

In her address at yesterday afternoon's session, Mrs. Watt reviewed the accomplishments of the Federation during the past two years, and seized the occasion to pay a tribute to the excellent foundation laid by her predecessors in office, Mrs. Murphy ("Janey Canuck"), of Edmonton, and Mrs. Todd, of Ontario. Reference was also made to the efforts to secure federal legislation, permitting of the establishment of a Women's Institute Division at Ottawa. So far these attempts had proved abortive, but the president saw cause for hope that the women's building recently under discussion at Ottawa would come into being and bring with it federal recognition of the W.I. movement.

The question of an international organization was touched upon, and Mrs. Watt explained that a questionnaire sent out to the Institutes had resulted in a unanimous decision to first strengthen relations with Great Britain, leaving a wider alliance to be negotiated at a later date. Accomplishments of the past two years included the distribution of 10,000 copies of the W.I. handbook throughout Canada and the staging of a national exhibit at Toronto last year, while affiliation with the Social Service Council, the Canadian Council of Child Welfare and the League of Nations had proved of incalculable value.

Provincial Greetings

Mrs. F. B. Fadden, provincial vice-president of the British Columbia Board of Directors, welcomed the delegates to Victoria and to the province, Mrs. Field Robertson, president of the Ontario W.I., responding.

Dr. Warnock, superintendent of the Institutes of British Columbia, warmly welcomed the delegates, and expressed regret that every Institute had not found it possible to send representatives to the gathering. He made reference to the similarity of the work now being carried on by the Institutes of Great Britain and of Canada, a most encouraging sign and portent of Empire federation of the Institutes. Dr. Warnock reviewed the legislation of 1924 affecting the Institute movement in this province and creating the provincial organization. He also congratulated the women on the excellence of their work and the progress made in the past few years.

Five-minute greetings from the various provinces were given by Miss Mathieson, Prince Edward Island; Miss Macdougall, Nova Scotia; Miss Nutter, New Brunswick; Mrs. Edwards, Ontario; Mrs. G. T. Armstrong, Manitoba; Mrs. Beaubier, Alberta; Mrs. Beach, Quebec; Mrs. Stotz, of Saskatchewan.

Financial Statement

Mrs. H. W. Crocker, Dominion treasurer, presented the financial statement. The receipts, including a balance on hand of \$873.52, amounted to \$5,668.92, with expenditures of \$5,355.81. The ex-

penses included the annual fees to the Social Service Council, Canadian Council of Child Welfare and the League of Nations, with each of which the Institutes are affiliated. The W.I. exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition cost the federation \$320.00.

The allotments received from the various provinces towards the federation for the past two years since the last biennial convention, were as follows:

Prince Edward Island	\$ 99.85
Nova Scotia	400.00
New Brunswick	501.85
Quebec	204.00
Ontario	601.00
Manitoba	924.34
Saskatchewan	500.00
Alberta	800.00
British Columbia	349.40

Making a total of\$4,383.44

Value of Home-Making

Reporting for the National Committee on Home Economics, Mrs. W. W. Baird, of Nova Scotia, stated that efforts had been made to avert the repeal of the legislation concerning oleo-margarine, the W.I. resolution to this end being brought to the attention of the Ottawa authorities. The matter of the establishment of a Home Bureau at Ottawa was taken up with the various Provincial Institute organizations, but no definite action had been yet decided upon. In practically every province the Institution had encouraged the study of home economics, both through the medium of study and practical demonstration. Buying at home in the local markets and giving preference to Canadian goods where possible had also been encouraged with excellent results.

A Complex Profession

In concluding her report, Mrs. Baird urged each Institute convener of home economics to make it a potential Home Bureau. "If it will help reduce some of the difficulties of home-making, the most complex of professions—is it not worth while? If it will help our sister homemakers who come to us from the Motherland to solve some problems of home-making met in the new land, will it not have been of value? If some new homemaker from a foreign land finds by this means a light cast on home-making under absolutely strange conditions, will the effort be lost? Is this not one way of helping along the work of Canadianizing our new citizens? In this way are we not, though indirectly, co-operating with immigration and health authorities? We need co-operation badly in home-making. We need help continually in carrying out its many and varied activities. Can we do better than to teach the women to help one another?"

The provincial report on home economics was presented by Mrs. W. V. Davies.

The meeting adjourned at 4.30 and journeyed to Government House, where an informal reception was held in the spacious grounds, Mrs. Schofield and Miss Ravenhill assisted Mrs. Nichol in receiving the delegates.

PUBLIC HEALTH IS FOUNDATION OF NATION'S WEALTH AND HAPPINESS

"PUBLIC health is the foundation on which rests the happiness of the people and the wealth of the nation, and the health of our community, of our province, and of our nation becomes a patriotic duty," declared Mrs. V. S. MacLachlan, Women's Institutes' national and provincial convener of public health and child welfare, in a survey of the conditions given before yesterday afternoon's session of the Institutes.

"Nine provinces of the Dominion of Canada have Departments of Health, and two provinces, New Brunswick and Alberta, have Ministers of Health," the speaker noted. Two provinces, New

Brunswick and British Columbia, had secured compulsory medical inspection of school children, British Columbia having adopted this in 1911, before any of the other provinces. British Columbia had 17 public health nurses; Alberta, 6; Saskatchewan, 6 (and 14 district school nurses); Ontario, 142 full-time school nurses and 56 nurses on general public health work. New Brunswick was divided into five public health districts, each in charge of a nurse. Comment was made that in British Columbia the plan had been adopted of putting the nurse's salary on the school rate.

"Our institutions are cluttered up with patients who should never have been allowed to get there," she commented, after noting the greater economy of proper preventive and early treatment measures. "It is to be hoped that our Dominion authorities will revise their decision and restore the venereal disease grant. The Women's Institutes of Canada were backing the public health nursing policies of the various Provincial Departments of Health throughout the Dominion. The ultimate objective of these policies must be the establishment by legislation of a provincial health nursing system which would bring about prevention of preventable disease, raise motherhood to a sacred office, and rescue the nation's babies from poverty, ignorance and neglect.

Medical Inspection

Some interesting statistics concerning medical examination of children in schools throughout Canada were given. From 39,362 pupils examined it was found, for instance, that 1,743 were suffering from malnutrition, over 300 were mental defectives, 318 had defective hearing, 1,738 defective nasal breathing, 3,677 had goitre, 10,093 decayed teeth, 2,495 adenoids, and 2,424 enlarged glands. Much of this was subject to treatment.

Mrs. MacLachlan regretted that the government health reports were not more frequently asked for.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES

MRS. G. HENDERSON, of Duncan, in her report as national convener of the standing committee on Canadian industries, dealt with agriculture as the principal industry, and comparison was made with other industries of the Dominion. Much work had been done along the lines of encouraging local industrial effort by supporting "Buy at Home" campaigns, as had been successfully carried out in this province. From the provincial standpoint, Mrs. Henderson deprecated the continued purchase of goods from the United States which might be secured from local sources and of local manufacture.

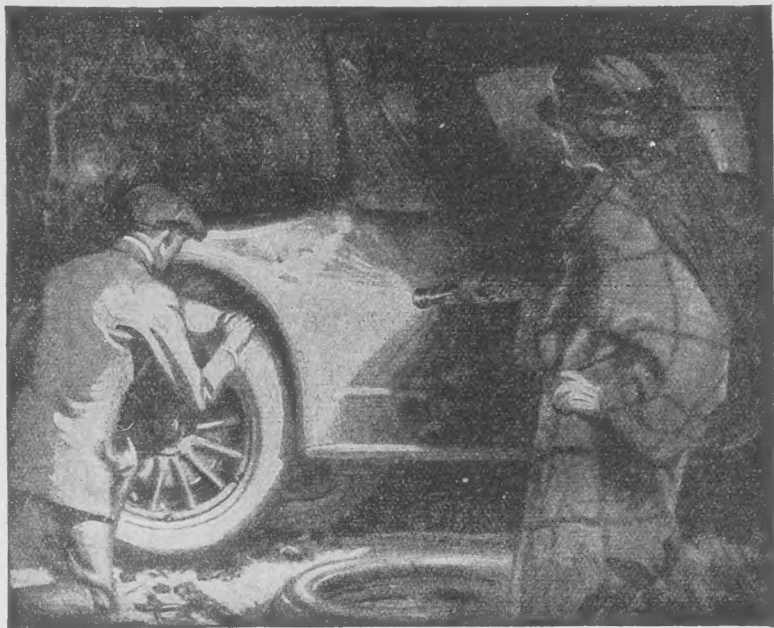
Oriental Boycott

In the discussion which arose, Mrs. J. D. Gordon pointed out that the recent Oriental boycott on foreign-made goods reflected the reaction of the British Columbia attitude on the Oriental question. Mrs. W. D. Todd gave figures showing the increase in the number of industrial concerns in this province since the inauguration of the "Buy in B.C." campaign two years ago.

W.I. and Agriculture

The encouragement given to Canadian agriculture by the various Institutes was ably demonstrated in the excellent report presented by Miss Beardmore, national convener. Marketing of farm products was emphasized in the report given by Mrs. E. H. Tomer, provincial convener of agriculture. She spoke in favor of the organization of the farmers for co-operative marketing, a practice which would redound to the benefit of the consumer as well as to the producer, she averred. Reference was made to the Vancouver curb market in which Mrs. Tomer had taken considerable interest.

The suggestion was made that the government provide demonstration agents, who would assist the farmers along the lines of co-operative production and marketing.



BANG—another blow-out—pitch dark and miles from a garage! Use your Flashlight! It saves time, temper and cuticle!

An Eveready Flashlight is an indispensable adjunct to motoring. Use it to put the curtains on—to read road signs—to examine the gasoline tank—for use around the garage.

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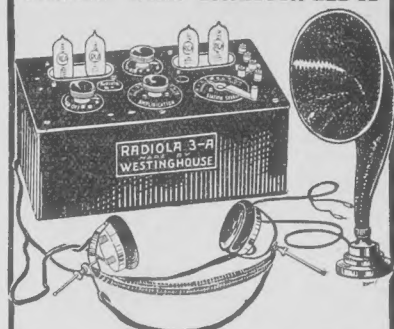
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The Quaker Oats Company, Saskatoon and Peterborough W.G.11

THE verses that we have to learn this month were written by one of our own members and sent to the Cosy Corner a year ago. I am sure you will all like them as well as the editor does.

Consolation

Have you ever noticed how the tiny golden sunbeams
Light the inky corner of the dark and dusty room,
Making dusty cobwebs seem like strings of fairy jewels,
Seeking in the crevices, to chase away the bloom?

Have you ever noticed how the tiny birdies singing,
Brightens up existence and makes life seem worth while?
Though the clouds be thund'ry, and rain is downward pouring,
It's merry note of melody, makes people laugh and smile.

* * * * *

Have you ever noticed how the children's happy chatter
Round the rosy fireside, or on the mossy green,
Gladdens heavy hearts, and stills the weary aching
Of the parents' lives, o'er which they reign supreme?

Have you ever noticed how, in spite of weeks of trouble,
There are always gleams of sunshine to be found in every day?
Things that nature gives us, the flowers and the sunshine,
Or the merry peals of laughter from the children out at play.

* * * * *

Have you ever noticed how, altho' the night is darker,
And the weary hours of waiting hardly seem to drag along;
There always comes a dawning bright with glory and with splendour,
When, with strains of sweetness, there is heard the victor's song!

Kathleen Hunt, Aged 13 years.

The Contrary Garden

DON'T forget that this is the final month for letters about the Contrary Garden and that a great deal depends on how interesting you make that letter. You might write like this—"Dear Editor, I have four turnips, six carrots, and twenty potatoes in my garden. I grew pansies, candytuft and mignonette," or you might write a letter that began this way. "I have so many flowers in my garden that the bees love it, and so does my mother for she has had bowls of pansies on the table all summer. We had enough turnips for dinner, and you should see my carrots, so golden and so long and plump." Do you see how much more interesting one letter is than the other? See if you can't make your letter so interesting that Bobby Burke will want to read every word of it, and be sorry when the end comes.

Games to Play at the Summer Picnic

BEST of all games at the summer picnic is the good old-fashioned Hide and Go Seek. What could be more fun than hiding behind trees, shrubs, and stones? If you are a good climber and the trees are big enough you can join the birds in the branches of the trees and surprise everyone.

Another good game if there is a clear space, is Still Pond. One player is blindfolded and turned round three times. The other players then scatter as fast as they can, till the blindfolded one calls out "Still pond, no more moving except ten steps." These ten steps are carefully hoarded, so that if the blindfolded player comes too close to you you may step away from him. If you are caught you are it and blindfolded until you catch some one.

When you are all tired with running sit on the grass in a circle and play "Hunt the Slipper" or "Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?" One player stands in the centre and the button or

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"

slipper or whatever is chosen is passed quickly from one person to another. If the player in the ring sees the slipper being passed and catches it the person who is holding it then goes to the centre.

When the sun begins to slip down behind the trees and the air gets cool, some one builds up the camp fire and that is the time to get your best story teller to work. After the story will come songs and choruses, and then the camp fire is put out before you leave on the cool drive home through the summer evening.

A King's Justice to a Horse

ALL the world has heard of Saint Louis, the good King of France, who, in olden times, administered justice under a big oak-tree near his palace, says a contributor to R. S. P. C. A. Journal, Australia.

Charles, the king of the little Italian province of Calabria, also judged his people himself, but, instead of holding his judgment out of doors, he received his subjects in the hall of his castle.

Now, the King happened to hear that his men did not always show into his presence those who wished to be introduced. If poor, shabby people called they were often refused admission, and no one heard their plea.

Determined to prevent such practices, Charles ordered a bell to be hung in such a way that petitioners might pull it themselves and be sure of direct access to the King's presence. So it was done.

One day an old horse, abandoned by his master, happened to pass near the castle to browse among the green herbs growing between the stones in the wall. By chance the horse pulled the bell-rope hanging there, and the sound echoed through the castle.

"Open the door," ordered the King, "and bring in the supplicant." Soon after the guard returned laughing. "It is but

a horse, your Highness, Sir Capece's horse," he said. "Let this knight come in," replied the King.

Capece was introduced, and Charles inquired why his horse was wandering about. "Oh, my Lord," answered the knight, "he was a splendid creature in his time. He followed me through twenty campaigns; but now he is no longer fit for work, and I find it useless to feed the poor beast to no purpose."

"Yet did not my father reward you for your services?" asked Charles. "So, indeed, he did," said Capece. "And yet you will not keep this brave horse to which you may owe your success!" said the King. "Go home, and give the horse a comfortable box in your stables; I intend it to be well treated, or my displeasure awaits you."

King Charles slept heavily that night, grateful and glad to have had the opportunity of rendering justice even to a horse.

Jeanne, The Brave Little Mother

THERE was once living in France a peasant who had eight children. He found it so hard to provide food for all these little ones that he was obliged to send his eldest daughter away from home to earn her own living as a servant.

Jeanne had better food in the house of her mistress, and there was always a nice warm fire in the winter, and plenty of blankets on her bed; but she still loved the hut where her brothers and sisters played, and she often longed to be home with her parents whom she loved so tenderly.

One day there came a message to her that the poor mother in the far-away hut had been stricken down with a very severe illness. The father sent word that she must come home to take care of her mother, who was unable to move from her bed. Jeanne returned home, and from that day never left her.

We can imagine how her loving heart ached when she saw the dear mother, who had worked her fingers to the bone for her children, lying helpless upon the bed. Jeanne comforted her, and began at once to act as mother to the rest of the family. She rose early, prepared the breakfast, cleared the house, and then went out to earn a few pence in the hayfields. She was never too tired to sit by her mother's side, amusing her with stories.

But worse was to happen. The old father became very ill, and in his terrible fits the poor man would bite Jeanne as she waited upon him, until her hands were sorely wounded. She still continued to do the work of the house, waited on her parents, and hid her pain and the sight of her wounds from both of them.

For ten years she looked after her father and mother, and when the father died she had to earn the bread for the family.

She learned to weave silk, and still made hay in the fields and attended to her mother with the most loving cheerfulness. One day the mother said she would like to go to church, and Jeanne petted her like a child and promised that she should go. How do you imagine she took her? She supported her with one arm, and under the other she carried an arm-chair. When the mother had gone three steps Jeanne put down the chair and seated her in it. It took them three-quarters of an hour to reach the church, which was only five minutes' distance from their home.

People told Jeanne that her mother ought to go to the workhouse. "It breaks my heart to hear you say so," Jeanne answered.

"But, Jeanne," they said, "she will be well looked after."

"I know she would be taken care of," was the reply. "But—tenderness: who would give her that?"

That was Jeanne's secret—tenderness. She used to say that God had spared her mother so that she might take care of her.

She lived on the cheapest bread and a few turnips, and gave her mother the white bread and the meat and the milk that the village allowed them. If any one gave her warm clothing Jeanne put it on her mother and altered it for her. "Bless those who have warmed my mother," she would say. Her greatest sorrow came when the poor old lady grew so deaf that she could neither hear the tender things said by Jeanne nor the words of praise visitors had for the mother's freshness and beauty. Indeed, the old lady seemed to be growing young and lovely, while the hard-working daughter grew old and worn. The cottage was always like a new pin, bright and beautiful and cheerful. People came to see it, and they all said that Jeanne, had become the mother, and the mother had become the baby. Jeanne would laugh and clap her hands at this, for she was always bright and happy in her tenderness.

After twenty-five years of noble toil Jeanne's story reached the ears of a good and rich man who had set aside a large sum of money to reward the simple courage of the poor. She won his prize for heroism, and all France heard her story. Her name became a glory throughout the country, and her story a blessing to all her fellow-people.

Let us all try to live as nobly, as sweetly, as tenderly, as bravely, and as cheerfully as Jeanne, the brave little girl of France.

Wonderful Behavior

"Did you behave in church?" asked an interested relative when junior returned from the service.

"Course I did," replied Junior. "I heard a lady back of us say she never saw a child behave so."—Christian Register.

The Newest Antonym

A teacher was instructing her class in the use of antonyms. "Now children," she said, "what is the opposite of sorrow?"

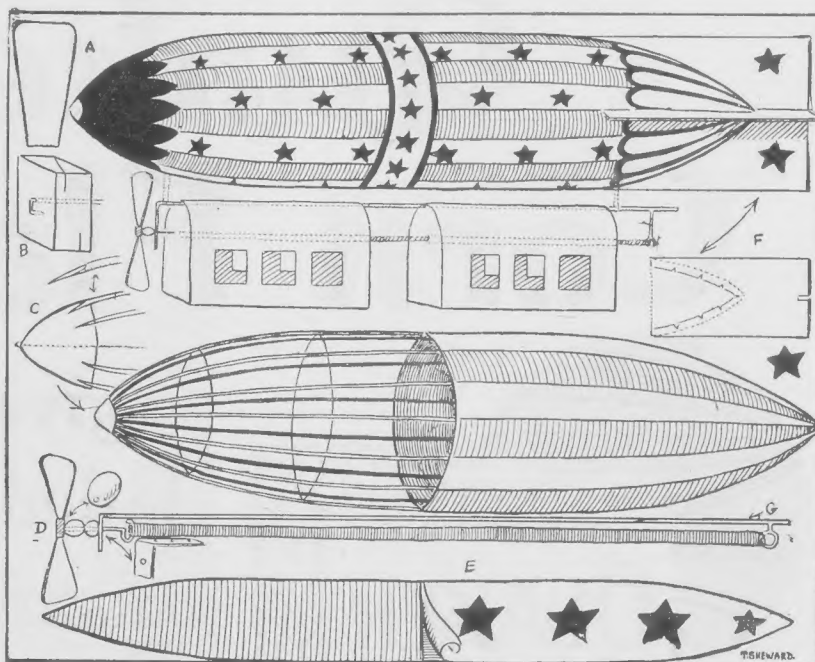
"Joy," shrieked the class in unison.

"What is the opposite of pleasure?"

"Pain."

"And what is the opposite of woe?"

"Giddap."—The outlook.



Toys You Can Make at Home

A Dirigible Balloon.—To make this toy you will need some strips of bamboo, tissue paper, corks, thread, a yard of flat elastic, or a wide rubber band, two beads, and some thin tin. Cut 10 thin strips of bamboo, all same length, sharpen the ends, then cut two corks as at "C." Make 10 holes in each of these and set in strips of bamboo "C." Make a hole through the centre of each cork, then fasten a thread through, and pull tight, so as to form framework of the balloon. Space the bamboo strips same distance apart by tying thread around them, every four inches apart. Cut long strips of tissue paper same shape as at "E," and paste over the framework. If you cannot get long enough strips, paste several pieces together. Cut out "F" from stiff white paper, and paste on, also paste colored stars all over the balloon, or any other design you fancy. Then make the cars from white paper. If you wish to make the rubber band motor, "D" shows how it is made. The propeller is made from a piece of cork (B), and very thin tin is cut at "A," and placed in the cuts shown. Afterwards, pins are used to hold these in place. You make four holes with a small brad, through cork and tin, and set in the pins, turning down the points into the cork. The propeller is fastened to the rubber band with a piece of wire, as shown at "D." "G" is a long piece of stiff wire, with a strip of tin tied on one end with thread, to hold the propeller shaft, and a loop of wire is fastened on other end to take rubber band. This is fastened to the dirigible with thread. When finished, hang up the balloon with a long piece of thread, and twist up the rubber band motor, tightly. When you release it the propeller will cause the dirigible to fly around in circles, suspended by the thread.

Why Not a "Super-Het Converter"?

Continued from page 28

circuit, which is oscillating, to beat against the incoming signal to produce a note of so much lower frequency that even in our vast ignorance we can properly amplify it.

Here then are our cardinal features: heterodyne and amplification. Remember both these points a moment and consider your present receiver. Perhaps it is a plain one-tube receiver; well, let's make a little list of what your present receiver might be. It might be a one-tube regenerative or non-regenerative receiver, a transformer or otherwise coupled radio-frequency receiver of the tuned or untuned variety; perhaps it is a reflex or one of the popular three-dial five-tube tuned radio-frequency or neutrodyne receivers. It is barely possible that our idea might cover any or all of these types. When you purchased or decided to build your receiver you were told that it was the best (Oh! always!), because the incoming signal was received on the first coil, sent through the tube or tubes and amplified 10, these many times!

Amplified? Heterodyne? We still have our two cardinal points before us.

It is too early in our subject to cover the entire situation thoroughly; we'll try to do that as we go along, sort of progressively, as it were, each thing in its turn, but suppose, for instance, the following case: Suppose you own a neutrodyne receiver. You have then two stages of tuned radio-frequency amplification, a detector and two stages of audio-frequency amplification. Now think of a superheterodyne. Here we have the following layout: a first detector tube and oscillator, two or three stages of tuned or untuned radio-frequency amplification, a detector and two stages of audio-frequency amplification. If, for instance, you own a neutrodyne receiver and build for yourself a little two-tube set of the very simplest type, the little two-tube set would consist of detector and oscillator tubes. Then you have all of the requirements of a superheterodyne.

The two-tube set of oscillator and detector would or could be an entirely separate and distinct unit from your neutrodyne and need not bother it in any way. Provided that your neutrodyne receiver, however, was set, say, to tune a station in at 550 metres and left that way, then wouldn't it be fine if you went to your little two-tube set, which would only have two dials to manipulate, and turned them so that you heterodyned an incoming signal to produce a frequency of 550 metres at which your already tuned neutrodyne is set? Seems reasonable to suppose that we need never change the neutrodyne away from the point at which experience tells us it works best. We'll discuss that point later. But we can throw away our third arm which has now become useless because we can tune in all stations with only the two dials of the little two-tube set, secure the heterodyne effect with its marked advantages of selectivity, and all at a cost so small as to be almost negligible.

Like all pretty pictures, however, this one has faults of its own. A discussion of them will show that the idea of which I believe I have now "staked out" might not be so bad after all. A superheterodyne for everybody might not be impossible, if to secure it one had only to build a little two-tube affair without disturbing in any way his present set. All letters on the subject will be gratefully received and answered. Meanwhile, our next article is being prepared with a view to seeing just how far this idea might be carried.

He Lost His Hold

The station master, hearing a crash on the platform, rushed out of his room just in time to see the express that had just passed through disappearing round the curve and a disheveled young man sprawled out perfectly flat among a confusion of overturned milk cans and the scattered contents of his travelling bag.

"Was he trying to catch the train?" the stationmaster asked of a small boy who stood by, admiring the scene.

"He did catch it," said the small boy happily, "but it got away again."

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Antipodean Strength

New Zealand cheese is reported to be driving Canadian off the English market. It must be powerful stuff they make in New Zealand.—Halifax Herald.

Our Senators, too, Get Slammed

Senator Couzens, of Michigan, says that women would make better senators than men. This opinion is based, no doubt, on the theory that they could not very well make much worse.—Fargo Tribune.

Many Were Hooked

The fish catch fell off at Prince Edward Island last year but Manitoba returns will show, we think, that Manitoba had more fish last year than any year since they put the subdivisions on the market.—Neepawa Press.

Why Not, Indeed?

A member of the Manitoba legislature says that the income tax legislation of that province is a direct blow at bachelors and will drive many of them out of Manitoba. Why not remain in Manitoba and get married?—Regina Leader.

A Rather Steep Story

A Vancouver boy fell 800 feet down the side of a mountain and was rescued with difficulty. This reminds one of the new fruit farmer in the B.C. Rockies who told his friends that he had fallen off his ranch twice in one day.—Niagara Falls Review.

Less Noise, More Effort

If we are to get our new immigrants and make a success of them, we must realize that conferences and optimistic speeches are the easiest part of a none-too-easy task. The real work is to be done with less noise and more effort.—Red Deer (Alta.) News.

Guessing The Bride

Now that the old country newspapers have spent much space in guessing the names of different young ladies who might wed the Prince of Wales, they are at last turning their attention to his younger brother, and are making guesses about the bride of Prince Henry. That sort of journalism is always more interesting than the crossword puzzle.—Calgary Albertan.

Eccentricity, or Wisdom—Which?

It was found that a hermit who dwelt in a shack in the Maryland hills had \$4,000 hidden in the floor of his cabin. He was thought to be nutty. If he scooted around Baltimore in a six-cylinder car and spent his money with bootleggers he would have been considered normal. But because he loved the peace of the hills and saved his money he was branded as being queer.—New York World.

A Year's Cigarettes of Canadians

Canadians smoked two billion cigarettes last year which works out at about 270 a head, or a per capita expenditure of about \$4. It is probable that not half the population ever touches a cigarette, which brings the annual bill of the average cigarette smoker to at least \$8. Very likely it is higher. But what a huge annual expenditure to send up in smoke.—Toronto Globe.

A Buffalo Far From the Prairies

A buffalo bull from Canada, presented to the Edinburgh Zoo by the Canadian government, has arrived safely in Scotland and will soon be placed on inspection. There is the story of the old Scottish lady who, on being informed that a picture in a Scottish railway station represented a Canadian moose, remarked that if that was a moose in Canada she wondered how big the rats were.—Fort William Times-Journal.

The Value of Publicity

In the world of public affairs, publicity plays the same part as sunlight does in the physical world. It is the great antiseptic, the cleanser, the destroyer of disease and corruption in the body politic. In every democracy it is a maxim that the more publicity is made to play about and illuminate the affairs of state the greater is the likelihood of efficiency and honesty and the smaller is the chance of graft and abuse.—Ottawa Journal.

Is It Worth While?

Is it worth while, this rush and hurry in the endless search for what is poorly termed success? After all, what is gained by the mad 1925 mania for speed? We tear along the road in high-powered automobiles and rush through the air in planes that cross the continent between daylight and dark. Why? Will any man confess that he believes it pays to sell a life of precious days for things material? Some time we will awaken to the real fact that men are most richly blest when they realize that wealth of character is more valuable than stocks and bonds.—Carman Dufferin Leader.

Practical Communism?

There were 14,000 burglaries in Moscow last year. But isn't Russia—the country where, under the sacred banner of Communism according to the gospel of Karl Marx, one man's property is the property of all?—New York American.

In Moments of Depression

One of the statistical authorities, who is as reliable, no doubt, as most statistical authorities, states that there are now 526,000,000 Christians in the world. We have our moments of depression when we wonder where they live.—Omaha Bee.

Importance of a Good Appearance

No one will deny that personal tidiness contributes to success in life. One who respects himself sufficiently to strive always to present a good appearance takes the first step to gain the esteem of others. Cities are not different in this respect from men. A city is fortunate that acquires a reputation of being a clean, bright city.—Moose Jaw Times.

As to Speeches and Ideas

When Lincoln made his famous three-minute address at Gettysburg the audience wasn't enthusiastic when he sat down because it had an idea that he had not said anything of importance. An audience often has that idea after listening to a three-hour speech, if it has an idea at all.—Victoria Colonist.

Flavors More Important Than Size

The growers of tame strawberries should rest content with size and concentrate on developing in their fruit the flavor of the wild berry, with which nothing can compare. Nor do consumers of berries fail to observe that there is another drawback to these very large ones. In a box of them there are too many air spaces—they don't fit in any too well. If the growers keep on producing them larger and larger the consumer will be forced to insist that he be permitted to buy them by the dozen or the pound instead of the reputed (ha! ha!) quart.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Argentine Praises of Our Cattle

A tribute to the excellence of Canadian cattle that are shipped to Great Britain appears in a recent issue of the "Review of the River Plate," published in the Argentine Republic. The Canadian cattle, the writer states, are finished on grain and their flesh is of better flavor than Argentine alfalfa or grass fed cattle. The Argentine's beef, he points out, has a splendid appearance, but it does not equal in thickness or flavor the Canadian grain-fed bullocks.—Wetaskawin Times.

The Pay Is Not All

It may be quite true that membership in the legislature involves a financial sacrifice for many and that, considering the services which members have to render, they are not overpaid when comparison is made with the monetary rewards which they may obtain as private citizens. But this is the case everywhere and it is not expected that those acting in a representative capacity will consider only the money returns, when they agree to enter public life.—Edmonton Journal.

The Lowly, Respectable Penny

It is a meaningful fact that the maxim of all European peoples, and of our own, frequently have found their theme in the lowly penny or its equivalent. Such sayings were born of sharp experience, and though standards of living have everywhere changed, and for the better, the prudent maxims of the penny are yet proof against the easy argument of the thriftless. Great is the penny. This country of ours will never be niggard of purse, and none would have it so, but—we repeat—the penny is entitled to respect.—Portland Oregonian.

A Pie-paved Path to Peace

New England pie, broiled chicken, waffles and other American dishes have been commended by a visiting British barrister—a lady barrister, at that—as a preventive of communism. This sounds a little like the old theory that the well-fed are too comfortable to quarrel, but perhaps there is a deep philosophic principle involved. Certainly it would be interesting to discover the real reason why, when food agrees with a man, his neighbors do also.—Washington Star.

A Highbrow Theorist

Of all the absurd "Purity Campaigns" the most insensate is that started by Winnifred Sackville Stoner, president of the National Education Forum, against good old Mother Goose. "Rock-Bye-Baby on the Tree Top," thinks Dr. Stoner, is calculated to terrify children. "Old King Cole" is likely to interfere with their conception of the sanctity of prohibition. "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" is not merely "filled with bad grammar," but also "makes a thief and cry-baby a hero." It would be interesting to get Dr. Stoner's viewpoint of the Bible, which is also likely to terrify and to exalt the erring and the meek.—Baltimore Sun.

But They Don't Sell by the Bushel

They're forming a government diamond pool in South Africa, with a board to buy and sell diamonds, fix prices, etc. It sounds very much like a western wheat pool, only the South Africans are much luckier. The ocean shipping companies cannot trim them with freight rates.—Brandon Sun.

As to the Cutting of Pie

Pies are cut into six pieces, because it is not so easy to cut them fairly into five. There may be some who follow the advice of Ecclesiastes 11:2, "Give a portion to seven, and also to eight," but we shall agree that a small sixth is too small. What we need is a tin with five straight sides: a pentagonal pie-plate. That will ensure equity.—Vernon News.

Desirable Settlers

Perhaps the best tribute to the way the Hebridean settlers are getting along in Alberta is that the Scottish Immigration Aid Society has bought another 30,000 acres of land north of Vermilion. It is the intention to settle 150 Hebridean families there this summer. Successful settlers are one of Canada's greatest assets at home and abroad.—Calgary Herald.

Unstable State Systems

Portugal has been having a sort of a revolution. Portugal used to be a monarchy; now it is a republic. At one time the people rebelled against the monarchy; now they rebel against the republic. Forms of government are not really as important as forms of heads.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Fur Trade is Still Great

Raw furs shipped out of Canada last year brought back more money than all the live stock that was exported. The notion that the hinterland is waste land is a mistake. Its fur product last year ran to sixteen million dollars in the undressed state. And as the supply shrinks the prices go up.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Canada Still Has Unknown Regions

From Vancouver it is reported that two expeditions are rushing into the unknown region of British Columbia lying north of the Stikine river. It will come as a surprise to many Canadians that in these days of fast travel by water, land and air there is still a great unknown region in one of the western provinces. Canada remains a land of romance and adventure.—Border Cities Star.

The Voice of the Pullet

Among the vernal voices that proclaim the resurrection of the year, some high with happiness and others soft with sighing, the joyous croon of the pullet has been conspicuously neglected by our poets, both early and modern. Few of the vernal voices, as we have said, match the untinctured joyousness of the laying pullet who sings her first egg, or any subsequent contribution to our commerce.—Portland Oregonian.

All Right, Girls!

"Will Girls With Bobbed Hair Go To Heaven?" was the subject of Pastor Holliday's sermon on Sunday night. It was a splendidly-delivered sermon and drew the crowd. Every available seat was occupied and a great many girls with bobbed hair were there to learn their fate. They came away relieved, for, although St. Paul was not partial to short-haired women, the pastor's verdict was that if the heart was right the hair did not count. Some of the girls breathed a sigh of relief—it was a hair-breadth escape. The barbers were interested, too, in the verdict. It meant a great deal to them.—Kincardine Review.

Strawberries

Strawberries are now being grown two inches in diameter. The tame strawberry was already quite large enough in the opinion of most of us—although nobody ever found wild ones large enough to suit the fancy. When tame strawberries grow over-large they seem to have a north end that does not ripen. It sticks out like a snow-clad peak of a mountain on which the sun has thrown light without shedding heat.—Hamilton Spectator.

Gambling on Margins

Despite innumerable warnings, there are many who fondly and fatuously imagine themselves to be such budding Napoleons of Finance they can gamble in grain, or stocks, on a margin and ride thereby to easy fortune. We have reference to gambling on margins, not legitimate speculation. There is not a greater temptation than to want to be "in the swim" when stocks are soaring. Thousands of wives have been put on short allowances because their husbands have succumbed to the temptation to enter the list of those foolish people who trade on margins. Many tragedies and great distress result from this form of gambling.—Canadian Finance.